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The Mystic River

THE
NORTHERN HARP:

CONTAINING
SONGS FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE,

AND
FOREST MELODIES.

BY
MARION ALBINA BIGELOW.

DERBY & MILLER.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

MRS. BIGELOW has been for several years a regular contributor to the columns of several periodicals, and, thus far, has had no reason to reproach the public with any lack of attention to her poetical productions. Nearly three hundred have thus been published ; and the flattering reception they have enjoyed, seems to afford ground for the belief that this publication will not be unsuccessful.

The Editor has found no lack of materials, having been permitted to examine more than a thousand manuscripts. Those which have been selected, very fairly represent the character of the rest, except that there is, among the former, a much larger class of elegies, and a smaller

proportion of sacred and irregular pieces, similar to "Are they Gone?" and the "Penitent's Offering," in this volume.

So large a number of elegies have been selected, for the reason that such compositions are more popular among the masses than any other species of *serious* literature. The author is wholly incapable of levity, and the reader will find nothing of it in any of her productions.

As in most other cases, we are able to discern, in the early history of the author's life, the cause of that singular melancholy which breathes so sadly in many of her productions. She was, while yet in her father's house, called to part with one sister and three brothers in succession. Her affection for them was intense, and her sorrow overwhelming. The brothers all died of consumption; she saw them die, and never could forget the scene. With all the devotion of a sister's heart, she attended the first until he sunk into the arms of death. Month after month she hung over the bedside of the second, anticipating every wish, and exhausting her strength, until she stood by his grave. Her

cup of sorrow was now too full—she could not bear it! For several weeks she lay on the verge of the grave, tortured with fever, and deliriously talking of her brothers. As her strength slowly returned, while the scenes through which she had passed seemed like the parts of a troubled dream, she listened once more to the consumptive's cough. Her misery was all repeated, in the slow decline and death of another to whom her affections clung,

“Like the close tendrils of the clinging vine.”

Is it any wonder that her muse should drop a tear over the remembrance of pleasure, and thenceforth devote herself to the shades of the willow, and the memory of the dead?

It is believed that the following poems—so simple, so true to nature, and so free from obscure allusions—will find an echoing chord in the hearts of thousands. They are offered to the public without apologies. Probably no book was ever yet published which was in no point open to criticism. The reader will be able to find here a few bad rhymes, some faults in

metre, and some prosaic sentences ; so he could in the best volume of poetry now extant. It may be proper to add, the editor would have attempted some emendations did not the author prefer her original forms of expression.

A. F. BIGELOW.

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SONGS FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE.

GENIUS.

Founded on an incident which transpired at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, as related by Elihu Burritt, in his "Lectures on Genius."

'TWAS midday o'er that mighty arch,
Which Nature's hand hath framed ;
And, far beneath, the Cedar Creek
Then in the sunlight flamed.

In the rough channel deep below,
Three rosy children stood ;
Uncovered was each thoughtful brow,
Beside the sweeping flood.

Lo ! now, with earnest, curious eye,
They read in letters deep,
Name after name engraven high,
Along the rocky steep.

At once they climb that jutting rock,
Which might the bravest dare,
And in rude letters carve their names
Deep in the limestone there !

They all descend again, save one,—
One, with a dauntless eye,
Is reading, far above his own,
A name engraven high.

It is a name to Freedom dear,
Our country's noblest son,—
“ My humble name—I ’ll write it there,
“ By that of Washington !”

”Tis done—yet onward, upward still,
Fast he pursues his flight,
Till, from an op’ning o’er his head,
Rushes a stronger light.

Many have gather’d hastily,
To see our hero there ;
Anon, he hears the voice of praise,
Or cry of faint despair !

But still he toils the vast ascent,
Beyond the reach of aid ;
Still for his patient, tireless feet
Niche after niche is made.

He pauses—turns a look beneath !

What arm can save him now ?
A dizziness comes o'er his brain,
A paleness o'er his brow !

His father's hand a strong noose flings
From the high archway there ;—
A moment, and that slight form swings,
Suspended in the air.

And now the parent clasps his child,
With tones of transport loud ;
And mingled shouts of rapture swell
From the assembled crowd.

Is it not thus with those who climb
The dangerous heights of fame,
To write imperishably there
A name, an humble name ?

Genius must never slack his course,
Nor pause to look beneath ;
One reckless glance at sordid earth
May bring impending death,—

Unless, thou venturous boy, like thine,
His Father's hand of love
Send succour from the arch of heaven,
And take his child above.

ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them.—ISAIAH lxiii, 9.

CHRISTIAN, in the hour of sickness,
When the fever'd pulse was high,
Did the Angel of his presence
Pass before thy languid eye ?
Were his arms then laid beneath thee,
Yielding pure and tranquil rest ?
Was thine aching head then pillow'd
On the dear Redeemer's breast ?

When around thy rugged pathway
Clouds were gath'ring thick and fast ;
When the world seem'd cold and hollow,
And thou couldst not bear its blast ;
Didst thou then, amid the darkness,
See a bright, angelic form ?
'Twas the Angel of his presence,
To protect and shield from harm !

When in gloomy hours of anguish
Thou didst kneel beside the tomb,
And, with gushing tears of sorrow,
Strive to penetrate the gloom ;
O ! the Angel of his presence
Then was near, divinely near,
And thou heard'st his counsels stealing,
Soft as whispers, to thine ear !

Christian, when the waves of Jordan,
 Rolling from the further shore,
 Fiercely surge, and dash about thee,
 And thou tremblest at their roar ;
 Then, O ! then, amid the darkness,
 One will linger at thy side ;
 Yea, the Angel of his presence
 Then will bear thee o'er the tide !

1845.

ONTARIO.

ONTARIO ! thy deep-blue wave
 Shines in my mem'ry clear to-day ;
 I see the shores thy waters lave
 In beauty stretching far away.

I see the vessels on thy breast
 With snowy sails go speeding on ;
 I see the sunset kiss imprest,
 And stars appearing, one by one.

O ! beautiful was that wild scene,
 And beautiful that stilly night,
 When o'er thy waves of glimm'ring sheen
 We took of late our westward flight !

In thought how oft I trace the track
 We made across thy smooth wave then !
 How oft the mind goes hurrying back,
 To live that evening o'er again !

1848.

WOUNDING WORDS.

MORE fearful is their sound
Than the quick, sharp, steel-bow's twang ;
And deadlier far the wound
Than that of the serpent's fang ;
And severer far the blow
Than that of the rankling dart,
Bidding the life-blood flow
From the writhing, quiv'ring heart.

Wounds by the pointed steel,
Though deep and severe they be,
We hope to see them heal,
We hope for a remedy ;
But woe to thy frail heart,
If wounded by rankling words !
The keen and growing smart
No room for relief affords !

1844.

CHILDREN DISINTERRED.

Suggested by seeing four children disinterred, and placed
by the side of their mother.

COME, lowly ones, and take your places now
Beside the mother, who so long had wept,
Had mourn'd your absence with an aching brow,
And eyes that stream'd with tears while others
slept ;

Whose heart with Mem'ry oft its vigils kept,
Presenting to her eye each lovely form,
As when around her ye so lightly stept,
Bidding her see once more the smiles so warm,
Which o'er her evening days had shed a hallow'd
charm.

Come, gather round her now ! she had not thought
To see you leave again your mossy tomb—
But ye are rising from that sacred spot ;
The turf is broken—one by one ye come !
Is it to cheer again that lonely home,
From which the sunny smile with you departed ?
O ! I have sat beside that hearth of gloom,
When at your names the fondest tears have started,
And I have wept with them, the lone and broken-
hearted !

And now ye come ! is it to cheer the heart
Of the fond father, with your smiles of love ?
Ye come again ! and is it to impart
A gladness to the home where friends still
move ?

To tread the path where ye were wont to rove—
The path left desolate by wood and dell—
The wildest haunts of streamlet, and the grove ?
To list again the music of their swell,
Which has been sadder far since hearing your
farewell ?

Nay, nay ! ye come not with the laughing eyes,
And ringlets streaming in the sunny air,
And bounding step, that with affection flies
To meet the tender friend, and soothe his care !

Nay, nay ! ye gather slowly, sadly there,
Around your mother with a silent brow,
And naught can wake your wonted smiles so
fair,
Not e'en the richness of the sunset glow,
Which now in sweetness rests on all things hero
below.

She welcomes not her children, as they come
To rest beside her, as in days gone by !
That mother—ah ! her brow is dark with gloom,
And dimness, too, hath darkly veil'd her eye ;
Her breast no more can heave the painful sigh !
Come, rest beside her, free from grief and care,
Together now in darkness sweetly lie !
Ye of the laughing lips and sunny hair,
We leave you to repose in solemn silence there.

1847.

NATURE'S VOICES.

THERE are voices in the moonlight,
Voices in the silent stars,
Voices in the mighty ocean,
Rolling o'er its gems and spars.

Voices all around our pathway,— .
In the sunlight, in the shade ;
On the high and rock-crown'd mountain,
In the stillness of the glade.

Voices from the stately forest,
And the lovely moss-cress bright ;
From the broad and mighty rivers,
And the streamlet murmur'ring light.

Voices, rising from the flow'ret
Dipt in bright and pearly dew,
From the floating clouds of crimson,
And the skies of azure hue.

Happy, happy they that listen
To these teaching tones of love !
For their strange and gentle whisp'ring
Would direct our hearts above !

1846.

ANGELIC MINISTRIES.

I HAVE heard around my pillow,
When sleep's curtain gently fell,
Strains of music sweetly rising,
Though each earthly voice was still.
Well I knew the angelic numbers,
Well I knew that bright-wing'd band—
For the soul, that never slumbers,
Traced them to the spirit-land.

O ! they raised a song triumphant,
While encompassing my bed ;
And they spread their starry pinions
Over my defenceless head !
Tell me not 'twas but the vision
Of a poor disorder'd brain ;
Yonder, in a sphere elysian,
I shall list those notes again.

1842.

THE ANGEL VISITANT.

SHE came when darkness o'er the earth was
reigning,
And Silence spread her gloomy pall around—
Came, when my lonely lamp was slowly waning,
And I had dropp'd my pen in thought profound.

She sat beside me ! Busy recollection
Strove to recall the semblance of that brow :
It was the friend upon whom fond Affection
Had shower'd her burning tears long years ago.

I did not see her with the natural vision ;
But 'twas the soul's deep eye beheld her here :
She seem'd all radiant from the clime elysian,
Where bliss is never follow'd by a tear.

Upon that brow was something far more holy
Than it was wont to wear while here on earth ;
And she had now exchanged her garb so lowly
For one befitting her exalted birth.

How well I recollect the bright gleaming
Of ringlets I had seen in beauty wave !
Well I remember'd, too, the dark eyes beaming,
Which lost their lustre in an early grave.

But she had drank of that pure stream supernal,
Which rises in a land more glorious, fair,
And gazed upon the throne of the Eternal,
Until she seem'd no more the child of care.-

She seem'd not as the one whose step of gladness
Was poised awhile on this dark earth of ours ;
She seem'd not as the one who shared my sadness,
And wander'd with me mid the vernal flowers ;

Not as the one who traced with me the wending
Of that bright stream which sparkles o'er the
green,
Or watch'd with me the solemn moon ascending
To reign amid the stars, unrivall'd queen ;

Not as the one who, at the hour of vespers,
Knelt at my side, with eyelids deeply seal'd,
To list with me the low and mystic whispers
Of the *Unseen*, who then his love reveal'd.

And yet I knew her by that sacred token
Of love undying in her soul-lit eyes,
Which told me early ties were still unbroken,
And quite cemented only in the skies.

To my shut senses earthly care soon stealing
 Seem'd in harsh terms to chide my long delay ;
 A task forgotten to my thought revealing—
 My angel visitant had fled away.

1845.

THE ABSENT ONE.

I MISS'D her in the choir,
 Where happy faces brightly shone
 As if their spirits had caught fire
 From an archangel's tone.

Ah ! one was missing there,—
 One with a meek, veil'd eye, and brow
 Which, in its solemn radiance fair,
 Was like the shaded snow :

Whose cheek, transparent, pale,
 Reminded you of twilight's sky ;
 The flashing hues would come and fail
 So strange and rapidly.

Where was that gentle one ?
 Where the tall form so lightly frail,
 Which, like a tender flower half-blown,
 Shrank from the gentlest gale ?

Tell me, thou angel choir !
 Giving to God the glory due,
 Praising the everlasting Sire ;
 Tell me, *Is she with you ?*

1846.

FALLING LEAVES.

MUSING, I stand where late I stood
When summer's sun was high,
And the green foliage of the wood
Thrill'd to the zephyrs' sigh.

A few short weeks have pass'd away,
And, O ! how changed the scene to-day !

Where now are all the blossoms fair,
Flowers of the sunny gleam,
Which grew profusely everywhere
Along the forest stream ?

Ah ! their brief summer-day is o'er,
In these wild dells they bloom no more !

Is not our day of life as brief ?
Do we not pass as soon away ?
Beholdest thou yon falling leaf,
Traced with the lines of dull decay ?

Such is our life—thus do we fade,
And, falling, mingle with the dead.

How fast they come ! how thick they fall !
On every breeze they hurry past !
Though some look fresh, behold them all
Hang trembling in October's blast !
Thus is life's tenure feebly frail,
Nor can it bear death's piercing gale.

One at my feet lies trembling here,
Just fallen from yon leafy bough ;
But, from the many myriads there,
Say, wouldst thou miss the lost one now ?
Thus we shall pass life's fitful scene ;
And who shall know that we have been ?

May not the *mind* its impress give
To something that shall not decay ?
May we not bid some thought survive
Long after we have pass'd away ?
Yea, e'en the rustling sound that pass'd
Linger'd awhile upon the blast.

The soul, with all its lofty powers,
Flies like the verdure of the leaf,
And, like the texture of the flowers,
Its garb is woven frail and brief ;
Yet it transcends, in destiny,
The loftiest star that burns on high !

1840.

THE BETTER LAND.

OUR earth is bright when hope and spring
Their radiance o'er its bosom throw :
The spirit of beauty on the wing
Amid its landscapes seems to glow !
But there's a land more purely bright,
Which lies beyond our anxious sight,—

A beautiful and holy strand,—
They call it here the “better land.”

This world has treasures for the mind,
Which all may grasp with eager joy,—
Pleasures exalted and refined,
Tho’ not exempt from all alloy ;
But there’s a world of cloudless bliss,
Of deeper, holier happiness,
And tho’ I here with rapture stand,
I long to seek that “better land.”

The earth hath many sorrows too,—
Afflictions deep and trials strange,
Tempests of grief and clouds of woe,
Are hovering o’er this world of change :
But there’s a clime unknown to care,
Forever cloudless, calm, and fair ;
Time’s gloomy shadows never blend
Their darkness in that “better land.”

Here we have friends,—but soon they pass,
Helpless and silent, to the grave,
Like autumn leaves before the blast,
Like blossoms thrown upon the wave :
But there’s a clime where spirits live,
Where stricken hearts no longer grieve—
O, what a pure and tearless band
Await us in that “better land !”

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN wilt thou think of me ?

When the stars at evening shine
With a lustre all divine ;
When the silvery moonlight glows
Round thy pillow of repose,—

Then let it be.

When wilt thou think of me ?

When the dawn of morning light
Pierces through the shades of night,
And the rays of joy and love
Fall commingling from above,—

Then let it be.

When wilt thou think of me ?

At the sacred hour of prayer,
When is hush'd each earthly care,
When thou claimest at the throne
Blessings for each absent one,—

Then let it be.

When wilt thou think of me ?

When thou thinkest of a home,
Far above yon starry dome,
Where these fond farewells are o'er,
And the just shall part no more,—

Then let it be.

I CORINTHIANS II, 9.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Hast thou an eye that loves to trace the charm
That lingers here in nature's fields of light ?
Say, hast thou gazed at the mild sunset calm,
Until thy heart has melted at the sight ?

Lov'st thou to watch, at twilight's sacred hour,
The gorgeous cloud of many a tinted fold ?
And has the moon-lit eve a sacred power
To waken the sublime within thy soul ?

Lies there a charm on the blue wave by night,
Reflecting from its brow the stars above ?
And read'st thou with a deep, untold delight,
In nature's loveliness, a God of love ?

Hast thou an ear to music well attuned,
That catches each harmonious sound below,
And, moving those deep chords so finely strung,
Bids the rich strains of wildest music flow ?

Lov'st thou the sounds which waken in the grove,
Or by the streamlet at the hush of eve,
When unseen hands o'er nature's harp-strings
move,
And garments for the soul of music weave ?

Or has thy fancy, with enlivening rays,
Pictured a world more lovely than our own ?
And dost thou on the beauteous vision gaze
Until thou almost murmurest to be gone ?

Ne'er has thine *eye* beheld aught half so fair
As those bright fields upon that peaceful strand ;
Nor has thine *ear* heard aught which can compare
With the rich anthems of that better land !

Nor has thy *fancy* e'er conceived the bliss
Which, like a flood of light, is resting there ;
Thou canst not find in such a world as this
Aught like the glory that those landscapes
wear.

And askest thou, " Is that bright world for me ?
Shall I behold what *EYE* hath never seen ?
Shall I drink in that gushing melody
Which thus unheard by mortal ear hath been ?"

Ah ! fathom the deep fountain of thy soul !
Do the bright gems of faith lie shining deep ?
Do the rough waves of passion cease to roll,
And in a pleasing silence smoothly sleep ?

And is the messenger of peace—the Dove—
Now brooding o'er its still and bright expanse,
With the clear eye of confidence and love
Directing far from earth its heavenward glance ?

'Tis well!—then thou shalt reach that blissful
clime;

Then thou shalt gaze upon that glorious river,
And join the ransom'd in a strain sublime,
Drinking the sweetness of its bliss forever.

1846.

REPLY TO A DYING BROTHER.

To the writer he said, "Come with me until I meet my
Saviour."

BROTHER, I 've walk'd with thee
Thro' the green path of childhood; but, alas!
Thou 'st reach'd the borders of a mystic sea,
Thy sister cannot pass.

The one so fondly dear—
Whose step thou hast not miss'd in all thy way,
Who shared thy transport and thy every tear
In youth and infancy—

Must now remain behind,
For thou art launching upon Jordan's wave;
Divested of its garb, the immortal mind
Now triumphs o'er the grave.

But I am still of earth;
Mortality has flung its garb round me,
And yet my spirit feels her nobler birth,
Her loftier destiny,

And fain would soar away
With thee, blest one, to thy sweet home of bliss—
O how shall I, the lonely-hearted, stay
In such a world as this !

When thou hast left my side,
Thou guide and counsellor of my early days—
Ah, thro' the path before me, cheerless, wide,
Thro' tears of grief I gaze !

And dost thou linger now
Even in the vale of death, with tender eye
Directed to my own, and clammy brow,
Asking beseechingly,

Why I may not attend
Thy footsteps thro' the dark and shadowy vale ?
I would go with thee, O my dearest friend,
My spirit would not fail ;

But I must tarry here ;
Thy wing is chainless—pass, triumphant one !
Thy course is upward to a holier sphere ;
Mine lies beneath the sun.

Nay, ask me not again,
With that sweet, dying look, and voice so low ;
Thy strange request, my brother, gives me pain—
Thou know'st I cannot go !

But O, thou dying one !
Thou hast a safer Guard, a surer Guide—
For bright-wing'd angels from the Saviour's throne
E'en now are at thy side.

Adieu ! a fond adieu !
And when, like thee, I close my beamless eye,
O then, sweet brother, linger in my view,
And teach me how to die !

1848.

THE OLD CHAPEL.

I STOOD within the hallow'd dome
Where I had worshipp'd from a child ;
The faces of my early home
Were round me with their wonted smile.

Oft had I wish'd to tread again
Those sacred aisles which erst I trod,
Again my holiest prayers to blend
In that dear temple of my God.

The boon was given,—and now I felt
The glowings of those by-gone years,
When at that altar I had knelt,
And pour'd my supplicating tears.

I thought of friends that worshipp'd there,
Whose places now were vacant seen ;
The young, the beautiful, the fair—
How well-remember'd was their mien !

The aged, too, with locks of snow,
 Were round me with their wintry smile ;
 The middle-aged, I saw them now—
 The harshly stern, the sweetly mild.

I saw them, as I saw them there
 Receive the high baptismal vows—
 I saw them as upon the bier,
 With death-stern silence on their brows.

O, thronging memories ! how ye come
 To make the heart and eyes o'erflow :
 When shall we reach that better home
 Where meeting brings not thoughts of woe ?

1848.

C H A R I T Y.

Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—1 COR. xiii, 7.

BEARETH with the oppressor,
 Beareth with the vain,
 Beareth with the aggressor,
 Beareth, too, with pain—
 Beareth with the stubborn will,
 Beareth with the guilty still.

Believeth all that 's written,
 Believeth, doubteth not ;
 Believeth that true wisdom
 Appointeth here thy lot :

Believeth well of erring man,
Believeth all that virtue can.

Hopeth, hopeth ever
With a strength divine,
A purpose naught can sever
From the deathless mind :
Hopeth ever, hopeth on,
Till the sun of life goes down.

Endureth all things, too,
With a patient trust ;
Endureth every blow—
Bows meekly to the worst ;
Turns away the smitten cheek
But to turn the other back.

1846.

DIVINE CHASTENING ILLUSTRATED.

'TWAS mid-day, and the summer's sun was high ;
Nature seem'd sick'ning 'neath its burning
glare ;
No shadowing clouds were hanging in the sky,
No cooling breath was in the sultry air.
I saw around me no refreshing shade,
No shadowy rocks to screen my naked head ;
No cooling breezes fann'd my throbbing brow,—
Languid, I droop'd beneath that fervid glow.

At once a beauteous cloud sail'd through the sky ;
Upward, far upward, towards the sun it flew,
And pausing there, spread its white wings on high,
Veiling that noon-day brightness from my view.
I look'd above, and wept, I knew not why,
Then, kneeling, raised to heaven my tearful eye,
And a sweet thought, that words may ne'er
express,
Awoke a sacred transport in my breast.

I felt, although a helpless child of dust,
I had a Friend—a glorious Friend—on high ;
One who was worthy of my constant trust,
Whose arm was ruling heaven, and earth, and
sky.

O how secure !—that high and Holy One,
Whose hand could curtain the meridian sun,
Was near my path, each footstep to defend,—
Near as my Guide, my Counsellor, and Friend.

And should I murmur when a cloud of gloom
Throws a dark shadow o'er my youthful sky ?
Nay, nay ! let trials and afflictions come—
They are directed by a Friend on high.

He saw, perchance, a prosperous sun would shine
Too bright and clear upon this heart of mine,
And therefore veil'd it, like the natural sky,
Lest I should sicken, faint, and droop, and die.

THE TWO POETS.

UPON a violet bank a happy child
Once laid him down at dewy eve, and slept ;
It was a place of beauty, fresh and wild,
Where fragrant thyme about his forehead crept.

He dream'd : an angel with a wing of fire
Sped thro' the azure firmament above,
Then at his side attuned and placed a lyre,
Saying in tones of tenderness and love,—

“ Child of the earth, thy hand may tune the string,
And wake its numbers for a listening world ;
Choose now with pleasure's votaries to sing,
Or where the Saviour's banner is unfurl'd.”

He look'd—a lowly band had gather'd there,
Far to the right along a narrow way ;
He saw his place among them would be care,
And weary toil, and cheerless poverty.

And next he saw, far to the left, a crowd
Of pleasure-seeking souls, in proud array,
Ready to hail with acclamations loud
Each glowing number of the minstrel's lay.

Again the angel spoke,—“ Fair child, beware !
Upon this choice thy destiny depends—
E'en all the woes of infinite despair,
Or the transcendent bliss that never ends !”

The dreamer woke—his visitant was gone;

But in his hand he found the ringing lyre,
Amid whose chords his fingers wander'd on,

Until his soul was wrapt with living fire.

And then he sought the crowd at Pleasure's gates,

And pour'd sweet numbers from his wild harp
forth,

Awoke the themes that passion's fire creates,

And sung till he entranced the giddy earth.

He brought his heavenly gift, debased and mean,

And laid it down on an unhallow'd shrine,

With the high soul, whose passions might have
been

Tuned with its chords to music all divine.

Ah! gifted child of song—who knoweth yet

The blighting influence thou hast left behind!

Although thy sun of life long since has set,

That influence floats upon the sea of mind.

And it can never cease to exert its power,

Till the archangel from that other clime

Shall stand amid the clouds that round us lower,

And in high tones pronounce the end of time.

Another child was laid in rosy sleep,

When the same angel sought his cradle bed,
Bringing a lyre of the same wondrous sweep,

Gave the same warning, and as quickly fled.

Then the fair child awoke and touch'd its chords,
 Raising his mild eye to that angel's heaven !
 Imploring thence the favour of his God,
 Th' inspiring Spirit to his heart was given.

He saw the path of fame,—but turn'd aside
 Where the meek followers of the Lamb appear,
 And from his sweet harp pour'd a flowing tide
 Of melody, their sacred toils to cheer.

He sung of Calvary—immersed that lyre
 In the red stream which thenceforth takes its
 way ;

And now his soul caught all the secret fire
 Which glows upon a seraph's melting lay.

His was a station low and humble here,
 No meed was granted by the sons of earth ;
 None, save the tribute sweet of Virtue's tear,
 And that which men must yield to *honest worth*.

He pass'd away—but still the strains he sung
 Invest religion with a hallow'd light ;
 And many a soul shall join the ransom'd throng,
 Allured and won by him from shades of night.

Who would not live, thou blessed bard, like thee,
 To shed a fragrance on the air of time ?
 And pour a gush of sacred melody
 Which through eternity shall swell sublime ?

ELLEN.

HER'S was a fearful death—I saw her die—
Caught her last glance—heard her expiring sigh.
No Saviour smiled upon her dying bed—
No hope was mingled with the tears we shed !
That awful night !—Methinks I see her now—
Cold clammy sweats were glistening on her brow ;
Wild with delirium long she struggled there,
Then sunk exhausted as in deep despair.

Reason return'd—she knew that she must die—
No gleam of hope lit up her languid eye ;
She whisper'd, “ O, thou slighted Lamb of God,
I 've grieved thy Spirit, trampled on thy blood :
Canst thou forgive ? ” she wildly cried, and then
A strange convulsion rack'd her frame again ;
Her quivering lips were seal'd in death—the
prayer,
Half finish'd, trembled and was silenced there.

Oft have I stood, amidst a weeping band,
Around the death-bed of some cherish'd friend ;
My stricken heart has bled at every pore,
And I have wept till I could weep no more ;
But never have I felt as when I heard,
From Ellen's lips, the latest hopeless word—
Ne'er have I sicken'd with such faint despair,
As when I listen'd to her dying prayer.

EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST.

Jesus is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, ears to the deaf,
clothing to the naked, food to the hungry, medicine to
the sick, and life to the dying.—BISHOP MORRIS.

Art thou a wanderer in thick darkness here,
With vision clouded by the mists of sin ?
Does earth a wilderness of gloom appear,
Where rays of joy and hope are never seen ?
Come to that Lord who proffers sight to thee,
The scales shall leave thine eyes, and thou shalt
see ;
Shalt see thy path traced out by heavenly love,
And see the city of thy rest above.

Hast thou in worldly wisdom placed thy trust,
Until thy weary, mis-led feet, must fail ?
'Till thou hast deem'd all earthly succour lost,
Or proved each source of help of no avail ?
Come to the One who makes the lame rejoice ;
Listen with gladness to the Saviour's voice ;
Obey his precepts—strength shall then be given
To aid thy footsteps toward the Christian's
heaven.

And is thy sense closed to the sounds of gladness ?
Canst thou not list the gospel promise sweet ?
To thee is nature seal'd in silent sadness,
Making thy pleasures dull and incomplete ?

O come to Him who makes the deaf to hear,
And strains of bliss thy lowly heart shall cheer ;
Sweet sounds shall strike thee, all replete with love,
Breathing like raptures of the blest above.

And art thou naked on this cold, bleak strand ?
Or clad in garb of misery and woe ?
A wretched wanderer thro' a dreary land,
Where tempests rise, and piercing north winds
blow ?

Come take the robe our Saviour bought for thee,
From every stain by his own blood set free—
'Twill shield thee from the blasts of sin and care,
And for the marriage-feast thy soul prepare.

Or dost thou hunger for substantial food,
Pining for what the world cannot supply,
Till, sick with faintness, thou hast trembling stood,
And fear'd to live, yet dreaded more to die ?
O take the bread of life—'tis freely given,
'Tis proffer'd to thee by the Lord of heaven !
New strength and vigour will that bread impart,
And raise at once thy poor, desponding heart.

Thou dying one, whose pulse is throbbing weak,
Whose hold on life seems to be loosening now ;
Is fear impress'd upon thy sunken cheek,
While death's cold drops are standing on thy
brow ?

Life, even life to thee, I now proclaim—
 Eternal life in Jesus' wondrous name—
 O take the boon ! thy days of pain are o'er,
 Thy heaven begun—thou liv'st forevermore !

1848.

STRUGGLE ON.

STRUGGLE on, tho' fierce the tempest,
 Tho' the whirlwinds round thee roar,
 Tho' the towering billows, rising,
 Fiercely dash against the shore ;
 Tho' thy bark, its course forgetting,
 Cruel rocks may dash upon,—
 Let the stout heart, unrelenting,
 'Mid the darkness, struggle on.

Well I know how fierce thy conflict
 With the powers of earth and hell ;
 And the dangers of thy pathway,
 Ah ! I know, I know them well—
 Yet permit me, while thou 'rt mourning
 Every earthly vision flown,—
 O, permit me still to whisper,
 'Mid the darkness, *struggle on !*

Fare thee well ! when I am wandering
 In another track of life,
 Weary of the ceaseless conflict,
 Burden'd with the painful strife ;

When the waves across my pathway
 Fiercely rush and roar anon,
 Let me hear, amid the tempest,
 That my friend is struggling on.

1847.

REV. L. D. GIBBS.

“ Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle’s fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master’s joy.”—MONTGOMERY.

REST, rest, thou champion of the cross, in peace,
 Bedew’d by many a tear ;
 Thy passport has been sign’d—thy quick release
 From sublunary care.

O ! while thou strik’st the golden lyre above,
 Round the eternal throne,
 We bring a tribute, of sad thoughts inwove,
 To the departed one.

And while thou stand’st on the verge of heaven,
 Tracing thy shining track,
 We, *we* are thinking of the fond ties riven,
 And fain would call thee back.

O selfish love ! that would recall the blest
 To such a world as ours ;
 Where sighs are mingling with the fitful blast,
 And many a storm-cloud lowers.

O, let them rest! yet memory loves to turn
The page of other years;
Affection traces there fond "thoughts that burn,"
And showers them o'er with tears!

That sainted one—methinks I see him now,
That messenger of peace,
Who walk'd by faith these stormy waves of woe,
Bidding their tumults cease.

How often have we met in days gone by,
In joy and sorrow too!
Met in the sunshine of a prosperous sky,
And 'neath the clouds of woe!

In health and sickness his consoling words
Have often cheer'd this heart,
And at the loved one's couch of pain were heard,
Bidding each doubt depart.

And, O! when death, unpitying death, had claim'd
Our brightest and our best,
'Twas then, 'twas then that consolation came,—
With him a welcome guest.

Once, and again, as we approach'd the grave,
Bearing the loved away,
He pointed calmly over Jordan's wave
To an eternal day.

Those words of consolation, treasured long
Within the heart's deep cell,
Now live to point us to that ransom'd throng
Where thou, blest one, dost dwell.

Pastor beloved of other days, adieu !
We 'll meet on that bright shore
Where the blest streams of consolation flow
Onward, forevermore.

1847.

TO THE BIBLE.

Guide of the wanderer ! I have been straying,—
Lost in life's wilderness, long I have roam'd ;
Gladly I turn, and, thy counsels obeying,
Seek for thy guidance to pilot me home ;
No more would my heart, in its frailty forgetting
The source of its comforts, be turning aside,—
But, O ! midst the ills that are always besetting
The pathway of life, I would seek the sure guide.

Light of the shipwreck'd ! On life's stormy ocean
I have been cast, without compass or chart,
And, O ! midst the tempests and billows' commo-
tion,
I press thy fair page to my terror-struck heart ;
I see there 's a light, that is sacredly shining
Along these dark waters, shed ever from thee,
And, O ! when the sun of my life is declining,
The light of thy precepts my day-star shall be

Hope of the comfortless! I was despairing
Till thy sweet solace-beam over me stole ;
Till I gazed on its radiance thro' darkness ap-
pearing,

And felt thy sure promise inspiring my soul.
Now I will lean on this promise when weary,
And seek the support of thy life-giving word :
O, when my pathway grows cheerless and dreary,
I will look for the solace thy pages afford.

1848.

THE DEWY FLOWER.

“ O how wet are its leaves ! ” she said,
As she raised the beautiful flower to my view—
’Twas completely drench’d with the early dew,
And heavily hung down its head.

“ I ’ll dry its soft leaves,” said the child,
As she placed it beside the hearth glowing bright ;
With petals reflecting the warm, rosy light,
A moment it blush’d and it smiled.

Then it shrank from the scorching blaze
With a tremour at heart—the life-pulse was gone ;
In a moment its beauty and fragrance had flown,—
Little Helen look’d on it amazed.

Alas ! its short glory had fled :
That beautiful blossom, which open’d at dawn
With its robe of freshness and loveliness on,
Lay wither’d, and faded, and dead.

O ! how like to that simple child
Are we, in pursuit of the pleasures of earth !
We grasp what we deem of intrinsic worth,
And place in the warmth of the heart's glowing
 hearth,
'Till blighted, and wither'd, and spoil'd.

1845.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

In groups they gather round,—
And childhood's merry laugh is ringing free,
Making the skies and shady woods resound
 With fitful bursts of glee.

I have been thinking long
Of various paths mark'd out through future life,
Through which the footsteps of that restless
 throng
Will move in doubt and strife.

Ah, some will early die !
Yes, many a beaming eye, and polish'd brow,
And rosy cheek, ere many years pass by,
 Shall moulder cold and low !

I see the funeral bier—
The grave before them in the path they tread,
And many a sigh, and many a scalding tear,
 Around their pillow shed.

And some will still live on,
Till their existence shall a burden prove ;
Till hopes and friends have perish'd, one by one,
And they have naught to love.

Ah ! who shall count the tears,
The weary days and nights of restless strife ?
And who may know the yearning hopes and fears
That throng their path of life ?

But one thing we may know ;
They 're forming characters not yet complete,
And we may help to mould them here below
For an immortal state.

1846.

EVENING SHADOWS.

EVENING shadows softly steal
Through the lattice now,
And a sadness, dark and still,
Falls upon my brow.

Evening shadows—see, they come
With a solemn tread,
Sable mourners by the tomb
Of the daylight fled.

Evening shadows—O, how deep
They are gathering now !
They shall fold their wings in sleep
Darkly o'er my brow.

Evening shadows—ye shall fly
When the morn shall come;
Daylight in the orient sky
Shall disperse your gloom.

1847.

IN MEMORY OF DAVID BLISH.

The propeller *Phoenix* was burned on the 21st of November, within a short distance of Sheboygan. Mr. Blish was among the sufferers. When some of the passengers left for the shore in a small boat, he assisted in putting the captain on board, and himself voluntarily remained behind.

O, 'TWAS a generous deed! too noble far
To be exalted by a lay like mine:
His name in light, undying, like a star,
In its own lustre should forever shine!

He gave his life his fellow-man to save—
What human heart could prompt an act more
high?

Rescued the wretched from the fire and wave,
And condescended in their stead to die.

He perish'd on the deep,—away, away
From the fond hearts that knew and prized
him here;
His memory oft, at dawn and close of day,
Shall prompt the rising sigh, the falling tear!

And oft they 'll think, Could we have linger'd near
His peaceful couch when he grew pale in death ;
Could we have wept above his sable bier ;
Could we have listen'd to his parting breath,—

Then, then the stroke had far more lightly come !
But O, to have him thus with strangers die,
By fire consumed, or wrapt in billowy foam,
And know his dirge-notes are the wild wind's
sigh !

But with the mourner's grief the thought shall
come

Of the high deed that moved his generous heart ;
This, this shall whisper solace through the gloom,
And bid full many a rising shade depart.

O, 'twas a generous deed ! too noble far
To be exalted by a lay like mine !
His name in light, undying, like a star,
In its own lustre shall forever shine !

1848.

SPIRITUAL CALMNESS.

Our spirits may dwell on the mountain summit, above the
pathway of storms.—*Extract from a Letter.*

HAST thou stood upon the summit
Of a mountain huge and high,
As the tempest, wild careering,
In its might went thundering by ?

Murky vapours rolled beneath thee,
 And the rains fell fast below,
 But thou sat'st above their pathway,
 In the sunbeam's richest glow.

Thus the soul may have its dwelling
 On the mount of holiness ;
 Basking in perpetual sunshine,
 Joying in eternal peace—

Still unhurt by earthly sorrow,
 Undisturb'd by care or woe,
 While the spirit of the tempest
 Spends its violence below.

1848.

MY MOTHER.

FONDLY now my thoughts are turning
 Towards my mother's distant home,
 While the evening stars are burning
 Far in yon bright azure dome.

O how soft are memories stealing
 O'er my melting heart to-night !
 What a depth of tender feeling
 Bids the tear bedew my sight !

Mother ! O, that name I cherish
 Closely, closely in this heart !
 Shall its sweetness ever perish ?
 Shall its music e'er depart ?

True, my heart is fondly clinging
 To another spirit now,
 And the light of love is flinging
 All its brightness round my brow—

Yet, my mother, never, never
 Shall this heart forget *thy love*,
 'Till the hand of death shall sever,
 'Till I seek my home above !

Mother ! do fond mem'ries, rushing,
 Bid thee think at eve of me ?
 O, the tears are wildly gushing,
 As thy child remembers thee !

1848.

THE BLIND HUSBAND.

COME nearer, love, and sit thee down,
 And lay thy gentle hand in mine,
 And smile, my beautiful, my own,
 With that soft air, that look benign !

I may not gaze upon thy face,
 I may not meet thy speaking eye—
 Yet, well I know each gentle grace
 Doth on thy placid features lie.

I know there 's beauty in the rose,
 By the sweet fragrance that it yields ;
 I know *thy* lip with love-light glows,
 By the sweet bliss it bids me feel.

What though to me is here denied
The sacred boon to mortals given ;
Yet O, my own, my lovely bride,
I'll gaze upon thy face in heaven !

1848.

“THOU SHALT SEE GREATER THINGS.”

JOHN i, 50.

“AND dost thou now believe, because I tell thee
I saw thee there beneath those shadowy trees
When thou didst think no mortal eye beheld thee ?
Ah ! thou shalt see far greater things than
these ;

If with my little band thou followest me,
Wonders on wonders thou shalt surely see.

“The winds, at my command, thou shalt behold
Sink into silence, and a calmness sleeping
Upon the wave that high with madness roll'd,
While tempests wild upon its breast were
sweeping.

Winds, waves—at once are hush'd at my com-
mand ;

Earth, earth and heaven are subject to my hand.

“Nor only shalt thou see the tempest's strife
Sink into calmness when I speak the word ;
The dead—the dead shall waken into life,
The grave shall listen when my voice is heard,

And heaven shall answer,—when I pray aloud
The Father's voice shall echo thro' the cloud.

“ And thou shalt see me conqueror o'er the grave,
Breaking its iron grasp with mighty power,
Opening a way through Jordan's stormy wave,
Where thou mayest follow in thy latest hour ;
And when these fearful bands of death are riven,
Thou shalt behold me as thy *Judge in heaven.*”

1846.

CHEERING THOUGHTS.

WHEN the world looks cold and drear,
And the spirit, sad and lone,
In its restless wanderings here,
Catches no responsive tone ;
When our search is all in vain
For some link of sympathy,
O ! how sweet to think e'en then,
There is *one* who feels with me !

When upon life's dreary waste
Friendship proves itself untrue ;
When a blighting change has past
O'er the warmest hearts we knew ;
When harshness, with its cruel power,
Bids the heart's deep fountain swell ;
Sweet to know, in such an hour,
There is *one* who loves me well !

When beside the altar kneeling,
At the sacred hour of prayer ;
When a light from heaven is stealing,
Shedding its effulgence there :
Sweet, indeed, at such an hour,
When upon the bended knee
Comes this thought, with thrilling power,
There is *one* who prays for me !

1847.

MRS. REV. E. PEASE.

How peaceful was her death-bed scene—
How calm she yielded up her breath !
With what a quiet air serene
She turn'd away, and slept in death !

Mark'd ye the joy that lit her eye
When near the portal of the tomb ?
Caught ye the holy ecstasy
That swell'd her heart amid the gloom ?

Heard ye her deep, impassion'd tone,
Which bade thee list a music strain,
When bright-wing'd angels from the throne
Were thronging round her bed of pain ?

She died—if we may call it death
To enter on eternal life—
To yield this short, this fleeting breath,
And pass beyond earth's weary strife.

She died—does not her influence seem,
 Like yonder sun-rays in the west,
 Which long upon our vision stream
 After the sun has sunk to rest ?

The righteous dead ! Ah, unto us
 Their sacred memory is given,
 To raise the thoughts which cling to dust,
 And fix our brightest hopes in heaven !

1847.

RESIGNATION.

I'VE often wish'd to sleep in death,
 To yield this fleeting, transient breath ;
 Early to bid farewell to earth—
 Its bustling cares and trifling mirth,
 Its noisy grief, its tinsel'd show,
 And all these changing scenes below.

I've wish'd to sleep beside the bed
 Of those, the loved, the early dead ;
 O, near that spot I long to rest,
 With the cold earth upon my breast,—
 Where the sweet rose at Theron's head
 Would scatter fragrance round my bed.

My soul has long'd to wing her way
 To those unfading realms of day ;
 To join that full, harmonious choir,
 And strike the seraph's burning lyre,

Where earthly shades may never fling
Their darkness round me while I sing.

Irksome, indeed, has been the chain
That binds me to this world of pain ;
That binds my pinion'd spirit here
When it would seek a holier sphere—
Would leave this dull, this earthly clod,
And seek the temple of its God !

But God is here—then wherefore roam ?
'Twas he who made this world my home ;
'Twas he who cast my lot on earth ;
From him my soul derived its birth—
O, then, let me submit, and know
That he shall guide my steps below.

Be this my wish, be this my care,
To fill my allotted station here
With quiet and submissive heart ;
To meekly strive to act my part,
And wait till Jesus bid me come,—
Wait till my Father takes me home.

1845.

T H E R O N.

THE moon shines not so tranquil,
The stars are not so bright,
The sky not half so radiant,
Since Theron took his flight.

The bird sings not so sweetly,
The balmy zephyr's breath
Is not so full of music,
Since Theron slept in death.

The flowers are not so lovely
That open to the day,
Nor are they half so fragrant,
Since Theron pass'd away.

1845.

THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING.

SOFTLY the morn-beams through shadows are
stealing,
Brightening the diamonds that hang on each
spray ;
Spring's sweetest charms in its radiance revealing,
Quicken the life-pulse along my way.

The robin doth greet me with wild, wild hymnings,
Bearing aloft his Creator's praise ;
But what to me are all nature's bright limnings ?
And what to me are the wood-bird's lays ?

One sweet attraction now spell-bound holds me ;
One object claims my attention now—
Though Spring with its beautiful wings enfold me,
My heart is dead to aught else below.

From the moss-edged fountain it sweetly rises,—
A flower, *a flower* like a starry gem ;
Through the dewy leaves it beams forth in
brightness,
Fair as a princely diadem !

O, the first spring flower ! how it prompts the
gushing
Of feelings deep, pent up in the heart ;
Thrills of delight through its fibres are rushing,
As when the gale breathes through the wild-
wind harp.

How many the thoughts from darkness up-
springing,
Which raise the heart's aspirations to God,
As I gaze on this flower, its sweet perfume
flinging
As it meekly rests on the dewy sod.

Thus, when some new-born hope is unfolding,
Like this sweet flow'ret, our pathway to cheer ;
Thus do we gaze, and, its beauties beholding,
Turn from the glories that linger elsewhere.

And thus doth it raise the heart's adoration,
Thus doth it lift the tried spirit above,
And prompt us to bring a sacred oblation—
A grateful heart to the altar of love.

THE LONE SURVIVER.

I saw the last tree of the wood,
Where late a thousand strong-arm'd stood,
How sad it look'd to me!

The last of all that lofty race,
Alone it held its dreary place—
Thou art like that lone tree.

I saw a bird which linger'd here
Till Autumn's breath grew chill and drear,
And every wing had flown—
And thus thou tarriest, lone and sad,
Though all thy friends have long since fled—
Thou 'rt like that lingerer lone.

I saw the last leaf, trembling, pale—
Long did the rough and whistling gale
That single dry leaf fan !
How sad in loneliness it hung,
Where late so many closely clung !—
Thou 'rt like that leaf, dear man.

E'en now the last pale, faded rose,
Sheds its white petals to repose,
Where all the first decay—
Thou lone surviver, see them fall,
The last, the very last of all—
Thus thou wilt drop away !

TEACHER'S FAREWELL.

YE gentle ones, farewell !
Now we must part ;
Affection's fountains swell
Deep in my heart.

Your study hours have sped—
Sweetly they pass'd ;
Each hour of prayer has fled—
This is the last.

Come, gather round me now,
Sing the last hymn,
And reverently bow
The knee to Him,

'Neath whose protecting care
We live and move ;
And seek, in earnest prayer,
His constant love.

I ask not, as we part,
One thought for me,—
Though cherish'd in my heart
Your forms shall be :

But when, in after life,
Your weary lot
Is mark'd with care and strife,
And I'm forgot ;

When o'er the stormy flood
 Your bark is driven,
 Think of your teacher's God,
 Your teacher's heaven.

1844.

“FEED MY LAMBS.”

JOHN xxi, 15.

SHEPHERDS of the fold of God,
 Which he purchased with his blood,
 Hark ! a voice is echoing round—
 Listen, listen to the sound :
 “ Feed my lambs.”

In a wilderness they stray,
 In a wild and desert way ;
 They are famishing for food—
 Shepherds of the living God,
 “ Feed my lambs.”

Give them food that shall endure,
 Give them waters running pure ;
 Lead them into pastures green,
 Where the living streams are seen—
 “ Feed my lambs.”

See, the Saviour stands before you ;
 See, his arms of love are o'er you ;

Hark his voice in tones of love,
 Which the hardest heart could move ;
 " Feed my lambs."

Those who bear my impress here,
 Lambs that roam this desert drear—
 How they pant for living streams,
 Where eternal sunshine gleams !
 " Feed my lambs."

1847.

FAREWELL TO SPRING.

SWEET Spring, is thy departure near ?
 And dost thou pass so soon away ?
 Is this thy farewell voice I hear—
 Thy last sweet note of melody ?
 Is this thy last sweet farewell smile
 That sheds its radiance round me now ?
 Is this thy last sweet balmy breath
 That gently fans my anxious brow ?
 It is, sweet Spring ! Farewell—farewell !
 We may no longer hold thee here—
 E'en now I hear thy sounding knell,
 And see thee on thy passing bier.

'Twas ere this heart knew aught of grief,
 Or wept, save for my short-lived flowers—
 'Twas then, sweet Spring, I wept for thee,
 'Twas then I mourn'd thy fleeting hours.

But now I 've learn'd that happiness
Is not alone confined to Spring ;
And that our purest, highest bliss
Is borne not on the zephyr's wing.

The flowery seasons come and go,
The vernal zephyrs pass away ;
But flowers of thought no death can know,
And sweets of love can ne'er decay.

1843.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

CHARMER of by-gone days,
I part with you !
A silent tear-drop strays,
Adieu, adieu !

Thou hast linger'd near me
Through happy hours ;
Thy tones were wont to cheer me
Among the flowers.

Often couldst thou beguile
My heart of care,
Bidding all nature smile
Sweetly and fair.

Then, wherefore should we part,
Friend of my soul ?
And why should not my heart
Thy strings control ?

Because it faints and droops,
Weary with care !
Because earth's flowery hopes
Shut everywhere !

The sober way of life
Opens before me,
And tempests, loud with strife,
Are bursting o'er me.

Adieu ! for we must part,
Friend of my soul !
No longer can my heart
Thy chords control !

April, 1848.

TWO SMOTHERED CHILDREN.

THEIR was not the peaceful death-bed,
Where affection's silent tears,
O'er the couch of pain fast falling,
Blend with deep responsive prayers ;

Where the hand of fond affection
Feels each painful, struggling breath ;
Catching every throb of anguish,
Till the heart grows cold in death.

Nay, their death was strangely fearful !
No fond parent closed their eyes,
And no voice of pity answer'd
To their feebly moaning cries !

And no mother bent above them,
 With affection's sacred tear ;
 She who would have died to save them,
 In that hour could not be near !

Death is dismal when the parting
 Is not clouded over thus ;
 When we see, amid its terrors,
 Looks of fondness and of trust.

Dying looks—O, how we prize them !
 How we bind them to the heart !
 And the feeblest, faltering accent,
 Cannot from our ears depart.

Death is fearful when his signet
 On the brow is gently placed ;
 When, amid the lines of sorrow,
 Thoughts of sweetness may be traced.

But to have the fondly cherish'd
 Pass without the last farewell—
 This is sorrow, this is anguish,
 That the heart may never tell !

1848.

THE CHARMS OF AUTUMN.

A MELLOW haze is hanging now
 Its shadowy veil athwart the sky ;
 Voices of autumn, strange and low,
 Go murmuring by.

The verdure now has pass'd away,
With which the forest late was clad ;
The leaves have each a yellow ray,
All brightly sad.

And o'er the shrub that hangs its head,
And o'er the sweet-brow'd blossom too,
The Autumn's spirit seems to shed
A chasten'd hue.

A murmur'ring strain is waking now,
And chilly zephyrs start around,
While the ripe fruit, from every bough,
Falls to the ground.

A stillness gathers o'er the hill,
As in the chamber of the dead ;
For Summer's throbbing pulse is still,
Its life all fled.

And Autumn, o'er her sombre bier,
Hangs a dark wreath of tangled vines,
And drooping flowers, all faded, sear,
Which Sadness twines.

Autumn, thy charms are like the smile
On the cold features of the dead !
They leave a soothing solace, while
Our tears are shed.

TWO ROSES.

THE roses that you gave me, dear,
I twined their stems together ;
And laid them, in their beauty here,
And loveliness, to wither.

And thus, methinks, like them, like them,
These close-link'd hearts of ours
Will twine, till, as life's day grows dim,
We wither like the flowers.

1848.

THE MISSIONARY.

'TWAS a beautiful spot where they laid him to rest,
'Neath the shade of the broad-leaf'd palm ;
Where the wild rose hung its bright head o'er
his breast,
And the zephyr was loaded with balm.

He had gone from his home to that distant shore
For a down-trodden race to toil ;
But his mission is ended, his labours are o'er,
And he sleeps on a foreign soil,—

Sleeps where the odours, that float o'er his tomb,
Are so fraught with diseases and death,
That his partner has fled to her childhood's home,
To escape from their poisonous breath.

Yet rest, though no tear o'er thy pillow may fall,
In that far distant place of repose ;
Rest, where the lonely sea-bird's call
Is heard when the ocean-wind blows.

It is nothing to thee where thy ashes rest,
For thy warfare on earth is now o'er ;
And thy spirit has gone to its home with the blest,
On that happy and heavenly shore.

1846.

“THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN.”

WHEN shall he rise ?

Not when sleeping flowers awake,
And streamlets from their bondage break,
And vernal zephyrs, free of wing,
Their new-born sweetness round us fling ;
While Nature's tones, he loved so well,
Around his lowly pillow swell—
Not then shall he awake.

When shall he rise ?

Not when round his native hearth
Mingle former tones of mirth ;
Nor when something whispers lone
Of a step—a look—a tone ;
Nor when tears, that fondly swell,
Show he is remember'd well—
Not then shall he awake.

When shall he rise ?

Not when near his grassy tomb
Fond Affection sits in gloom ;
When the stifling sigh is heard,
And the cold night air is stirr'd
By the passionate tones that break
From the heart to call him back—

Not then shall he awake.

When shall he rise ?

When the blue heavens, like a scroll,
Backward in their darkness roll ;
When the stars shall fall away,
And the sun grow dark at day ;
When the trumpet's voice shall sound,
Trembling far along the ground—

Then, then shall he awake.

1847.

HON. SILAS WRIGHT.

BRING no autumnal flowers,
To scatter sadly o'er his silent bier ;
Hopes, *hopes* that grew in Freedom's sacred
bowers,
We bind in darkness here !

And let no sable pall—
None, save the starry flag—his form enfold :
Those blazon'd stars around his dust shall fall
As its broad stripes unroll.

And touch no chords of woe—
We need no dirge our troubled hearts to thrill !
The sound that toll'd his exit from our shore
Is pealing onward still.

Warm are the tears we shed,
And deep the anguish that has brought us low ;
Our Country mourns for her illustrious dead,
And sits in weeds of woe.

And Freedom's Eagle now—
Whose restless flight is ever onward, higher—
Pauses above his ashes, cold and low,
And folds his wings of fire.

And hark his plaintive wail,
His piercing shriek upon each breeze of air !
It echoes far—nor shall it cease to swell
For many a lengthen'd year.

1847.

TO MISS S. M. G.

WHY is it that my thoughts turn back to thee
From this, my distant home ?
Why is it that thy memory follows me
Where'er I roam ?
I knew thee not in girlhood's buoyant hours,
When happiest thoughts are born ;
I wander'd not with thee through smiling flowers
In childhood's morn.

Then wherefore should my heart send back to
thine

Its earnest throbings now,
While sad'ning thoughts of friends I've left
behind

Steal o'er my brow ?
We met and parted—well thou know'st the day !

The skies were dark above,
And from this breast had just been torn away
Bright links of love.

Then I stood lonely 'mid that stranger train,—
No sister's smile was there ;
But thou didst throw around my heart a chain
'T will ever wear.

A kindness, which this heart knew how to prize,
Was lavish'd there on me—
I had not hoped to find beneath the skies
Such sympathy !

Yet, not for this alone I love thee now ;
Ah ! not for this alone
Do I remember thee with thankful brow,
While sad winds moan—
I knew the kindness which thou didst impart
To one than life more dear,
Kindness which cast around the wanderer's heart
A ray to cheer.

For this I love thee ! and however far
Distance or time divide—
However long my devious wanderings are,
However wide—
I never, *never*, can such deeds forget :
Oft, oft shall flying years
Bring back the thoughts, which make my eyes
grow wet
With grateful tears.

1847.

A R E S P O N S E.

Our hearts were made for each other, and they shall throb
together.—*Extract from a Letter.*

Yes, they shall throb together,
With the same deeply fervid glow,
Through scenes of happiness and woe,—
In bright and stormy weather.

O ! they shall thrill the same
At pure Religion's holy shrine,
And catch a transport all divine
At Jesus' sacred name.

This heart shall always feel
The same delight that moves thine own—
The rapturous gush, the mystic tone,
Deep through its fibres steal.

The softly whispering breeze,
 The floating crimson of the sky,
 The laughing riv'let warbling by,
 The sound of rustling trees,—

All, all shall strike the same
 Deep-felt emotion through each breast,
 And both shall share the same unrest,
 The same unearthly flame.

O, they shall throb together !
 The sweet delight, which thrills one heart,
 Shall bid the quick'ning pulses start,
 And tremble through the other.

1847.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

ANOTHER *gem*, that shone with purest ray,
 Has left its casket to death's dire decay :
 'Twas taken, by the Prince of Bethlehem,
 From its bleak bed beneath our stormy sky,
 To glisten in his glorious diadem
 While an eternity is rolling by.

An early *flower* before us seem'd to fade,
 And in the dust its beauteous form we laid ;
 Yet 'twas transplanted from life's cold parterre,
 To flourish sweetly in a purer clime,
 Where are no weeds of sin, and earthly care,
 Nor clouds of woe, nor blighting mists of time.

A dove of earth has spread his pinions soft,
And from our vision gently soar'd aloft ;

And now he spreads his wings on those blest
plains,

Where birds of Paradise forever sing—
Where an eternal noon of beauty reigns,
To gild the flowery, everlasting spring.

Ye, who have call'd that brilliant *gem* your own ;
Ye, on whose hearts its transient lustre shone ;

Ne'er to be shrouded by the gloom of death,
It beams with glory now forever sure !

O, would ye dim its brightness by the breath
Of sordid love, which ever stains the pure ?

Ye, who have nursed in tenderness the flower,
O ! would ye take it from its heavenly bower ?

How could ye shield it from the stormy wind,
Or nurture well its soft, unfolding charms ?

He who has snatch'd it from a world of sin,
Will keep it safe in his protecting arms !

Ye, who have mourn'd so much your bright
wing'd dove,

Behold, he flutters near the throne of love !

Ye would not call him thence—he laves his
wings

In those immortal founts, which rise so clear !
Ye would not call him thence—the song he sings
Is blent with voices of a purer sphere !

THE GRAVE-YARD.

In its sacred enclosure
How quiet they sleep !
How blest is their slumber,
Unbroken and deep !

The storms, in their fierceness,
May rave round the spot ;
But their loud, dismal wailings
Awaken them not !

The world passes on
In its ardour and strife,
But unheeded by them
Is the clangour of life.

The wildness of passion—
That, wave after wave,
Dash'd over their spirits—
Is hush'd in the grave.

The grave-yard—the grave-yard !
Imposingly dread
Is the unbroken silence
Which reigns o'er the dead !

Fond Memory may linger
O'er days which have gone ;
Affection may call—but
They heed not her tone !

Our tears cannot wake them,
Nor sighs break their rest;
In vain do we weep
O'er the passionless breast.

In this sacred enclosure
Still quiet they sleep;
And blest is their slumber,
Unbroken and deep!

1845.

THEY ARE PASSING.

THEY are passing—they are passing;
Friends I left in all their bloom!
Every breeze from home is wafting
Some new triumph of the tomb!
O, how many happy faces,
Shining once around me there,
Now are with the bands of angels
In heaven's glorious mansions fair!

They are dying—they are dying!
Those we loved in years gone by;
Those whose names, like thoughts of childhood,
Seem like music from the sky:
Those, the sainted, and the aged,
Who were lingerers on our shore—
Ah! their counsels, fraught with wisdom,
Ne'er on earth shall reach us more!

They are fading—they are fading !
 Those—the beautiful and young—
 Who with us began life's journey,
 And whose memory round us clung ;
 Who have oft been in our visions
 Since we left their happy band—
 Now, how many seem to beckon
 From that distant spirit-land !

They are falling—they are falling,
 Like the autumn flowers that die !
 Like the leaflets of the forest,
 Which e'en now are rustling by !
 I shall meet them—I shall meet them,
 When, like them, I fall in death ;
 In the spirit-land I 'll greet them,
 Far from Time's bleak, withering breath !

1848.

A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

Come over and help us.—BIBLE.

HARK ! a voice is on the gale,
 So shrill and clear ;
 Its wild accents cannot fail
 To pain thine ear !

Lo ! a hand across the seas
 Beckons to you !
 A banner, flung upon the breeze,
 Appears in view !

And fainting hearts, that hold it up,
 Sink one by one—
 In that dark clime each rising hope
 With them goes down !

Listen to that despairing cry
 From a dark host !

Listen ! ere every wind shall sigh,
 “Forever lost !”

1847.

MY MOTHER.

I’m thinking of my Mother
 In this sad, dismal hour,
 When stormy winds and rains come down
 With chilling, wintry power.

I think how oft in autumn,
 When winds blew wild and cold,
 “We gather’d round our mother’s knee,”
 To hear some story told.

I’m thinking of my Mother—
 How pleasantly she smiled !
 I mark’d her cheerfulness of soul,
 When I was but a child.

And then in days of weariness,
 That came in after years,
 I saw her struggling calmly on
 Amid submissive tears.

I'm thinking of my Mother—
 O ! as her days shall wane,
 What feeling heart shall share her grief ?
 What hand shall soothe her pain ?
 Sure, if to any one on earth
 My gratitude is due,
 My Mother, for thy care and love,
 It is, it is to you !

Oct., 1848.

TO MELISSA.

FRIEND of my school-days, adieu !
 I will think of thee oft when away;
 And Mem'ry those scenes shall renew
 That are bright in my fancy to-day.
 I see thee as when we met
 In the joyous years gone by ;
 When flowers with dew-drops were wet,
 And no shadow had dimm'd our sky.
 When Hope on thy forehead was bright,
 And Affection's gem shone there—
 Thine eye has lost none of its light,
 Thy brow is still lovely and fair !
 Friend of my school-days, adieu !
 Our ties of endearment are riven !
 If we never shall meet here below,
 Let us meet in yon beautiful heaven !

ANGEL MINISTRIES.

Do the spirits reigning there,
On those plains divinely fair,
 Think of those who dwell below ?
Do they feel for hearts that pour
Tear-drops on life's rugged shore,
 While we walk in "weeds of woe ?"
And do they attend the just,
When their fervent, only trust
 Rests upon the Saviour's name ?
When with joyful hearts we soar,
Feel, and wonder, and adore,—
 Do they share our wondrous flame ?
Yes, in sorrow's trying hour,
When we feel the tempest's power,
 They are near to lead us on ;
And at times of rapturous joy,
When no trouble can annoy,
 They are ever gazing down.

PENITENT'S OFFERING.

LUKE vii, 37-50.

THERE beam'd from her downcast eyes
 A faintly trembling trust,
But her heart, with its load of guilt,
 Was heavily weigh'd to the dust.

She came with her burning tears,
 Came to the Saviour's feet,
 And offer'd with trembling fears
 Those costly odours sweet.

And she found the boon she sought—
 The forfeited favour of Heaven ;
 How thrill'd her sorrowing heart
 At the words, “Thy sins are forgiven !”

Reader ! go, seek thou the spot
 Where she of Magdala knelt—
 Thy heart is not harder than hers,
 Nor deeper imbued with guilt.

What though thou mayest not bring
 Sweet perfume from Araby's wood !
 A treasure, more costly, is thine
 To present through the “speaking blood.”

Place, low at thy Saviour's feet,
 Thy spirit's quenchless fires—
 The thoughts of thy kindling soul,
 Thy deep, untold desires !

Now, on this hallow'd shrine,
 Pour the rich treasure forth :
 “Forgiveness” shall be thine,
 And “Peace” of intrinsic worth.

Thine offering of incense, then,
To Heaven shall sweetly rise ;
For the humble and contrite heart
Our God will not despise.

1846.

TO ALMIRA.

WHEN the sun, declining,
Whispers his adieu ;
When the stars are shining
On yon scroll of blue ;
When the breezes whisper
Softly round thy way ;
At the hour of vesper,
O, remember me !

1847.

TO A DYING IMPENITENT.

ETERNITY—upon its fearful verge,
With trembling spirit, thou art lying now ;
Ready to plunge into the rolling surge
Which dashes its cold spray-drops on thy brow !

Tremendous thought ! that life's last, closing
hour
Is flitting past thee with a rapid flight ;
That Hope's declining star may never pour
Upon thy way again its trembling light !

O, what is time ? An island mid the swell
Of an unbounded and eternal flood !
Thou 'rt launching from it—Now, O ! now
'twere well
To rest upon the “bosom of thy God !”

1847.

A WALK TO THE GRAVE-YARD.

I WANDER'D forth : the air was still,
A blue mist hung around the hill,
And Autumn's sun was low :
My pathway through the forest led,
And showers of crimson leaves were shed
From every glowing bough.

Musing upon the dying leaf,
The fading flowers' existence brief,
I reach'd the place of graves ;
Where silence ever reigns profound,
Save when, with a low, sighing sound,
The long grass sadly waves.

I read upon the sculptured stone
Of those who faded, one by one,
Before their youth had fled :
I wept above the loved and lost,
Who wither'd 'neath a summer frost,
And with the flowers lay dead !

Those who, like yonder leaves, grew bright,
And, glowing with unnatural light,
Pass'd on the winds of death—
O, autumn leaves ! how bright ye are,
All trembling in the lonely air,
Floating on every breath !

The forest trees are lonely now,
The foliage drops from ev'ry bough,
But Spring shall all restore ;
And the sweet flowers, that with'ring lie,
Shall wake with the first zephyr's sigh,
When Winter's reign is o'er.

And, O ! the dead—the precious dead—
Who slumber in their dreamless bed,
Shall they not be restored ?
If flowers and leaves come forth with Spring
O, let us trust death's conquering King,
And rest upon his word !

1847.

THE NEW YEAR.

WELCOME, New Year ! thou hast a gloomy brow,
And yet methinks there 's gladness in thine
eye :
Come take thy station by our pathway now,
Numb'ring our moments as they hurry by.

New friend, we greet thee with a solemn feeling!
Though thou hast brought us hopes of a bright
hue,

A pensive sadness through the heart is stealing,
Just as we bid the flying year adieu!

We think of joys borne on its wing away ;
We think of friends whom it hath parted far—
O, the heart's purest pleasures may not stay,
They are more fleeting than those moments
were !

We think of hours, for our improvement given,
Fled, fled forever from our grasp on earth ;
Of blessings which have spread the wing for
heaven—
Those that we deem'd of high and lasting
worth.

New Year ! we turn our longing eyes to thee,
Resolved, as thou shalt measure, one by one,
Our moments, hast'ning to eternity,
We will improve them as we ne'er have done !

Then pass along, and leave us on the shore
Of this rude world, to struggle with the
waves ;
Or, ere thy fleeting moments shall be o'er,
Steal our last breath, and wander o'er our
graves.

O, if our spirits' trust shall be above,
Vainly thy tempests round our path shall roar!
Our bulwark stronger than thy storms shall prove,
The Lord shall be our fortress and our tower.

Welcome, New Year! thou hast a gloomy brow,
And yet methinks there's gladness in thine eye:
Come, take thy station by our pathway now,
Numb'ring our moments as they swiftly fly!

Jan. 1st, 1848.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

THEY tell us that childhood's earliest tears
And sorrows are but brief—
But a gloom is cast o'er future years
By the first cloud of grief.

I remember well, at childhood's morn,
When the dewy flowers were bright,
Ere sorrow had placed a single thorn
Beneath my footsteps light—

From my mirthful haunts I turn'd away
At a sister's farewell tone,
And wept that she who had shared my play
Had left me sad and lone.

And if I join'd in my brothers' mirth
With laughter loud as their own,
There still was sadness around our hearth—
Whispering of something gone!

How oft at even I roam'd abroad,
 When it seem'd that her own mild eye
 Look'd down from the floating sunset cloud,
 In the gorgeous summer sky !

O ! tell me not that childhood's tears
 And sorrows are but brief ;
 There 's darkness cast o'er coming years
 By the first cloud of grief.

1842.

A LOST SPIRIT.

WE stood around the bier,
 And many wept a dearly loved one taken ;
 Yes, many a sigh and many a falling tear
 Bespoke a heart forsaken.

And wherefore do they mourn ?
 A blank was at the fireside he had left,
 For Death stole by, at manhood's early morn,
 And made a home bereft.

They wept that he was gone ;
 Mourn'd for the happy hours forever fled—
 Ah ! many a heart, left desolate and lone,
 Wept for the early dead.

Tears will be shed in gloom
 When kindred ties by death are rudely sever'd ;
 But O, what tears shall mourn the fearful doom
 Of a spirit lost forever !

1847.

THE MEMORY OF HOME.

“So passionately and deep does it steal over my heart,” observed a friend, “that often, often, when away among strangers, have I wept when the dusk of evening came on.”

Beside the stranger’s hearth I wept,
When twilight through the lattice crept;
For with each softening shade of gloom,
There stole a tender thought of home.

I saw again that fire-side bright,
All glowing in affection’s light;
A father’s reverend form was there,
I heard once more his voice in prayer.

Brothers and sisters circled round,
In ties of sacred sweetness bound—
A happy group at close of day,
My thoughts were with them far away.

My mother’s song at twilight hour
Came with its soft, subduing power,
A hallowing influence round me fell,
I wept with feelings none may tell.

Sweet home! thy memories, fondly deep,
Within the heart their vigils keep,
Forever haunting with their tone
The banished exile’s pathway lone.

Beneath the stranger's roof he weeps,
When darkness round his forehead creeps ;
For with each sad'ning shade of gloom
There steals a thrilling thought of home.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

Mariner, on the sea of life,
Are the tempests loud with strife ?
Tremblest thou in wild alarm,
Fearful of the gathering storm ?
He who once those billows rode,
Says to thee, "Have faith in God."

Traveller ! in a desert way,
Weary, lonely, dost thou stray,
With a heart oppressed with fear,
Shrinking from some danger near ?
He who once thy pathway trod,
Says, "Have faith ! have faith in God."

Mourner ! bending sad and lone,
O'er the death-recording stone,
Weeping for the loved and blest,
Who have gently sunk to rest ;
He who burst from death's abode
Says to thee, "Have faith in God."

Afflicted one ! oppressed with pain,
Dost thou of thy lot complain ?

Thinkest thou too hard the blow,
 Or, too sad thy lot below ?
 He, who bowed beneath the rod,
 Bids thee still “ have faith in God.”

Weary and desponding one,
 By thy dreadful crimes undone,
 Are thy faults still unforgiven—
 Calling for the wrath of Heaven ?
 He, who spilt for thee his blood,
 Tells thee to “ have faith in God.”

Christian, dost thou dread the grave ?
 Fearest thou cold Jordan’s wave ?
 As the waters nearer roll,
 Does their darkness fright thy soul ?
 He who cross’d that billowy flood
 Whispers now, “ Have faith in God !”

1845.

THE OLD ROCK.

’Twas here with my brother
 In childhood I played,
 On this white, smooth rock,
 In the elder’s shade.
 This spot is the same
 Where we strolled side by side ;
 But alas, alas !
 All has changed beside.

That fair-haired child
Had a dimpled cheek,
And an eye half-veiled
In its quietness meek.

But a fearful change
Has passed over his brow,
In its youthful pride
It is moldering now.

And the tiny feet
That in gladness roamed,
Have left off their wand'rings
To lie in the tomb.

And his spirit has changed
Since we rambled here,
For it dwells in the light
Of a purer sphere.

And I too have changed :
I am not the child,
That gathered the blossoms
So joyous and wild !

Ah ! a change has passed
O'er the thoughtless one,
Like the earliest tints
Of the flower-leaf gone.

For with the quick lapse
Of those bright, pleasant years,
The tinge of this cheek
Has been washed off with tears.

And over this heart
Has a dark shadow past,
And round me there wails
A bewildering blast.

But my brother, my brother,
We'll meet above,
Unchanged in affection,
Unchanged in love !

1846.

HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE.

Job xxiii, 10.

Dark, dark, and indistinctly traced,
The pathway that I tread,
Leading me through a desert waste,
Where flowers lay withered, dead.
Oft have I paused with starting tears,
And heart grown sad indeed,
Asking amid my doubts and fears,
Where will this pathway lead ?
At length such clouds passed o'er my sky,
My heart was like to break,
But soon I saw emblazoned high,
“ He knoweth the way I take.”

My poor, distrustful heart grew calm,
And rested firm on Him,
Who scatters many a holy charm,
Along my path once dim.
Sweet odours, rich with sacred bliss,
Are borne on every breeze,
While notes of thrilling happiness
Float thro' the shadowing trees.
Blent with the tones of nature's harp,
Which in wild music wake,
Is gushing from my bounding heart,
“He knoweth the way I take.”

But higher yet shall be the song,
That gushes from my soul,
As still I trace my way along,
Up to the shining goal ;
And purer yet shall be the glow
Of transport in my breast,
As still I press thro' doubt and woe,
Towards my eternal rest.
And when I reach the fearful track
Where Jordan's billows break,
I'll send this shout of triumph back,
“He knoweth the way I take.”

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Thou art passing from us now,
With the ice drops on thy brow,
Fare thee well !

We sorrow not to say that word,
So oft in scenes of sadness heard,
When the spirit's chords are stirr'd
By some passing knell.

We sorrow not with thee to part,
Sad and dismal as thou art,
Cold and stern ;
With thy dark, forbidding brow,
And thy breath of sleet and snow,
Chilling in their genial glow
The thoughts that burn.

Adieu ! stern winter ; and when death,
With his cold and icy breath,
Shall close around,
May we fall as plants, which lie,
While the snow-wing'd storms pass by,
Waiting for a vernal sky
T' unlock the ground.

WHITE ROBES.

White robes were given to every one of them.—Rev. vi, 11.

And who were those to whom white robes were given,

Who stand so radiant on the plains of heaven ?
They who on earth sustained the hallowed cross,
Suffered and died in the Redeemer's cause.

May we not wear the martyr's crown in heaven ;
May not the martyr's robe to us be given ;
Although our lives we yield not at the stake,
And though no fagot-fires around us wake ?

We may ! we may ! I have seen those on earth
Who nobly sacrificed their land of birth—
Friends, home, and country, freely gave up all,
Even health and life at the Redeemer's call.

The angel answered, “ These are they who passed
Through earth's thick darkness, bore its howling
blast,

Who meekly waded through affliction's flood,
And washed their robes in the Redeemer's blood.”

Then I, even I, may gain a crown like theirs !
My soul is struggling on through waves of tears,
And O, its stains have all been washed away
In the red stream that flowed on Calvary !

Ye sacred host, when fleeting time has gone,
I'll take my place with you around the throne;
And then my spirit's robe of spotless white
Will shine like yours in heaven's resplendent light.

1845.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Sister, wilt thou think of me
When the buds are on the tree ?
When the flowers around our dwelling
In the warm spring air are swelling ?
When thou tendest them alone,
Wilt thou for the absent one
Ever shed one silent tear ?
Tell me, *tell me*, Sister dear !

Farewell !

Brother, let my forehead rest
For the last time on thy breast ;
Let my arm encircle thee,
And my tears fall silently ;
For I feel, 'tis hard to part,
While around my youthful heart
Clings so soft, so sweet a tie—
Dearest Brother, let me sigh

Farewell !

Father, on thine aged brow
Shadowy thoughts are brooding now :

Thou art thinking of thy child,
 Thinking of life's cheerless wild—
 Heaven, my Father, will direct me,
 When thine arm cannot protect me !
 Then look not so sad to-day,
 Duty beckons me away—

Farewell !

Mother, weep not, though I roam
 From my early, happy home !
 Though thou miss my step at eve,
 Do not in my absence grieve ;
 For, my Mother, I am blest,
 On another arm I rest !
 Ah ! thy sweet, maternal heart
 Swells, and breaks as I depart—

Farewell !

1848.

THE SAILOR'S HYMN.

Rudely dash the waves on high,
 Toward the darkly frowning sky ;
 Vengeful tempests, full of wrath,
 Gather o'er our ocean path.

Such is life—a troubled way,
 Dark with clouds of dashing spray ;
 Thus do passion's billows roll
 Fiercely o'er the human soul.

Who shall calm the storm of life ?
Who shall still the tempest's strife ?
Who shall sweetly whisper, " Peace,"
Bidding all the tumult cease ?

THOU, who, on the stormy deep
Waking from a peaceful sleep,
Spakest, and the winds obey'd,
And the raging waves were stay'd.

Tarry with us, Son of God !
Calm to peace the angry flood ;
Let our hearts thy presence feel,
Saviour, whisper, " Peace, be still ! "

Then our shroud may be the wave,
And our tomb an ocean cave,
And our knell the wild alarm
Of the fiercely howling storm ;

Yet, how safely shall we rest,
Sweetly and securely blest,
Till the Voice, which wakes the dead,
Reaches to our coral bed.

1842.

THE DIVINE SIGNET.

I knelt beside a coffin where was laid
The shrouded form of one that bloomed to fade ;
A brother, nearer to this heart of mine
Than the close tendrils of the clinging vine.

That pale, cold hand how ardently I pressed,
Which lay so passive on the pulseless breast !
His heart, once throbbing warmly as my own,
Was still in death—the vital spark had flown.

Tears, bitter tears, streamed o'er that peaceful brow,
My heart grew sick—I feel that *faintness* now ;
Upward towards Heaven I turned my tearful eye,
And Jesus whispered, “ Let thy tears be dry.”

Again he spoke : my spirit felt the power
Of those sweet words in such a sorrowing hour—
“ *Weep not, thy brother lives in glory now,*
Behold my signet on that placid brow !”

I heard, I gazed—there was the signet ring
Which told me he had spread the unchained wing,
And passed the swelling wave to that blest shore
Where loved ones meet to separate no more.

1843.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

Three of the sweetest words in the English language are,
Mother, Home, and Heaven.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Mother—it sounds like melody by night
Borne o'er the waters in a dreamy spell,
Or like the music of the early light,
Whose soft tones thro' the rustling foliage swell ;
For in the heart's deep shrine its memories dwell

Fresh mid the cares that cluster darkly there !

What poet harp could half their sweetness tell,
Or breathe the emotions melting in a tear,
With which the heart looks back through many a
varied year ;

Back to the time when, cradled on her breast,

The little heart forgot its lightsome care,
And revel'd in a mother's fond caress,
And listened to a mother's voice in prayer.
O happy hours, how sweet a light ye wear !
Even at that name, fresh thoughts of earliest love
 Crowd o'er the heart with images so fair,
We turn from where our fond affections rove,
To think of dewy hopes which first our garland
 wove.

Home—'tis the spot, tho' humble and obscure,

 Where the warm heart has cent'red all its joys,
Where life's sweet sunshine falls most calm and
 pure :

Home—'tis the spot where pleasure seldom
 cloyes,

 Whose sacred peace no stormy wind destroys,
A place where love is made the hallowed tie,
 Where social sweetness rules the heart and voice:
From its fair portals cold distrust may fly,
 And a world's tinsel'd show pass all unheeded by.

Heaven—O ! there's something in the very sound,
 That breathes a life-draught to the fainting soul,
 And kindles joy, where naught before was found
 Save clouds of darkness in full many a fold !
 Our gaze it fixes on the shining goal,
 The end of all our hopes and our desires,
 And bids the ransomed spirit oft behold
 The shining gates, and the celestial choirs,
 And fits the hand to tune our ringing, glowing lyres.

Heaven—O ! its portals in the sunlight gleam
 Of an unclouded and eternal sky !
 When shall we wake from life's bewildering dream,
 And cease at once to suffer and to sigh ?
 Wake, where the friends we love shall never die,
 Beyond this stormy world's chill, wailing blast,
 Among the ransomed and the blest on high ;
 Where, when the waves of death are safely past,
 Heaven, Home, and Mother may be gained at last.

1848.

PASSING AWAY.

On the vernal flower that gleams
 In the sun's rich, mellow beams,
 With the dew-drop on its breast,
 Is this sad'ning truth imprest,
 Passing away.

On the glowing forest leaf,
 Stamped with freshness strangely brief,

We may read in lines all sere,
At the closing of the year,
Passing away.

On the flashing river's tide,
Where the sportive sunbeams glide,
In its rocky, winding course,
We may list in accents hoarse,
Passing away.

Gleaming in their transient light,
All things beautiful and bright,
All things dearest to the heart,
Speak in tones that bid us start,
Passing away.

Sweet to think there is a clime
Far beyond the change of time,
Whose rich scenery, sweetly fair,
Never may this impress wear,
Nor pass away!

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

“ Sister, remove that curtain towards the west,
And raise my head awhile,
For I would see the sun sink down to rest,
With his departing smile.

“ Perchance it is the last sweet sunset scene
That I shall gaze upon ;
My life has past, even like a short, sweet dream,
Its moments now have flown.

“ O, I had hoped to live, but fain would rest ;
Those hopes have vanished now :
Consumption’s weariness is at my breast—
Its languor on my brow.

“ Yes, I had hoped to live, for earth has charms
To hold my spirit here :
Life has high prospects, youthful hopes are warm,
And all looks bright and clear.

“ Yet, better far to leave a world of pain
Ere it shall gain our trust—
Ere time has forged his strong and heavy chain
To bind our souls to dust.

“ There’s one sweet thought, my sister, of the past,
One thought of purest bliss
That lingers with me, even to the last,
And yields a soothing peace—

“ Early I gave my wayward heart to God,
And breath’d my solemn vow;
In weakness since, this narrow path I’ve trod—
This thought sustains me now.

“ And calmly now I gaze o’er Jordan’s wave
Without a single fear:
There is no terror in an early grave—
I would not tarry here.

“ The one, whose footsteps I have followed here,
Will not desert me now—
That Saviour, O methinks he lingers near
To soothe my aching brow !

“ Sister, I thank thee for the tender care,
So long on me bestowed:
O ! shall my name no more be in thy prayer,
When it ascends to God ?

“ Nay, nay, these cares for thy sick brother dear
Soon, soon shall all be o’er,
And yet I would not be forgotten here,
Though I shall wake no more.

“ O might my memory lure the hearts I love
To my Redeemer’s breast,
And thoughts of *Theron* point the soul above
To my eternal rest.”

* * * * *

He pass'd away, but yet the boon he claimed
In that sad hour was given :
To those who knew him here, that cherished name
Is linked with thoughts of Heaven.

1842.

THE DOVE.

Dove, with the drooping wing,
I gaze on thy plumage softly fair,
And think, as thy spreading pinions fling
A radiance on the air,
Of the messenger they sent
From the lonely ark on the waters wide,
When naught but the sea and firmament
Were spreading on every side.

I think of the welcome bough
Brought by a beautiful one like thee,
Reviving hope on the heart and brow
Of the world's *one* family.

Beautiful, beautiful Dove !

I think of that messenger sent from the sky,
The Spirit of God to the Son of his love,
Descending in fashion like thee.

O, may that Spirit divine
In his meekness and gentleness rest upon me !
May his glowing fervour and love be mine,
With his sinless purity !

1849.

LOVE—A CONFESSION.

THEME my lyre has never waken'd
In its brightest hour of song ;
But its chords of late are shaken
With an impulse new and strong.

Earthly love to me was ever
Like a bright, unreal dream ;
Or a star that seem'd to quiver
Far o'er life's cold, turgid stream.

It was something all ideal
That my fancy sometimes wove—
Tinged with nothing true or real
Was the thought of youthful love.

Could this gloomy world of sorrow,
Hollow-hearted, drear, and cold,
Gleams of sacred sunshine borrow
E'en from interchange of soul ?

Sympathy—methought it vanish'd,
If it ever lived on earth !

Love—I thought it long since banish'd
To its place of heavenly birth.

And my soul was upward tending
With a wing unpoised below,
Through the mist its glance was sending
Where the living waters flow ;

Panting for that tender union,
 For that sympathetic glow,
 For that melting heart communion,
 Which methought earth could not know.

Thus, while all below seem'd dreary,
 Faith was pointing through the vale,
 But my soul was sad and weary,
 And I fear'd 'twould faint and fail.

Now a softer gale breathes o'er me,
 And my pathway seems to shine,
 For a being stands before me
 With a heart that beats like mine.

Not an angel—for their pinions
 Have *been* spread above my way—
One that, in earth's dark dominions,
 Has been struggling on like me.

One with sympathetic feeling,
 With affection deep and true—
 Love around my heart is stealing
 With a bliss it never knew.

Saviour, O thy love shall never
 Yield its place to earthly bliss !
 But its deep and holy fervour
 Shall be mingled e'en with *this* !

THE OLD YEAR.

THE old year whisper'd
 His stern farewell ;
I listen'd at midnight,
 And heard his knell.

I wept for the friend
 That long I had known,
When I found his moments
 Forever had flown !

I have loved the old year :
 It brought to my heart
Full many a blessing
 That shall not depart.

THE SISTER'S INQUIRY.

ZEPHYRS ! that stray 'mid the garden flowers,
Shaking the leaves of the vine-hung bowers ;
Say, have ye met in your rambles to-day
The brother I 've miss'd from my dreary way ?

And thou, gentle sunbeam ! whose beautiful glow
Lightens each path that is traversed below,
Hast thou seen of late, on the wide-spread earth,
The brother who pass'd from our lonely hearth ?

The zephyrs are silent, and haste from the spot ;
The sunbeam falls fainter, but answers me not ;

Ah! who shall inform me—who knoweth the road

To the land where that brother hath found an abode?

Ye spirits of glory! ye angels of light!

Have ye heard of him yet in your world-wide flight?

O yes, ye have met in the heavenly throng
That brother whose absence has grieved us so long!

1844.

THE WINDS.

WHENCE dost thou come, thou boisterous wind?

And where to-day has thine errand been?

What message of love, or of fearful wrath,

Hast thou borne to the trav'ler in thy path?

I ask'd, and the hoarse wind, murmuring, sigh'd,
Grew soft as a zephyr, and thus replied:—

“ I came from the south, where a gallant band
Have planted, upon the aggressor's land,
Their proud eagle standard: I bade it wave
As it loves to float in the “ land of the brave! ”
But a sadder errand was mine to yield,
A balm to the faint on the battle-field;
And, alas! as I swept o'er the mass of slain
Which darken'd that trampled and gory plain,
I could have thunder'd, in deafening peals
That would echo far from those hostile fields,

To the mansions of joy and the house of woe,
Man is himself his most terrible foe!"

Perhaps it is thus—but tell me no more
 Of the battle-fields and the flowing gore :
 The dove, methinks, has extended her wing
 With the olive branch she is soon to bring.
 Ah ! hast thou not flown o'er a brighter scene,
 Where even the hand of the Spoiler hath been ?

"I have—I have ! I have scented my breath
 In the place of sickness, the place of death ;
 Not where the clarion of war was heard,
 Not where the breast by its impulse was stirr'd,
 But in the quiet of a peaceful home
 I 've seen the brightest descend to the tomb ;
 I have fann'd the consumptive's pallid brow,
 And breathed over lips of a livid glow,
 Where the spoiler had set as sure a seal
 As amid the gloom of the battle-field ;
 Yet kindness and peace shed a holy calm,
 While I dried the tears with a cooling balm."

How sad is thy story ! yet milder far
 Than the horrid tales of discord and war !
 Thou tellest of cheering with thy cool breath
 The dwellings of those who were nigh to death,
 And hast thou no tales of the stormy main ?
 Of the gloom that thou carriest there in thy train ?

“ I have borne a message of fearful wrath
To the shipwreck’d mariner in my path :
I sported all night with his hopes and fears,
Occasion’d, and then put an end to his tears.
I shiver’d the masts to a fearful wreck,
I swept the rich spoils from the shatter’d deck,
I scatter’d a part on the frightful shore,
And the rest went down to be seen no more.
My victims I dash’d on the rocky coast,
Their shrieks in my deaf’ning roar were lost !
Ask me not wherefore—thou never shalt know
Till the billows reveal their tales of woe !”

O cease, ye winds, for I would not hear
Of the wreck-strewn beach, or the fields of war ;
Nor more of the chambers of death and decay ;
But have you not pass’d, in your lengthening way,
Some sacred spot where beloved ones reside ?
Some pleasing scene to my vision denied ?

“ Aye, I’ve breathed thro’ the far-off western
glades,
I have seen the beloved who sought their
shades ;
I pass’d by the one thou hast miss’d so long,
And bore far aloft her delightful song.
I return’d—she question’d me there, like thee,
To know if I’d pass’d the old homestead tree :
I kiss’d the fair child of the laughing eye
Which you loved so dearly in days gone by ;

I shook the bright leaves from her flower-crown'd hair,
 And her laugh rung wild as I left her there :
 Yea, I 've pass'd the shades where those dear ones stray,
 And I know the haunts where their children play."

Strange that a wind, which has pass'd o'er the deep,
 Spreading woe and death, in its awful sweep,
 Should delay to gambol with childhood fair,
 Playfully shaking the shadowy hair,
 Or fan the sick couch as a softening gale—
 But thou art away : farewell, farewell !

1846.

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

I sit me down beside a gloomy fire,
 With naught around my spirit to inspire :
 All, all alone—no sound is in my brain,
 Save the dull beating of the dismal rain,
 And that faint rustling of the wither'd leaves
 Upon the aged tree beside our eaves.

Now all without looks gloomy, dark, and dread,
 And my lone thoughts are with the quiet dead :
 Friend after friend is passing Jordan's wave,
 And I must follow shortly to the grave—
 Leaving a name which, like the fitful sigh
 Of autumn breezes, shall pass quickly by.

1848.

“I’LL WAKE AGAIN.”

“What shall I tell your father, should you be sleeping when he arrives?” asked an attendant of a sick friend. The dying girl answered, with a smile,—“Tell him I’LL WAKE AGAIN.” She slumbered—it was the sleep of death.

TELL him I would have linger’d
Until I heard his step,
But nature sunk in weariness,
And heavily I ’ve slept.
Tell him my rest is quiet
And undisturb’d by pain,
And that I bade you tell him
His child would wake again.

Not in the dewy morning
Shall his cherish’d one arise,
When the sun begins his shining
In grandeur through the skies—
Nor when the flower uncloses,
And the bird awakes his strain,
Nor with bees, amid the roses,
Shall his loved one wake again.

Nor when the brook awakens
The song I ’ve loved so well,
And the enlivening melodies
Of spring around me swell;

He may no longer see me
'Mid the flowers I loved to tend ;
Though they may claim my care again,
I shall not waken then.

But tell him not to mourn me
As one forever lost,
As a star that drops in brightness
From the high and shining host—
For the child of his affection,
Free from each earthly stain,
At the glorious resurrection
Shall surely wake again !

1846.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Six years ago, this Christmas morn,
With heavy, tearful eyes I rose—
Eyes that had watch'd too sad and long,
Heedless of slumber and repose.

And with a heart as heavy, sad,
That struggled between hope and fear,
I hasten'd quickly to the bed
Where lay a suffering brother dear.

The morn had broke ; but still a light
Burn'd feebly in his lonely room,
As struggling with the day-beam bright,
To drive away the shadowy gloom.

I laid my hand upon his hair,
And press'd it backward from his brow—
That face, how strangely, sadly fair !
I seem to look upon it now !

He mildly raised his eyes to mine,
Then wish'd me, in a cheerful tone,
“A merry Christmas”—paused, and said,
“Sister, I meant a happy one.

“I know you 'll not be merry now,
Your buoyant spirits all have flown ;
Sadness is brooding on your brow,
Sadness is breathing in your tone.”

That day is fled, and years have gone
Since my pale brother pass'd away ;
But ever, as the Christmas morn
Sheds over me its earliest ray,

Thought wanders back to the sad hour
I saw my brother lying there ;
And then I hear his voice once more,
And fondly smooth his dewy hair.

And when, from many a happy heart,
The Merry Christmas wish I hear,
The swelling tear-drops quickly start,—
My brother's tone is in my ear !

THE BRIDE.

SHE stood at the altar, array'd in white,
 With roses entwined in her hair,
 But her deep-blue eye was too strangely bright,
 Her cheek too transparent and fair :
 Her heart beat quick as she breathed that vow,
 And the flower leaves trembled o'er her brow.

She turn'd away, in confiding love,
 From the scenes she held so dear ;
 The garden haunts, the streamlet, the grove,
 She left without shedding a tear—
 She left them in untried paths to roam,
 Left them to gladden another home.

Vines round her casement were dropping away,
 The blossoms beginning to fade,
 When, clad as she was on her bridal day,
 They brought her once more to that shade—
 Back to that shade of her childhood's home—
 But she, like the rose, had lost her bloom.

Gather around her, ye loved ones, now ;
 Her lips with your kisses impress—
 Affection's seal is still on her brow,
 Though she cannot return your embrace :
 On her lips there lingers the same sweet smile—
 O, weeping parents, behold your child !

Father, take back your wandering one
To the spot she had loved the best—
You almost trembled to see her rove,
She returns for a place of rest :
Tear now the vines from the garden bowers,
And lay your child with her faded flowers.

Mother, take home the blossom you rear'd,
Which you shielded from every blast ;
Its tender petals, wither'd and sear'd,
Return to your bosom at last—
Take back your child to her early home ;
She never more from its scenes may roam.

Brother, your sister returns again,
But she may not gladden the hearth
With her former songs—she sings a strain
Which cannot be sung on the earth ;
Yet welcome her back to scenes so dear,
She comes to sleep by your pathway here.

And thou, sad one, most bereaved of all,
Haste thee back to thy lonely home,
And live—so live, that when death shall call,
And thou shalt descend to the tomb,
Thy soul may meet, where ties are not riven,
Thine angel bride in the light of heaven !

THE STEAMER'S BELL.

A piece of the wreck of the Atlantic, with the steamer's bell attached to it, became at the time, and continues to be, fastened between two rocks. During every swell of the waves, the bell tolls forth its melancholy dirge over the spot where the living cargo was engulfed.—*Newspaper*.

HEARD'ST thou on a distant strand
Its sound midst the ocean's roar,
Like a voice from the spirit-land—
A call from eternity's shore ?

'Twas swept in a fearful hour
From the shatter'd wreck away,
And hung by the wild waves' power
Where it owns the tempests' sway.

That bell hath a language deep,
Which reaches the inmost soul ;
And thoughts, which at other times sleep,
Awake as those billows roll.

It speaks of ambitious aims
In their tow'ring pride laid low,
But tells not of the many names
Of the dead who sleep below.

It speaks of the hopes, once bright,
Quench'd in the waves forever ;
Of those bands which trouble might
Labour in vain to sever.

It speaks like a tocsin tost
 Up from the surges of time,
 Chanting a dirge for the lost,
 With heavy, unceasing chime.

'Tis thus with surviving hearts,
 Where passion's billowy swell
 Has hung the *memory of the past*,
Like an ever-sounding knell.

That bell, on a distant strand,
 Heard mid the ocean's roar—
'Tis a voice from the spirit-land,
 A call from eternity's shore.

1846.

MILDLY THE SUN.

MILDLY now the sun is shining
 Where I've seen it shine so oft ;
 Slowly, radiantly declining,
 And the winds are low and soft.

Wintry storms, methinks, are dying,
 Blue and tranquil seems the sky ;
 Silvery clouds are calmly lying
 In the broad expanse on high.

Since last winter breath'd her farewell,
 I have pass'd through scenes most strange ;
 "O'er the spirit" of my vision
 There has come a sudden change.

In my sky, then clouded over,
Now appears a heavenly charm ;
And white pinions near me hover,
Shielding me from ev'ry harm.

There is one angelic spirit,
Clad in mortal garb, beside me,
With a heart of deep affection
Ever near, and near to guide me.

One to whom this heart is sending
All its warmest throbs of bliss—
Round me *hope* and *love* are blending
All their hues of happiness.

1848.

TO MY FATHER.

Who shall smooth thy hoary hairs
In thy life's declining day ?
Who shall steal away the cares
Deep'ning fast around thy way ?

I had thought to be thy stay
In the evening of thy years ;
I had thought to cheer thy way,
I had thought to share thy tears.

But the path of duty led
To a far-off field of care ;
In another sphere I tread,
And another's joys I share.

O ! may kindred hearts as warm
Scatter comforts round thee here !
Mid the darkness and the storm,
May'st thou have a light to cheer !

May thy faltering steps descend
Calmly, sweetly to the tomb !
May thy great, Almighty Friend
Safely guide thy spirit home !

1848.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

THE Spirit of Liberty
Wakes in our vales,
I hear a low melody
Borne on the gales :
The sound is inspiring,
It rouses the free—
List, list to its thrilling notes,
Wild though they be !

“ Awake, O Columbia !
Awake in thy might,
While the sunshine of freedom
Falls over thee bright !

“ While thy star-spangled banner
Triumphantly streams,
And each plume of thine eagle
Refulgently gleams.

“Rouse, rouse thee, Columbia !
 The echoing sky
 To thy watchwords of freedom
 Shall yield a reply !”

Free Men and Free Labour,
Free Speech and Free Soil,
 Shall be heard till the minions
 Of slavery recoil.

Free Speech and Free Labour
 Each mountain and vale
 Shall echo, till tyrants
 With trembling turn pale !
 Then shout for free labour,
 Ye millions that toil,
 Till the heavens shall thunder,
 ALL EARTH IS FREE SOIL !

1848.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Inscribed to the Rev. P. D. GORRIE, of Ogdensburg, at
 whose request these lines were written, while on a trip to
 Oswego, in July, 1848.

THE cloudless heavens were blue and mild,
 As swift we sped our watery way
 Amidst the thousand, verdant isles
 Which make the broad St. Lawrence gay.

Our course was onward, mid those gems
 Of green which lie in beauty there,
And on, and on—till day grew dim,
 We saw them scatter'd everywhere.

Thus, thus along life's rapid stream
 A thousand objects tempt our sight,
Which brightly in our visions gleam,
 O'erspread with beauty and with light.

As we advance they all recede,
 And a broad lake before us rolls,—
O, in that fearful hour of need,
 One hand alone can save our souls !

If, when upon that wave we 're hurl'd,
 We have the Saviour at our helm,
With joy we leave behind the world,
 And death cannot our souls o'erwhelm.

Ye beauteous Isles ! ye beauteous Isles !
 I learn'd a lesson from you there—
Ye ever lend your choicest smiles
 The lonely mariner to cheer.

Ye wear a look of calmness bright,
 That never in the storm departs—
Who would not, in this world of night,
 Thus carry hope to troubled hearts ?

“WE KNOW NOT HOW HAPPY WE ARE.”

“We know not how happy we are,”

Said a voice at the close of the day,

As we sat where a beautiful star

Was shedding a silvery ray:

So blissful and sweet were the skies above,

I fancied them glowing with looks of love;

All nature with transport seem’d to thrill,

Tho’ the breeze was hush’d and the vine was still.

“We know not how happy we are,”

I have thought in my musings to-night:

We are free from earth’s festering care,

And blest with unmeasured delight.

Away from the world, its noise and its strife,

So sweetly secluded and tranquil our life;

Here nothing arises our pleasures to mar—

We know not, we know not how happy we are.

1848.

MY BROTHER.

Written on the anniversary of his death.

FOUR long, long years have past

Since I watch’d beside him, with a tearful eye,

Night after night, and knew that he must die,

And fear’d each day the last.

At length, as darkness fell
Over the earth, he call'd us round his bed,
And told us that his day of life had fled—
 Bade us a long farewell !

I almost see him now—
His thin white hands were clasp'd upon his breast,
That spoke of peace—and yet of that unrest
 The dying only know.

His forehead, white and clear,
Glisten'd with gathering dews of life's last night ;
But O, that cheek and eye, how strangely bright !
 Consumption's seal was there.

He spoke ; but that deep tone
Scarce rose above a whisper, and a quiver
Was on his lips, as when the roses shiver,
 Ere the white leaves are strown.

He spoke of youth and hope—
Of death and parting—of a home above ;
Said that even then a Saviour's *priceless* love
 Could buoy his spirit up.

He bade us weep no more,
Nor grieve that he had pass'd from earth's dull
 care,
But follow on, in faith and humble prayer,
 Toward that eternal shore.

He ceased to speak ; and then
We knelt in fervent prayer his couch beside,
Committing to that sure Eternal Guide
That dear, departing friend.

But morning dawn'd again ;
And still he linger'd, calm, serenely fair,
As if etherealized for purer air
By long-refining pain.

The sun at noonday shone ;
And o'er those features pass'd a fearful change ;
That hectic cheek grew dark, and sudden, strange,
Turn'd white as sculptured stone !

Fainter the quick breath grew :
He murmur'd, "Pray ;" the voice of prayer
arose,
And when it ceased, those beaming eyes unclosed,
And *look'd a sweet adieu !*

Gently he pass'd away :
Death left unchanged that calm and holy brow.
But O ! the grave has soil'd its brightness now
With darkness and decay.

Scarce eighteen winters' snows
Had fallen around that fondly cherish'd form,
Ere, like a flower that bows beneath the storm,
It sunk to sweet repose.

My brother ! hast thou fled ?
Thou gentle playmate of my infant years,
Sweet sharer of my earliest hopes and fears,

O, art thou with the dead ?

It cannot, cannot be !
I see thee as in health ; thy look, thy voice—
That cheerful smile, that made the heart rejoice,
Is fix'd in memory.

But deeper graven there
Is the submission deep, the holy calm
That o'er those fading features shed a charm,
Serene, divinely fair.

O, sad and dismal day
The day I wept above thy dying bed ;
The day I saw thee number'd with the dead ;
Its hours moved mournfully.

Another day shall come,
When I, like thee, shall lay me down to rest,
When I shall meet thee, with the pure and blest,
In that immortal home.

1847.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

NIGHT lay upon the stormy seas,
Where that lone vessel stood
With banner flung upon the breeze,
Above the ocean flood.

Thro' the dark clouds the moonbeams threw
Anon a fearful glare
Upon that dark ship's mournful crew,
Gather'd in silence there.

They bring their dead, not for a rest
In some green place of graves,
But in grim ocean's fearful breast,
Down mid her awful caves.

Slowly they lower the lifeless form—
A sullen plunge is heard,
And moving sobs, amid the storm,
From hearts with anguish stirr'd.

One moment, and the waves close o'er,
And roll with fierceness by,
Mingling their thunders, as before,
With the loud tempest's cry.

The vessel then speeds on her way,
But sorrowing hearts are there—
Keep the memorial, O thou Sea,
Intrusted to thy care.

1847.

TO A MONTHLY PINK.

WHAT, budding now?
Other flowers have long since died;
They all fell, with drooping brow,
Side by side.

Here thou art,
Blooming in thy freshness still,
Like the green hopes of the heart
Naught can chill.

Look abroad,—
Clouds are gathering in the sky,
Tempests, wailing fierce and loud,
Pass thee by.

Drifting snows
Through the garden lanes are seen,
Showing where the flowers repose,
But thou art green.

Wouldst thou teach
This poor heart to wear a bloom
Which the tempests cannot reach,
Nor e'en the tomb ?

O ! sweet flower,
Thou dost whisper gentle things
Of the sunshine, and the shower,
And zephyr's wings.

Thou dost speak
Of the summer's golden hue,
Of the lilac's blushing cheek,
And violet blue ;

Of the breeze,
Laden with its incense meet,
Trilling through the leafy trees,
O, how sweet !

Gentle flower,
Winter holdeth still his sway ;
He must tyrannize his hour,
Then away.

Thanks to thee !
Thou hast brought me visions bright,
Of the summer's buoyancy,
Free and light.

Feb., 1848.

A SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

ONE perish'd on the raging seas,
Where the tall mast was bow'd ;
While death was on the startling breeze,
And terror in the cloud.

He made his pillow deep below
The ocean's sounding waves,
Where the bright pearls and corals glow
In its unfathom'd caves.

One fell upon the battle-field,
Where the war-spirit frown'd ;
No kindred hand his eyelids seal'd,
Or drest the fatal wound.

And one lay calmly down to die
Beneath the cocoa bough ;
No kindred voice, no hand was nigh,
To soothe his burning brow.

One in the valley of the West
Adorn'd an humble lot—
A happy home for child and guest,
A peaceful, rural spot.

She sleeps amid the forest glades,
Where the wrong'd Indians roam ;
Far from her childhood's rural shades,
Far from her early home.

Another, and the last one, fell
Beneath a southern sky ;
Where soft, melodious murmurs swell,
And softer winds sweep by.

A scatter'd household ! who, that saw
Them mingle round one hearth,
Deem'd that this day would find them thus
- All scatter'd o'er the earth !

But thus it is—Ah ! ever thus
Is our allotment strange ;
And happy would it be for us,
Had earth no sadder change !

SUDDEN STORMS.

I thought to wander merrily,
With the bird and singing bee,
 But, alas, alas !
Clouds have gather'd—winds grow chill—
All is dark, and cold, and still—
 Hark the dismal blast !

Why do tempests ever gather
In the bright and glad spring weather,
 When all nature smiles ?
Why the sun not always shine,
Cheering, with his rays divine,
 Fields and woody dells ?

Why ? Ah soon ! how very soon,
These bright and sunny days alone
 Would the meadows sear ;
And make the little brooks shrink back
From their winding, pebbly track,
 As if smit with fear !

Then let the chilly tempests gather ;
Even in the glad spring weather,
 Let the storms rage wild—
Quickly as they disappear,
Nature's glowing face shall wear
 A greener, sweeter smile.

THE FORGOTTEN.

Above her grave the turf was not yet green,
When he who wept so late her couch beside,
Approach'd the altar with a brow serene,
Leading another and a fairer bride.

No more shall tears, for the belov'd one shed,
Stain that fond cheek lit up with smiles so soon ;
No more shall wailings o'er the early dead,
In sadness steal around that marble stone.

Ah, no ! another claims within that heart
The place left vacant there by buried love ;
Another's smiles have drawn the rankling dart,
And wreaths of gladness for the mourner wove.

Rest, thou forgotten one ! No startling sighs
Shall burden the soft zephyrs near thy tomb ;
Another fills the place, by thee so priz'd,
In that chang'd heart, and that deserted home.

O love—connubial love ! and art thou this,
A flame soon smother'd in the closing grave ?
A spirit vanishing with no impress
Left on the lonely walk, or moon-lit wave ?

Alas ! what fond memorial of the dead
Shall earth retain when human hearts forget ?
When *hearts forget* ! Ah, well it hath been said,
That “ *Change on all things hath her signet set.*”

DISTANT VIEW OF THE RIVER.

From an elevated tract in Bangor, N. Y., the St. Lawrence river can be distinctly seen at the distance of about twenty miles.

Far along the blue horizon,
Stretch'd in tranquil light it lay,
While my eye went wand'ring o'er it,
In the distance far away.

Many a pleasing thought was rising,
Waken'd by that lovely scene,
Of the beauteous vales and hamlets,
Of the homes that lie between.

Thus the eye of Faith may venture
O'er the boundary of time,
Pierce the deep involving shadows
Hanging o'er that mystic clime.

But the heart that would be ranging
Thro' those lovely skies serene,
Will be ling'ring round the objects
That in dimness lie between.

Far along the dim horizon,
Stretch'd in tranquil light it lay,
While my eye went wand'ring o'er it
In the distance far away.

THE WHITE CLOUD.

One snowy cloud is resting now
Upon the blue sky's breast,
And while I gaze, with anxious brow,
I envy such a rest—
Long for the peace earth may not know
My soul has been in quest.

Well purified from stains of sin,
Calm as that cloud of white,
Above the world, where, all serene,
The air is ever bright—
Thus would I rest, when storms descend,
And tempests gather might.

But lo ! that cloud is floating there
Into the depths of blue,
The breezes, springing fresh and fair,
Are wafting it from view ;
Clouds, there is not in earth, or air,
A place of rest for you !

But though through space ye hurry on,
And Change your motto be,
This weary soul, when life is gone,
Shall spread its pinions free,
And rest with the unchanging One
Through all eternity.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

The vine, untrained, was creeping there—
 Round the low porch it hung,
And sighing, seemed to ask for care,
 As in the breeze it swung.

The violet, all uncultur'd, too,
 Grew with the daisy wild ;
But with a leaf of paler blue,
 It bowed and meekly smiled.

The twitt'ring swallow round the eaves
 Kept up a dismal song ;
The wind blew sadly through the leaves,
 And sighing, died along.

The green-sward in its freshness lay—
 The path was all untrod ;
No foot had shook the dews away,
 Which glisten'd on the sod.

A sense of loneliness was there—
 I felt it as I gazed ;
It came in every breath of air,
 And in the sun's pale rays :

'Twas not the tangled vine, nor yet
 The violet so fair,—
Nor untrod path, with dew-drops wet—
 Nor breezes sighing there ;

Nor song of bird, that touched the soul
With loneliness so strange,—
It was a thought that o'er me stole—
A thought of *death and change*.

I heard the step that once rung there—
The tones that cheered that spot,
And saw once more the faces fair
Of that deserted cot.

Conversing with the past, I felt
"Twas consecrated ground,
Where joy or sorrow once had dwelt,
Or love a place had found.

There hope had sweetly swelled the heart,
And fear had been a guest;
There *death* had shot his sudden dart,
And stilled the throbbing breast.

And footsteps here, once echoing round,
Were hushed within the tomb,
And some a watery grave had found,
Far in the ocean's foam.

Just as the slanting sun-rays shed
Their beauty round that spot,
I passed, with slow and thoughtful tread,
From the DESERTED COT.

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

She walk'd with even tread
Through the wild mazes of a reckless world ;
Beauty and youth were circling round her head,
And Hope her flag unfurl'd.

She dwelt among the gay,
Among a joyous and a thoughtless crowd ;
And she was bright and beautiful as they,
Though not of beauty proud.

Her modest, humble mien
Show'd that a spirit lowly, meek was hers ;
Her brow was as the morn still and serene,
Ere the first zephyr stirs.

O ! she had cast her heart,
With all its fulness, on the Saviour's breast,
And found the peace Heaven can alone impart,
A sure and tranquil rest.

Pale sickness came at last,
And she, though lovely, faded day by day,
As thou hast seen a bright cloud, hurrying past,
Slowly dissolve away.

They laid her down to rest,
One evening, with the cold drops on her brow,
And gather'd round her as the struggling breath
Came fitful, faint, and slow.

She spoke in broken tones
Of the blest Saviour, as her friend and guide,
Then whisper'd "Farewell" to those mourning
ones,
And sweetly smil'd and died.

Fair as a star declines,
In all its brightness, but to shine elsewhere ;
Thus did she vanish, thus the immortal mind
Pass'd to another sphere.

1848.

LET ME SLEEP.

"Let me sleep," she softly said,
As she meekly bowed her head
With a peaceful smile ;
And those eye-lids drooping low,
And those lips, as white as snow,
And that cold and drooping brow,
Gleaming mild,

Told me 'twas her latest sleep ;
And the mourner bowed to weep
O'er the dying one :
Gentle child ! she past away
Like a star at dawn of day—
Like the latest sunset ray
She was gone.

O, she slept a gentle sleep !
 Yet methinks 'twas dreamless, deep,
 For she wakes not now ;
 Wild winds blow around her bed,
 Nightly dews their incense shed
 Round the spot where sleeps the dead,
 Cold and low.

1848.

HOPE AND FEAR.

Hope and Fear,
 Strangely are ye blended here—
 Here in this sad world of ours,
 Where joy and sorrow meet together,
 Where the gloomy storm-cloud lowers
 Often in the sunniest weather.

Hope, thy smile
 Can the heart of care beguile ;
 Thou pointest to a flowery way,
 Through the distant future wending—
 O, how many a joyous ray
 With each sunny beam is blending !

Rising Fear
 Sees that pathway through a tear—
 Beholds along the distant sky
 Dark and dreadful omens hover ;
 Hears in the wind-gust's fitful sigh
 Sounds that hope could ne'er discover.

Friends are ill—
Hope sees health's returning smile,
Speaks of days when at the board
 Or the fireside we shall meet them—
When, to health and friends restored,
 We shall joy to see and greet them.

Boding Fear
Sees them on the sable bier ;
Beholds them clad in garments white,
 Hears the fearful dirge-note swelling,
Sees them borne beyond our sight,
 To their low and silent dwelling.

Hope and Fear,
Strangely are ye blended here—
Here in this sad world of ours,
 Where joy and sorrow meet together—
Here where oft a storm-cloud lowers
 In the brightest, sunniest weather.

1846.

CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

The sun in his splendour is sinking away
 Far down in the rose-coloured west ;
The black clouds, that darken'd the sky through
 the day,
Lie cradled in beautiful rest.

They have chang'd their hue—all white and
serene
Their banners are softly unfurl'd,
Like the hov'ring pinions of angels, when seen
In the light of the heavenly world.

O ! thus, when the sun of the Christian descends
To pass with its splendor away,
The dark, floating clouds of adversity lend
A charm to the close of his day.

These clouds in the light of the future all change,
And put off their mantles of gloom—
Like heavenly messengers, lovely and strange,
They brightly encompass the tomb.

1848.

IS IT NOTHING TO THEE ?

We were anxious to stop, after the conclusion of the sermon,
as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered. I asked a friend, one whom I thought to be a friend
of Jesus also, to intercede with our company and persuade
them to tarry until the services were closed. She replied
in a careless tone, "O, it is nothing to me."

Is it nothing to thee, that the Saviour has said,
"Do this in remembrance of me ?"
And nothing to thee that his blood has been shed,
To wash thy pollutions away ?

Is it nothing to thee, that he came from above,
And so swift to thy rescue fled ?

That he left his throne on the wings of love,
To suffer and die in thy stead ?

When a rebel condemned, in dark bondage to sin,
Thy spirit was hopelessly bound ;
Was it nothing that angels the praise should begin,
Of Him, who a ransom had found ?

Is it nothing that justice should sheathe his sword,
When reeking in Jesus' blood ?
That the risen, ascended, and glorified Word,
For thee intercedes with thy God ?

If 'twas nothing that sundered the temple's veil,
And the rocks of Judea in twain,
Which burst the graves of the saints that slept,
And woke them to life again ;

If 'twas nothing which darkened the mid-day sun,
With a shroud of the deepest hue,
When the Saviour exclaimed, " It is finished, 'tis
done,"
The scheme of salvation for you ;

If all this was nothing, then well may you say,
As they gather around the board,
It is nothing to me, and I will not obey
The words of my crucified Lord.

O, if aught could the obdurate spirit move,
 And stir all its depths within,
 'Tis the thought of that sacrifice offered in love,
 To purify man from his sin.

1844.

THE BROKEN HARP.

A writer in the New-York Gazette, on visiting the tomb of Margaret Davidson, remarks, "On one side of the pediment is sculptured the representation of a broken harp, with some appropriate lines."

That thrilling harp is broken,
 Whose numbers o'er us stole,
 And bade entrancing sweetness
 To gush within the soul.
 Its melody was wakened
 By a young spirit here,
 Till all the world was ravished,
 And angels bowed to hear.

That ringing harp is broken,
 And on the willow swings—
 A weight like death has fallen
 Upon the tuneful strings ;
 The young and lovely minstrel
 Has laid her down to rest,
 And the sunlight falls unheeded
 Above her peaceful breast.

But her spirit doth not slumber,
 Though her harp is now unstrung ;
 For those messengers of Heaven,
 Who were listening while she sung,
 Thought her numbers too entrancing
 For this sterile world below,
 And wish'd to hear them sounding
 Where the waves of crystal flow.

That harp, that harp is broken ;
 But the list'ning angel choir
 Conveyed the minstrel's spirit,
 In a chariot of fire,
 To a clime of bliss and beauty,
 To a harp of sweeter tone—
 They promoted the young minstrel
 To a place before the Throne.

Weep not for her advancement—
 She was needed in the sky ;
 Weep not for the rent harp-strings—
 She has better ones on high !
 And mourn not for the numbers
 Which were floating to thine ear,
 But haste, my soul, to join her
 Where she charms a purer sphere !

THE DRUNKARD'S BRIDE.

WHAT was it 'woke a thought of her—
The gentle and the beautiful ?
I know not, yet fond mem'ries stir,
As when the sudden zephyr's swell
Takes up the leaves that long have lain,
And makes them seem alive again.

I see her as I saw her when
Hope had her bridal chaplet wove ;
A stranger far from youthful friends,
Buoy'd up by ever constant love ;
When from her eye a something beamed,
That told how fondly she had dreamed.

Upon her forehead, pure and fair,
Lingered a trace of tender thought ;
The *soul of love* was mirrored there—
What eye could gaze and see it not !
O ! she was beautiful, and bright
As spring-time's earliest, purest light.

I see her as I saw her when
A change had pass'd upon that brow :
The joyous spring was here again,
And the same flowers began to blow—
A fleeting twelvemonth passed away,
And in her snowy shroud she lay.

A look of bitterness was there
Upon her still and shadowy face ;
A look of deep, corroding care,
Too painful for the eye to trace ;
A look of woe that touched the heart,
And bade the fount of feeling start.

Some whispered that a few sad years
Would bow her gentle spirit down ;
Yet no complaint, save silent tears,
On the meek face was ever known :
They said that her's was blighting woe—
Ah, who could all its blightings know !

Who knew the weary hours she listened
With beating heart the well-known tread ?
The while her dark eye sadly glistened,
And her young heart grew faint with dread ?
And who could know the pang that rent
Her soul from its clay tenement ?

None, save that ever watchful Eye
Placed on the wrong'd and helpless ever—
Heaven heard the first disturbing sigh,
Heaven saw the quiv'ring heart-strings sever !
Woe, woe to him, the thoughtless one,
Who crushed the fair, meek blossom down !

THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

I started from a dream of bliss
At Autumn's plaintive wail,
And each sweet thought of happiness
Fled on the passing gale.
That gale awakened memory's lyre
To numbers thrilling, deep,
That Autumn can alone inspire—
I turned aside to weep.

I thought how oft in early years
I started with a sigh,
And turned away to hide my tears
As the cold blast swept by ;
How once I wept when Autumn's tread
Among my flowers I heard—
Wept when I found they all had fled
With each bright singing bird.

More bitter now the tears I shed,
But not for flowers I weep :
Callista slumbers with the dead,
And Theron shares her sleep ;
Hazen at length grew sick, and fell
Beneath the blast of death,
And Ira since has sighed "farewell,"
And fled from Autumn's breath.

One left us when the summer's sky
Was bright, serene, and fair—
When the wild flower of richest dye
Shed fragrance on the air :
One left us when the faded world
Lay in her snowy shroud,
When wintry tempests fiercely whirled
Their way along the cloud.

One died when the spring blossoms hung
Upon the garden trees,
Where the blithe swallow's anthem rung
Upon the balmy breeze.
O 'twere a fitter time to die
When Autumn flowers grow pale,
And the wild wind sweeps sadly by
With such a mournful wail !

But I will only ask to stay,
Beneath our changing sky,
Until amid this dire decay
I learn to live and die :
Then, if the angel Azriel bring
A summons to depart,
The glorious gate of heaven shall fling
Its radiance round my heart.

It matters not if summer bring
Her load of rich perfume,

Or if the Autumn zephyr sing
A requiem o'er my tomb ;
I shall not heed the transient mirth,
In which the gay delight ;
Nor shall I pause to see if earth
Looks beautiful and bright.

I then shall pass beyond the cares
Of this inconstant life—
Beyond its sorrows and its snares,
Its turmoil and its strife.

Then, then pale Autumn, then thy breath
Shall never reach me more ;
For clouds of sorrow, pain, and death
O'ershadow not that shore.

WHAT IS SUBMISSION ?

May we not *feel* the chast'ning rod,
And yet be reconcil'd to God ?
Or, must the stricken heart
In a deep, pulseless stupor lie,
And know no grief, and heave no sigh,
Nor writhe beneath the smart ?

“ Be calm,” they say, “ Be reconcil'd,
“ Nor weep in agony so wild—
“ ‘Tis wrong, ‘tis wrong to mourn !”

My Father, is it wrong to sigh,
 When many a strong and kindred tie
 Is from the spirit torn ?

Ah ! is it wrong, when passion's wave
 Rolls its high surges round the grave,
 Breaking amidst the gloom ;
 Can it be wrong, at such an hour,
 To feel its overwhelming power,
 And weep above the tomb ?

It is not wrong ! Sure I may *feel*,
 Yet be submissive to the will
 Of Him who dealt the blow :
 'Tis right to feel ! 'tis right to weep !
 My Saviour wept in anguish deep,
 While wand'ring here below.

God will not chide me for my tears—
 He knows how dark the cloud appears,
 Which has shut out the dawn ;
 Full well he knows I 'm reconcil'd,
 And, though I weep with anguish wild,
 Can say, " Thy will be done ! "

1843.

SONG TO THE BIRDS.

Ye restless wand'lers through the air,
 Pause on your tireless wings awhile,
 And watch with me the sunset fair,
 And see the radiant landscape smile.

Come down from yonder tow'ring height,
And sit ye on this spreading bough—
Nay, nay ! those crimson clouds of light
Allure you onward, upward now.

Had I your wings, thou restless train,
I would not mount those clouds of light ;
I'd take my course more near the plain,
And find some spot to me more bright.

Some spot, where smiles, that warm the heart,
Scatter their purer, richer rays ;
Where crimson clouds more softly float
In the calm, summer evening's haze.

Some spot, where long belov'd ones tread,
Some sacred hamlet far away ;
Quick, quick my pinions should be spread,
And seek those shades without delay.

In part my search would be in vain,
For some I 've lov'd I might not find—
Nay, nay ! *my flight naught should restrain,*
I'd seek the dwelling of the mind !

I shall have wings, sweet birds, like you,
And then I 'll find the lov'd and lost ;
I 'll bid the world a long adieu,
And fly to what I covet most.

BIRDS WISER THAN MEN.

he stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times ; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming ; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.—JER. viii, 7.

YES, the aërial songsters know
The time to leave this land of ours :
When chilly blasts begin to blow,
And frosts of autumn scathe the flowers,
How quick they spread their airy wing,
And take their flight to sunnier skies—
A land where sweeter flow'rets spring,
And wintry tempests never rise !

They know when to return again :
Swiftly they come, on wings of light,
When Spring breathes sweetly o'er the plain,
And earth is beautiful and bright.
But O, my people, saith our God,
Have not the swallow's wisdom here ;
Though tempests wild come like a flood,
They look not for a brighter sphere.

When storms of sorrow beat around,
And judgments are in mercy given,
Their souls, still clinging to the ground,
Refuse to seek their native heaven.

O, wretched man, how frail thy boast!
Wert thou not form'd for nobler ends?
Arouse thee, ere forever lost!
The birds' thy wisdom now transcends!

1845.

SUMMER NOON.

STILL and glassy lies the river
In its sultry light;
Not a leaflet deigns to quiver
O'er its bosom bright.

Not a breath of air awakens
In the hazy sky;
And the brooklet is forsaken—
Tuneless, drear, and dry.

Summer noon, thy hours are weary
To the human heart;
And, though all may seem more dreary
When the cold winds start;

Yet there's not this morbid weakness
Hanging o'er us then,
For the heart can bear the bleakness
Of stern winter's reign.

Thoughts awake with the wild ringing
Of the stormy wind;
Tempest clouds are ever bringing
Freshness to the mind.

But the summer's noon-tide fervour
 Sears the soul within ;
 Thought lies like a turgid river—
 Not a wave is seen.

1848.

TRIAL, A BLESSING.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation : for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.—JAMES i, 12.

BLESSED indeed are they,
 Who in the evil day
 Stand firm against temptation's wily power ;
 Who on that God rely
 That rules the world on high,
 And can support them in the trying hour.

Blest with the Saviour's love,
 Who " hides their life above,"
 And fill'd with peace that earth can ne'er bestow ;
 With Jesus for their guest,
 How joyfully they rest,
 Though storms of sorrow o'er their pathway blow.

And blest, when life shall close,
 With triumph o'er their foes,
 They shall arise, released from worldly strife—
 Released from earthly chains,
 From cares, and griefs, and pains,
 Which throng them now along the way of life.

And in the world above,
That clime of light and love,
Millions shall welcome them at last to rest ;
And Jesus shall appear,
Jesus their friend most dear,
To crown his servants, and pronounce them blest.

1843.

TO THE WESTERN BREEZE.

SWEET western breeze—sweet western breeze,
Now sobbing faintly through the trees,
Pause on your fleetly pinions here,
And brush away my falling tear !

Say, hast thou pass'd that spot afar
Where the belov'd of childhood are ?
When didst thou wave those homestead trees ?
When wast thou there, sweet western breeze ?

Say, wert thou there at morning's dawn ?
Or, later still, when eve came on ?
And did thy breath, around those eaves,
Then gently stir those lattice leaves ?

O ! didst thou catch those tones of love
Which follow me where'er I rove ?
Still sobbing faintly through the trees,
Thou answerest not, sweet western breeze.

1848.

THE BROKEN PENCIL.

EMMA gave me, when we parted,
 This small gilded pencil here ;
She was cheerful and light-hearted,
 And we thought not of a tear.

Now I 'm weeping o'er the token
 Of her friendship and her love ;
For its glitt'ring case is broken,
 Like the heart I did not prove.

Worthless thing ! thou hast deceived me,
 Proved my confidence in vain—
Like the friend I loved so dearly,
 But may never trust again.

Tender friends—how high we prize them,
 How we weep when they are dead !
But to see the world despise them,
 Is by far more darkly dread.

And to feel the spell is broken
 Which has bound them to our heart—
'Tis a feeling none have spoken,
 When they saw the loved depart.

Choice memento ! fittest emblem
 Of the heart I thought so pure !
Emblematic of the friendship
 Which I thought must long endure.

Thou art broken, fragile charmer,
 Like the friend my heart held dear ;
 Cast aside, neglected lying,
 Fast thy beauties disappear.

Emma ! O, the love I 've borne thee
 Costs me many a blush of shame !
 From my bleeding heart I 've torn thee,
 Cast aside thy tarnish'd name !

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Suggested by hearing a friend say he had found the *New Year*, but was in search of the *Happy*.

SURELY, thought I, 'tis this, 'tis this—
 A thirst for earthly happiness—
 Which prompts our search below ;
 A something lurks within the breast
 Which pants for happiness, for rest,
 That earth cannot bestow.

To-day how many hearts beat high
 With hopes as bright as yonder sky,
 With dreams of earthly bliss !

Thro' pleasure's paths they take their way,
 And, like my friend, this New-Year's day,
 They search for happiness.

Onward the pleasing phantom flies,
 And on they press to grasp the prize,

And lo, 'tis onward still !
Vain, vain their search ! Th' immortal mind
No earthly happiness can find,
Its mighty void to fill.

Delusive dream ! These long-sought joys
Are naught but empty, fleeting toys,
Like bubbles on the wave :
A moment they allure us here,
Then rapidly they disappear,
And perish in the grave !

1841.

ARE THEY GONE ?

A LONG-ABSENT friend sat down by our hearth,
And I saw a deep shadow of gloom
Pass over his brow, as he spoke, with a sigh,
Of those dear ones who sleep in the tomb.
"Are they gone?" he exclaim'd, and his voice
was so sad
That it moved the deep fountains of grief ;
They burst from concealment, and bitterly flow'd,
Till my bosom experienced relief.
"Are they gone?"—And he gazed on the vacant
seats
Of our circle, deserted and lone,
As if he would question the sorrowful truth—
Can it be, can it be they are gone ?

That evening remembrance presented to view
Each form and each feature so plain,
That it seem'd my dear brothers had waken'd
from death,
And encircled our fireside again !

I saw them—I saw them ! The first one, who fell
With a forehead so tranquil and fair,
And the dark eye, whose lustre was caught from
above,
With the look which the glorified wear :
As calmly he smiled as when this was his home,
And his voice had the same gentle tone—
I saw him, I heard him beside our lone hearth—
How could I believe he had gone !

The one who soon follow'd, the next to depart,
The youngest, whose cheek was so bright
Ere Death's fearful signet was placed on his brow,
Where it glisten'd so pearl-like, so white :—
He was there with that smile of affection so warm,
Which in sickness and health ever shone ;
The light of his cheerfulness gladden'd my heart,
And I could not believe he was gone.

And the other was with us—the last one who fell,
The last one who sunk to the tomb ;
The last one who whisper'd a solemn farewell,
And enter'd the mansions of gloom !

So late, that it seems like a dream of the night,
Which on wings of the morning has flown—
How can I believe that he sleeps in the grave
How can I believe he has gone !

They are here, they are here ! Say, have ye not
heard

That the pure and the blest often come
With a message of love from the heavenly land,
And as guardians to pilot us home ?
Ye spirits of Paradise ! say, are ye here
To fill up the circle so lone ?
O, let me believe ye are hovering near,
For I sorrow to think ye are gone !

1845.

ANGELS.

ANGELS from their native bowers,
On their starry pinions,
Come to this sad world of ours,
Search its dark dominions.

And where'er contrition's sigh
'Scapeth from the lowly,
They are sure to linger nigh
With a transport holy.

And wherever faith is found
In the heart upspringing,
Those bright hosts encamp around,
Joy and solace bringing.

Where the mother rocks her child,
 In its cradle sleeping,
 Watches its soft dreaming smile,
 There their wings are sweeping.

Sweetly, fondly do they lend
 Solace to the weary ;
 On the steps of age attend,
 Make its path less dreary.

And they linger by the side
 Of the sick and dying,
 Who in Jesus' love confide,
 Ready wing'd for flying.

1850.

THE VINE.

I SAW my brother tear away a vine,
 Which had been clinging to our garden-tree.
 Up to the branches closely did it twine,
 And yet he tore its little rings away ;
 And on the ground its wither'd tendrils lay :
 Pressing the damp earth o'er its clusters then,
 Before I ask'd the cause, I heard him say,
 That had he left it to the wind and rain,
 It would have never lived to see the Spring again.

And thus, methought, our Father tears away
 Our fondest hopes, which cling so close below,
 And in the dust doth our affections lay :

Lest the dark storms of sorrow, grief, and woe,
 The surly blasts that here in darkness blow,
 Should blight th' immortal part, that fain would
 rise,

He makes us sleep in death, and slumber low,
 Till softer air breathe o'er our radiant skies,
 And in eternal Spring these deathless souls arise.

1847.

THE MOON.

How sweetly the moon, in her silvery light,
 Looks down on this beautiful scene !
 All nature seems smiling more peaceful to-night,
 And the earth and the trees are more green.
 O, the sweet, placid moon ! her burnishing rays
 Are glad'ning the earth with delight ;
 She has caught those beams from the king of day,
 To light up our shadowy night.

Thus, when some earthly attraction shall lend
 A charm to our pathway below ;
 When the rays of gladness and hope shall blend
 In their brightest and holiest glow ;
 Thou sweet, placid moon, we will think it like
 thee !
 Though it ravish our hearts with delight,
 It has borrow'd its beams from the Ruler of day,
 From the Fountain of beauty and light !

1848.

FALLS IN PARISHVILLE.

'TWAS pleasant on those sloping banks,
Down by that rushing tide,
To watch, at daylight's ebbing hour,
The foam-crests roughly glide :
High rocks were piled on either side,
Along that sounding shore ;
And, while we gazed, e'en thought was lost
In the tumultuous roar.

How beautiful that lovely night,
The wave, the earth, the air !
My spirit revel'd deep in bliss
While I was standing there ;
It drank the sweetness of that scene,
The sweetness of that hour,
And, list'ning to the foam-white waves,
Felt all their music power !

O ! I have gazed on many a scene,
Which might have been as bright ;
But never had my heart before
So kindled at the sight !
Ne'er had I felt the rapt'rous awe,
That so entranced my soul,
Bidding successive waves of bliss
In sweetness o'er me roll !

What was the cause ? what was it gave
Such brightness to this scene ?
Which made the wave more musical,
The landscape more serene ?
Not that my heart at once had caught
An answering, echoing tone—
A feeling more poetical
Than it before had known :

Nay, but a hand was clasp'd in mine,
A heart was beating near,
That made this scene of loveliness
A robe of splendour wear !
An eye was gazing then with mine,
Which kindled at the sight ;
Making the scene more beautiful,
More glorious and bright.

1847.

THE WARNING VOICE.

HARK ! a mystic voice is calling
Soft and low,
And a gloom is round me falling—
I must go !

I must go in youth's bright morning,
When my sky is clear ;
For this strange, strange voice of warning
Now is in my ear.

Earth looks bright, and hopes are beaming
All around my way ;
And my spirit has been dreaming
Of a longer stay.

But this restless, high ambition,
And this hope sublime,
May not yield their full fruition
On the shore of time.

And the lofty thoughts aspiring,
Ranging unconfined ;
And the quenchless, deep desiring
Of the immortal mind—

Say, must these be quench'd forever
In an early tomb ?
They will never, never, never
Be eclipsed in gloom.

Earthly friends must shortly fail me,
Earthly hopes must die,
But far truer friends will hail me
In a holier sky.

Hark ! that mystic voice is calling
Soft and low ;
Death's dark mists are round me falling—
I must go !

THE FAREWELL.

Go—may Israel's God protect thee,
Mid the dangers of thy way !

Go—may angel guides direct thee,
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps stray !

Go—may Jesus' arm be round thee,
May his strength still be thine own !

Go—may the sweet ties that bound thee,
Draw thee closer to his throne !

Go—may angel wings be o'er thee,
And their brightness on thy brow !

Go—the Spirit go before thee,
With the light which cheers thee now !

Go—th' Almighty's arms enfold thee,
And his grace to thee be given !

Go—I shall, I shall behold thee
Once again in earth, or heaven !

1847.

THE DARKNESS OF GRIEF.

“ She goeth unto the grave to weep there.”—The Bible.

I saw her kneel beside a grave,
Where the fresh earth was strown :
'Twas at the stilly hour of eve,
When the rich sunset shone—

Shone calmly from the crimson west,
 In floods of pleasing light ;
 But ah ! it stream'd upon a breast,
 That mov'd not at the sight.

No secret charm her spirit caught
 From the mild beaming sky ;
 And the soft breeze, with odours fraught,
 Awaken'd but a sigh.
 The flower, in whose unfolding cup
 The tear drops fell like rain,
 From the green sod look'd calmly up,
 To claim one glance in vain.

How dark, thought I, must be the grief,
 Which veils e'en nature's charm !
 When wind, and sky, and verdant leaf,
 And the bright sunset calm,
 No more can wake the echoing chords
 Within the human breast,—
 Ere such a grief shall veil my soul,
 O, let me be at rest !

1843.

TO MARIANNE.

Sister, as the clouds of even
 Float along the western sky,
 And the countless stars of heaven
 Lift their glimm'ring tapers high ;

Dost thou think of bright immortals,
Past into the spirit land ?

Dost thou, through its dazzling portals,
See the white rob'd millions stand ?

O ! 'tis sweet, as shades are stealing
O'er the earth and o'er the sky—
All those splendid orbs revealing,
Which bestud the arch on high ;
It is sweet then to be dreaming
Of that fairer, holier clime,
Whose immortal light is streaming
O'er the shadowy bounds of time.

It is well, when we are weary,
That the power to us is given,
To look up, through shadows dreary,
To the blessed clime of heaven.

Let us live, so live, that ever
Heaven's bright gates may be in view,
And, when life's worn bands may sever,
We shall pass triumphant through.

1848.

ADELIA.

She died as the first violets wak'd to life,
While woods with Spring notes ringing,
And brooklets wildly singing,
Made all with beauty, joy, and music rife.

She died, the fairest flow'r that op'd to day,
Died in the spring time's brightness,
Died in her young heart's lightness,
While all conspir'd to ask her longer stay.

When parent hearts their richest benison gave,
Their fondness lavished o'er her,
And strew'd the way before her
With flowers which since have perish'd on her
grave.

How sad to see the young buds early droop,
And pale before us lying,
In all their fragrance dying—
The buds of intellect, the germs of hope !

But sadder far 'twould be, if no bright ray,
From yonder gates of light,
Stream'd to our anxious sight,
Turning our tho'ts from Time's dark shore away.

O ! ye, who mourn for fair Adelia gone,
Whose hearts with pain are riven,
Look up to yon bright heaven—
There lives in fadeless light your darling one !

Be it your highest care to find the road
To her sweet home of gladness,
Beyond the reach of sadness,
And she will hail you to her blest abode !

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

“Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.” John xvi, 33.

Cheer up, my followers in this vale of tears,
Ye with crush'd hearts, and step desponding
slow;

Behold, the day-star in your sky appears,
And morn has dawn'd upon your night of woe.

Dread dangers will bestrew your pathway here,
And trials dark, and intricate, and blind;
And ye will oft, amid your doubt and fear,
Scarce venture on the narrow way to find.

Clouds of dismay may thicken o'er your path,
And demon voices haunt you midst the gloom;
The world and sin oppose with fiery wrath,
And darkness dense seem gathering round the
tomb.

Yet bear in mind, I've overcome them all,—
I, your Redeemer, and your Friend, and Guide:
Before my mighty arm each foe must fall,
And o'er the world thou may'st victorious
ride.

I overcame the tempter's wily power,
I triumph'd over sin, and earth, and hell!
Yea, more than conqueror—in one awful hour
The massive bars of death before me fell.

Then let your hearts be cheerful as ye tread
The narrow way, and bear the piercing blast ;
For sure as your Redeemer groan'd and bled,
So sure shall ye o'ercome the world at last.

M. W. S.

There was a voice so sweet,
A smile so bright around that hearth,
That angels from their blissful seat
Sped down to earth ;

Watch'd o'er her dreams awhile,
Shadow'd her brow with wings of love,
Then flew, with the pure, lovely child,
To realms above.

They saw the flower was frail,
And that the world was sterile, bleak ;
They took it ere a piercing gale
Should blanch its cheek.

Ye, who have mourn'd the child,
Ye, from whose eye the sad tear starts,
Be thankful that she ever smil'd
Upon your hearts.

Think ye have rear'd a flower
Too purely beautiful to stay ;
A plant which blooms in Heaven's high bower,
Beyond decay !

UNSPOKEN GRATITUDE.

SHE did not speak her gratitude,
 But, with a tearful eye,
Press'd her warm, glowing lips to mine
 In grateful fervency.

She laid her hand confidingly
 And gently in my own ;
Her blue eyes spoke thro' glist'ning tears—
 How eloquent their tone !

I understood their import deep,
 Their magic struck my heart !
The gratitude which glows so warm,
 Disdains the words of art.

O, Father ! shall a creature come
 With grateful tears to me,
And I neglect to offer up
 My gratitude to thee ?

1845.

SEND ME THAT FLOWER.

SEND me that long-promised flower
From thy forest home in that western glade :
Aye, send me one that has grown in the shade,
Where, in musing, thy footsteps have often stray'd,
And where in gladness thy children have play'd
 At the beautiful twilight hour.

And what though it fade on the way?
It will be the same flower that so sweetly sprung
Thine own green valleys and woods among,
Where the western birds their wild notes sung,
And the wilder laugh of thy children rung,
From morn till the close of day.

I will gaze on the faded leaf,
And think of the loved who so early died,
And others now wandering far and wide;
I will think of the place where, side by side,
We witness'd the rapid moments glide—
O, were they not far too brief!

I will think of the days that are gone;
I will think of the flowers that you taught me to
love,
Of the roses we gather'd, the garlands we wove,
Of the pathway thy footsteps were wont to rove,
By the garden, the streamlet, the meadow, the
grove—
That path is deserted and lone.

Thou knowest that death has been here;
Then I need not have told thee our pathway was
alone,
That the wind wanders by with a sadder moan,
And that many a smile and joyous tone
From our pensive hearth have forever gone,
Which so often our hearts used to cheer.

O ! then, let us think of that better land,
 Where we 'll meet the blest friends who have
 gone before
 To that happy home, on that brighter shore—
 For these partings and sighings will all be o'er,
 And the blooming cheek shall fade no more,
 When we greet that angel band !

O send me that promised flower
 From thy forest home in that western glade !
 But let it be one that bloom'd in the shade
 Where thou, in thy musings, hast often stray'd,
 And where in their gladness thy children play'd
 At the beautiful twilight hour.

1844.

D E W - D R O P S .

WE have fallen on the green sward,
 Where the happy children play,
 Where their feet, in sportive gladness,
 Early shook our pearls away.

We have lain upon the blossoms
 When they gather'd them at morn ;
 We have kept them bright and glowing,
 Some sweet bosom to adorn.

We have glisten'd at the bridal
 With the brilliant and the fair ;
 When the solemn vow was utter'd,
 We were faintly trembling there.

We have gleam'd upon the roses,
In their sweetest fragrance spread,
By the hand of pure affection,
On the bosom of the dead.

Ye have seen us, changed to vapour,
Soft on airy pinions roam—
Floating, like a gauze of silver,
Through the bright, cerulean dome.

We have glitter'd high in heaven,
In the rainbow's arch divine—
In the saddest place, and brightest,
We are ever seen to shine.

FOREST MELODIES.



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FOREST MELODIES.

THE TEARFUL BRIDE.

THEY leave that scene of merriment,
And wander slow away,
In the path the mourner treads
At the closing hour of day :
The laugh of gushing gladness
Is hush'd in silence now,
And a shade of deepest sadness
Has fallen on each brow.

How strange to see that happy throng,
With thoughtful footsteps leave,
That festive board, where all is joy
On this sweet bridal eve ;
To wander in this lonely place,
The saddest spot on earth,
Amid its deep solemnities
Forgetting all their mirth !

Say, wherefore do ye wander here,
Ye beautiful and gay,
Musing in silence o'er the graves
On this glad festive day ?
Thou charmer of that trusting heart,
What sorrow bows thy head ?
Why lead that young and lovely bride
To weep above the dead ?

And thou, sweet bride, in this attire,
In such a place as this—
Why is the heart that beat so high
With hopes of earthly bliss,
Now press'd with all its fervency
Against that sculptur'd stone ?
Why is the tear upon thy cheek,
Thou newly-wedded one ?

Gladness and grief are mingled here,
My own, my early friend,
For on thy blushing cheek I see
The smiles and tear-drops blend !
Ah, thou art passing from us now !
Before to-morrow's sun,
Thou'l't leave thy home to wander far
Beside thy chosen one.

Yes, even now thy parting kiss
Is warm upon my cheek,

And at my heart a farewell throb,
Which language may not speak !
Adieu, my friend ! a long adieu
I sigh amidst the gloom,
Which gathers fast around us here
Beside thy mother's tomb.

Go, mourner now ! go, tearful bride !
Go, leave this hallow'd spot !
And may the lesson learn'd to-night
Be never more forgot !
Ah, go ! I would not see thee sad—
Why longer tarry here ?
Thy bridal evening should be glad,
Unmark'd by one sad tear.

But pause, and hang thy chaplet first
Upon thy mother's tomb,
Thy bridal crown of sweetest flowers,
Thy wreath of blushing bloom,
To wither here, though now its leaves
Are beautiful and bright ;
Sad emblems of thy youthful hopes,
That bloom so fresh to-night !

Pass on, ye bridal train, pass on !
In quick procession move,
And while through scenes of future life
Your doubtful footsteps rove,

Fond Mem'ry oft shall lure you back
With all her thrilling power,
And ye will think of this lone walk
At twilight's sacred hour.

1844.

A REMEMBRANCE.

'T was such a morn as this, an autumn morn,
Mild and serene ;

The fields were laden with ungathered corn,
And there was seen

A joyous group of children on the green.

I was among them then, a laughing child ;
Well I remember

The pensive sadness, and the chasteñ'd smile
Of sweet September,

And the green forests ting'd with glower amber

We were about departing for the wood,
Where brown nuts fall ;

But in a happy circle still we stood,
Contented all,

List'ning to one whose image I recall.

He was a gray-hair'd man, with solemn tread,
And beamless eye ;

As we drew round him where an old oak spread
 Its arms on high,
He bade us list a tale of years gone by.

“ Brightly like yours,” he said, “ my early days
 Pass’d swiftly on ;
Hope, hope was mingling with the prosp’rous
 rays
 Which round me shone,
But now I am a wand’rer, wretched, lone.

“ At manhood’s dawn I left my peaceful home,
 My father’s hearth,
A restless wand’rer after wealth to roam
 O’er half the earth,
Deeming home’s quiet scenes of little worth.

“ How well I recollect the panting strife
 Of my young heart,
The wish to mingle in the storm of life,
 The busy mart,
Resolv’d on mammon’s stage to act my part.

“ How perfectly do I remember too
 That mild, sweet eve,
When, with ambition burning on my brow,
 I took my leave
Of that calm home, nor even thought to
 grieve.

“ Well I remember too my white-hair’d sire,
And tender mother,
Gather’d that evening round the parlor fire,
With sister, brother—
Names dearer to this heart than any other.

“ And the sweet woodbine twining round the porch—
I see it now,
As when I pass’d the elm, and tassel’d birch,
At sunset’s glow,
Which gleam’d in brightness on those walls of snow.

“ I hid the sweetness of the farewell scene,
Deep in my heart,
Bade home’s soft quiet, and its walks serene,
All, all depart ;
But tears of sorrow had no time to start.

“ And then for wealth in other climes afar
Restless I sought :
Wealth, useless wealth—it was my guiding star ;
I little thought
How cursed is the gold unfairly bought.

“ At length I found myself possess’d of all
Which most men prize,

Fortune and friends were my defensive wall,
And both the wise
And ignorant did laud me to the skies.

“ Still, still I was unhappy with the same
Deep, restless heart ;
A wild ambition no success could tame
Would make me start
With fearful thoughts, and bid my peace
depart.

“ At length, a guilty wretch, I cross’d the seas ;
With frenzied brain,
And fiery impulse, chasteñ’d by disease,
Subdued by pain,
I sought the homestead of my youth again.

“ I thought to hide me in its quiet shade
From every care,
And find the peace, which, when a child I play’d,
Seem’d resting there,
On all its scenery, and its walks so fair.

“ I thought once more the beauteous links to
bind
Of friendship, love,
Which I had broken from my worthless mind
When first I rov’d,
Ere half this sacred tenderness I prov’d.

“That home—its whiten’d turrets look’d the same,

But what a change

Had pass’d across its threshold when I came !

Ah, faces strange,

And tenants new did through its precincts range.

“Another hand train’d now my sister’s flow’rs—
Alas ! alas !

How bitterly I thought of those sweet hours
Forever past,

And of her tears, and fond embrace the last.

“A mother’s vacant seat recall’d to mind
Her fervent prayers,
And the lone wand’rer, on that seat reclin’d,
Shed bitter tears,
The first for many long and wretched years.

“A father’s counsels sunk into my heart,
Now, that his tone
Was hush’d forever ! Every fitful start
Of the wind’s moan
Brought back the precepts long from mem’ry
gone.

“The wand’rer was reclaim’d—his wretched soul
Was then forgiven ;

Repentant tears did from their fountains roll,
 When there was given
 This beam from mem'ry's star, this guide to
 heaven."

Here paus'd the old man—and a tremor shook
 His feeble frame;
 He added—"Children, shun the path I took,
 The wish for fame;
 Quench at the first ambition's lurid flame.

"And would ye keep the sacred path of peace,
 The blessed way,
 Where comes no storm of passion and distress,
 O ! never stray
 From that pure light which leads to realms of
 day.

Sept. 13th, 1837.

A WIFE TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

O, could I meet thee again,
 Could I mingle once more my prayers with
 thine,
 As our voices and hearts were wont to blend
 In communion all divine.

Or, could I walk by thy side,
 With a hand in thine as we used to roam,

At balmy morn, and at eventide,
Conversing of days to come—

Or, could I sit on thy knee,
And lean my head on thy faithful breast,
And hear that voice which has music for me,
I should be happy—be blest.

Not long hast thou been away,
Yet I've counted the days, and thought them
long;
There has been less melody far for me,
In the zephyr and sweet bird's song.

Less beauty too in the sky,
And the blooming flowers since thou hast
been gone,—
I shall watch for thee with an anxious eye,
My best, my dearest one.

June 11th, 1848.

I THINK OF HEAVEN.

When morn appears, her pearly gates unclosing,
Radiant with beauty in the orient sky,
And nature, fresh and fair from long reposing,
Looks brightly up while lingering shadows fly;
I think of Heaven—that clime of the immortal,
Whose ceaseless sunlight shines upon the blest,

And almost catch from every dazzling portal
The glorious calm of an eternal rest.

When evening comes, and twilight shadows
spreading

Their sombre wings, brood darkly in our sky,
And the night air its chilly damps is shedding,
And the low wind breathes like a plaintive
sigh ;

I think of Heaven—that land of shadeless splen-
dor,

Where not a night-cloud gathers round the
heart,

Where earth's cold chilling damps can never enter,
Nor dismal sounds their loneliness impart.

Whene'er a prosp'rous sun the spirit gladdens,
And earth has charms my footsteps to insnare,
When 'mid the brightness there is naught that
saddens,

And all is glowing, beautiful, and fair ;

Thinking of Heaven, I clasp this sacred treasure,
This holy word, which tells of future bliss—
Of more exalted and enduring pleasure
Than can be found in such a world as this,

When those I love with friendship's pure emo-
tion,—

Those, for whose weal I could with all things
part,—

When such friends question this fond heart's devotion,

And coldness seems to gather round the heart ;
I think of Heaven—and with a faint, sick feeling,

Loathing all earthly things, I turn away ;
Then a sweet rapture, through my bosom stealing,

Seems like the morn-break of eternal day.

O ! in that clime, for which my soul is sighing,

I shall be known as I am known of God ;

And shall be loved too with a love undying,

Where disappointment never can corrode !

Fain would my spirit spread her drooping pinions,

Fly through the clouds of death to that blest
shore ;

Escape the blighting of Time's dark dominions,

And dwell where grief should never reach me
more.

1851.

RUSTLING LEAVES.

Rustling leaves ! ye have a tone,

Have a language all your own :

Now I hear you sadly say—

“ *We have bloom'd but to decay.*”

When the cold November's blast,

Fiercely breathing, hurries past,—

Then you 'll whisper, with a sigh,

“ *All, like us, must fade and die.*”

1847.

TO AURELIA.

Think of me when round the dawning

 Softly shines the light of day,

When the dewdrops of the morning

 Glisten thick on bud and spray.

Think of me when sunset glowing

 Crimsons all the western sky,

When the evening gales are blowing

 Freshly where the young leaves sigh.

Think of me when flowers I've tended,

 In my absence, ask thy care,

When the rural paths I've wended

 Lie before thee fresh and fair.

Think of me—I ask it weeping

 As I sit and muse alone ;

Pensive gloom is o'er me creeping

 As I list the zephyr's moan.

Think of me, but not as tearful,

 With a cloud upon my brow !

I am happy, I am cheerful,

 For my gloom has vanish'd now.

Think of me as when I parted

 From my early home away,—

Just as happy, and light-hearted,

 As upon my bridal day.

THE SLAVE.

The day look'd dim upon Potomac's breast,
When a lone being sat him down to rest
Beside the sparkling waters: nature smiled,
But not for him—he was misfortune's child.
Rich were the flowers that shed their perfume
there,

Mild were the skies and soft the balmy air;
But that worn spirit saw no beauteous ray
In all the brightness round his weary way.
Raising his dark brow toward the eastern sky,
He pour'd out thus his secret agony:—

“ Ah ! was I form'd to be oppress'd,
Though all around is free ?
The sky-lark, on his airy wing,
The happy, murmur'ring bee—
All living things in earth or sky,
Have freedom for their dower ;
But I, alas ! poor, wretched I,
Must feel the' oppressor's power.

“ Well knows that tyrant, that my soul
Has powers and rights like his,
Though writhing on the lance of woe,
And pining after bliss.

His efforts, all his efforts fail
These chainless thoughts to bind,
Or fetter the intense desires
Of an immortal mind.

“But mind itself is only free
To tell me of my fate,
While I am chain’d to servitude
And wholly desolate.
My God, I look above, around—
No gleam of hope I see,
Save the faint whisper of my soul
That DEATH shall set me free !”

He ceased ; and still upon the stream there lay
The same soft glories of departing day,
The earth was radiant with the same rich smile,
The stars look’d down serenely, softly mild,
Yet he pass’d on through shadows dark and
dim—

Nature could yield no happiness to him.
Shall man refuse the sympathizing heart—
Refuse the aid he can so well impart ?
My country ! why do not Heaven’s curses rest
With fearful blackness on thy guilty breast ?

THE BEREAVED ONE.

The rose was softly shining
Through dewy tears of night,
And the old willow branches
Were waving fresh and bright,
When the first sun rays streaming
Enliven'd that dear spot,
Where grew on one lone hillock
The pale Forget-me-not.

There came a gentle being
With morning's earliest smile,
And knelt in mournful silence
Above her sleeping child !
A tear, fresh from her eyelid,
Lay on her cheek at rest ;
And one deep sigh was struggling
Within her heaving breast.

She clasp'd her hands in anguish,
And cried in tones most wild,
“ Where art thou, O my cherub !
“ My child—my angel child !”
And, when her tongue was silent,
There stream'd a tearful flood,
But in submissive meekness
She bow'd to kiss the rod.

Oft as the morning breezes
Went sadly moaning by ;
Oft as the stars of evening
Look'd coldly from the sky ;
Day after day we saw her,
Clad in a garb of woe,
Approaching that lone hillock
And meekly kneeling low.

At length they bore her slowly,
When Spring was on the lea,
And made her lonely pillow
Beneath that willow tree :
Where she, in heart devotedness,
So fervently had pray'd,
Near the tomb she call'd an altar,
That mother now is laid.

No more with day-light's dawning
Her faded form is seen,
Nor when the dusk of evening
Hangs dimly o'er the green ;
But there, amid the roses,
Where dewy branches weep,
There, THERE, the lone, bereaved one
Now shares her infant's sleep !

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

Weary with watching I had sunk to rest,
As the last star grew dim on morning's breast,
 And darkness fled,—
To rest, I say! nay, 'twas the troubled sleep
Of a brief hour when eyes forgot to weep,
 And hearts that bled
Lost in oblivion every real woe,
Yet keenly felt the winds of fancy blow.

My sleep was broken by a voice that said—
“Your brother's dying—hasten to his bed!”
 A moment more—

I bent above him with a stifled breath!
How pale—serene! O God! could this be
death?

Never before
Had I seen one so beautiful and fair,
As that sweet dying brother smiling there!

In health I deem'd him lovely; but that brow,
Turn'd to a marble whiteness, glisten'd now
 With rays of peace
And those dark eyes—within their bright
depths burn'd
Something unearthly, as they fondly turn'd
 From face to face,

With the last counsel and the fond farewell,
Which long in memory's magic ear shall dwell.

O what an hour ! O, what a gloomy morn !
I never wept so utterly forlorn,
As when I heard,
For the last time, that brother call my name—
That fearful hour like some wild vision came ;
That parting word,
Sharp as an arrow, pierced my inmost soul,
Bidding affection's fountains freely roll.

A message was despatch'd to one whose name
Was on those dying lips ; but when he came
They could not speak :
Raising his hand he pointed upward far,—
That look !—it seem'd to say, “ O, meet me
there !”
Then quiet, meek,
Those eyelids dropp'd to their profound repose,
For death had seal'd them, never to unclose.

1847.

HAPPINESS.

Seekest thou for happiness ?
Haste thee to the mercy-seat :
Thou shalt surely find it there,
At the great Redeemer's feet.

THE EARLY BLEST.

They raised her faint and languid head,
 Just as the rising sun
Its first bright beams of beauty shed
 Around the dying one.
Back from her white and glist'ning brow
 The bright, damp ringlets lay ;
And in her eyes of tranquil blue
 Gleam'd an unearthly ray.
Consumption's glow was on her cheek,
 Its seal of fearful red,
When, in a voice whose tones were weak
 And tremulous, she said :—

“ Ere yonder morning sun shall hide
 Its brightness in the west,
I shall have pass'd the rolling tide,
 And found eternal rest.
The sad vicissitudes of life
 Will with your child be o'er,
And earth's o'erburd'ning weariness
 Oppress her heart no more.

“ Thou thinkest strange that earthly ills
 Can blight a heart so young,
Knowing their mists have fallen light
 Upon thy darling one ;

But dost not know the weakness of
My spirit to endure,
Nor canst thou know my yearnings for
A breath more free and pure.

“Thou hast been witness, mother dear,
E’en from my earliest years,
To the sudden gush of sunshine,
And frequent showers of tears ;
But hast not known how painfully
I view’d the heartless strife,
And cank’ring cares, which seem’d to lie
Along my path of life.

“Thou hast not known the thoughts opprest,
Which struggled to be free,
The longings burning in my breast
With such intensity :
My heart was like the aspen leaf,
That quivers in the breeze,
Which scarcely stirs the foliage
Of the surrounding trees.

“I have not miss’d one ray of hope,
One gush of earthly joy ;
I have not lost one thrilling note
Of nature’s minstrelsy ;
And not one beam of loveliness
From the bright sky has fled,—

All, all its former radiance
Streams o'er my dying bed.

“ But O ! too deep the swelling bliss,
Which rises in my heart ;
Too deep for such a life as this,
And I must soon depart !
Intense desires are burning high,
And soaring heavenward now,
While the cold dews of life's last morn
Are gath'ring on my brow.

“ A few short hours, and this freed soul
Shall mount up unconfined,
For O ! there is a wider range
For the immortal mind !
Then, mother, let no tears be shed
When I am gone to rest ;
Remember me as one of those
They call *The Early Blest.*”

That night the glowing sunset fell
Most radiantly bright,
But one deep heart had ceased to thrill
As once beneath its light ;
And soon amid the starry host
The moon shone out on high,
But the bright star which earth had lost
Burn'd in its native sky.

I WILL COME TO THEE THEN.

“If I am the survivor, your spirit must come to me at the hour we have appointed for prayer.”

I will come to thee then at that beautiful hour,
When the first star of even shines forth ;
When Darkness spreads, with mysterious power,
Her silent wing over the earth.

I will come to thee then, to the sacred retreat,
Where thou kneelst all sad and alone ;
I will cling to the heart that continues to beat,
Though it feel not the throbs of my own.

I will come to thee then—thou shalt know I am
near,
Though thou canst not my features behold ;
I will whisper some thought of the past in thine
ear,
Thou shalt know 'tis the friend of thy soul.

I will come to thee then—though they count
not the hours
In that beautiful world of bliss ;
I shall know the time, when these spirits of ours
Held sweetest communion in this.

I will come to thee then, with a message from
heaven ;
For God will permit me to bear

Some cheering hope to thy pilgrimage given,
A promise, an answer to prayer.

I will come to thee then—I will cling to that
heart

Which has trembled so true to my own ;
The blessed Redeemer his love shall impart,
And whisper again, “ Ye are one.”

1847.

REMEMBER ME.

When amid scenes of busy life
Thy gladsome footsteps roam,
When thy affections cluster round
A new and happy home,
Wilt thou remember sometimes then
The bright and blissful hours,
Which we have spent in childhood’s morn
Among the bees and flowers ?

Wilt thou recall those dreadful nights,
When, by the couch of pain,
We listen’d to the gentle tones
We ne’er shall hear again ?
When I, with anguish wild and deep,
Watch’d o’er a fading friend ;
And thou, with sympathy sincere,
Thy tears with mine didst blend ?

But if the days of pain and gloom,
 And sunny hours of glee,
 So strangely blended in the past,
 Should be forgot by thee ;
 Yet think, I pray thee, of the hours
 Spent in devotion sweet,
 Far from a heartless world away,
 At the Redeemer's feet !

Thou canst not well forget thy bliss,
 When, at the shrine of prayer,
 Lock'd in each other's arms we knelt
 To place our offering there.
 O, then, at twilight's sacred hour,
 When thou shalt bend the knee,
 Think of the friend so far away,
 Who breathes her prayer for thee !

1841.

SPRING.

'Twas morn—the sun was pouring forth
 His floods of silver light ;
 All nature smiled, the brilliant earth
 With new-flush'd charms was bright ;
 For Spring had come with noiseless tread
 To wake earth's sleeping bloom,
 And zephyrs sweet around me spread
 Their soft and rich perfume.

The first sweet warbler of the Spring,
That loves the opening day,
Arose on bright and glittering wing,
And 'woke his morning lay.
The flower look'd up with glowing cheek,
And spread its petals fair,
Breathing around its odours sweet
Upon the morning air.

And O ! thought I, the glorious sun
That sunk to rest at night,
Has put his robes of grandeur on,
His coronet of light ;
And shall not youth's bright morning sun,
Though early set in gloom,
Shall it not rise in Spring's bright morn,
And burst the dreary tomb ?

Spring's gentle breath recalls the bird,
That fled from Autumn's reign ;
Its minstrelsy, so long unheard,
Enchants the ear again ;
But those who, like the songster, fled,
In fairer climes to sing,
Who for the sky their pinions spread,
Return not with the Spring.

And the sweet flower, that wither'd lay
Long in its wintry tomb,

That faded 'neath the autumnal sway,
 Rises in all its bloom ;
 But those we loved, the young and fair,
 Who droop'd as flow'rets die,
 Awake not with the vernal air,
 And balmy zephyr's sigh !

Ah, no ! the dwellers in the tomb
 The Spring cannot restore—
 The birds return, the flow'rets bloom,
 But they shall wake no more !
 Shall wake no more ? Nay ! they shall rise—
 Faith, spread thy glitt'ring wing !
 The *good* shall bloom beyond the skies,
 In an eternal Spring !

1842.

LITTLE EUGENE.

How suddenly that lovely one
 From life departed !
 As we have seen some flower half blown,
 Some bud just started—
 Thus 'twas in loveliness crush'd down,
 Fair and light-hearted.

Two summers, in their music tread,
 Went wildly singing,
 Shedding their beauty o'er his head,

And softly flinging
 A joy, which, as their moments sped,
 His soul was winging.

Then, then the tie which lightly bound
 His soul was riven,
 And warm affections clust'ring round
 The guerdon given,
 Were in their freshness all unbound,
 To twine in heaven !

1846.

THE NIGHT FLOWER.

There is a flower, they say, that blooms
 The fairest at the hour of night,
 And sweeter sheds its rich perfume
 Than when the day-beams glisten bright.

When other flowers are folded up
 From the night dews and chilly air,
 This meekly lifts its golden cup
 To the bright stars so coldly fair.

Thus may our hearts in sorrow's hour,
 The darkest night to mortals given,
 Serenely as this trusting flower,
 Pour a rich incense-stream to heaven.

1842.

MARY.

So early call'd,
And suddenly, thou fondly cherish'd one,
As we have seen a star, the brightest, fall
From where it shone !

And like a star,
That seems to set, but shines away, away—
Thus art thou cheering other worlds afar
With thy lost ray.

'Twere sad to die
Ere yet life's rising sun had reach'd its noon ;
Ere from the bright flowers, or the gorgeous sky,
One tint has gone !

How sad to leave
A world as radiant and as fair as ours,
When Hope and Fancy round the spirit weave
Their bond of flowers !

While stronger yet
These kindred ties—these link'd affections—bind
Down to a world with transient joys replete,
The' immortal mind !

There is one hope
Which can compensate for the ties thus riven—
One that can bear the sinking spirit up,
The hope of heaven.

This hope was thine,
 Thou blest, departed one ! thy soul had cast
 Its every burthen on that Friend divine,
 In fervent trust.

We think of thee
 As thou wast wont to walk among us here,
 With heart attuned to the rich melody
 Of yon high sphere.

We think of thee,
 As of a mariner o'er the dark sea's foam ;
 Or, of a trav'ler from a desert way
 Arrived at home.

Mary—adieu !
 How many hopes were borne upon thy bier !
 Long, long for thee, in bitterness shall flow
 Affection's tear.

Yet wherefore mourn,
 That one so fondly loved has found her rest ?
 Why should we weep in agony forlorn
 For one so blest ?

We 'll meet again ;
 Meet where our sacred ties cannot be riven—
 Far, far from sorrow, toil, or care, or pain ;
 We 'll meet in heaven !

JULY FOURTH.

See my country's banner waving
In its pride ;
Hark ! the cannon loudly pealing
Near its side !
All is tumult and commotion,
Far and wide.

Loud our nation is rejoicing
For the day
She from terror and oppression
Broke away :
All the fields and woods re-echo
Jubilee !

Happy country ! may thy banner,
Ever bright,
Long upon this day be streaming
In the light,
And with an augmenting splendour
Cheer our sight.

May the sunshine, soft from heaven,
O'er thee shine,
And all other richest blessings
E'er be thine !
Bless'd, and great, and happy country,
Thou art mine !

THE RAINBOW.

Rainbow of the orient sky,
 Fresh and bright thou art !
 Thou hast burst, how suddenly,
 On the sight and heart !

Now along the gorgeous cloud,
 Is thy form in grandeur bow'd.

O, how freshly nature smiles,
 All impearl'd with showers !
 Call they this a barren wild,
 This sweet world of ours ?

There is something lovely here,
 Glist'ning bright through nature's tear.

Verdure all around us spreads
 Her soft robe so fair ;
 Balmy odour sweetly sheds
 Incense on the air ;
 And the bow, the beauteous bow—
 See it in its lustre glow !

Thus, when sorrow's flood is mine,
 And its billows roll,
 May the *bow of promise* shine
 Brightly o'er my soul,
 And direct my eager eye
 To a calm and cloudless sky !

OUR MOTHER.

“ In our wanderings among the sculptured monuments of Laurel Hill, we came to a large marble slab, bearing this simple, though touching inscription—‘ *Our Mother, she taught us how to live, and how to die.*’ ”—Anon.

She taught us how to bear the ills of life,
And, with prophetic glance still look beyond,
Calmly to urge the sharp tempestuous strife,
And struggle on.

Not only did she teach us to *endure*,
With sweet submission, and a cheerful heart ;
But show’d us how, with motive high and pure,
To act our part.

And O ! she taught us with an even tread
And heart unmoved to pass through plea-
sure’s wiles ;
Unmindful of the beams from Fortune shed,
And Flattery’s smiles.

She taught us to improve each gift bestowed,
Each talent lent us by indulgent Heaven ;
Taught us to consecrate our all to God,
At morn and even.

She led us to the great Redeemer’s cross,
And bade us fasten our affections there ;
Taught us to labour in his sacred cause,
With fervent prayer.

She show'd us how to bid the world farewell,
 And calmly launch upon that unknown wave,
 Whose mystic surges wildly dash and swell
 Around the grave.

“Our Mother!” Let that rev'rend name so dear
 Be graven on the marble deep and high!
 'Twas she who taught us by example here
 To *live*, and *die*.

1846.

MARY STODARD.

Has that tender blossom wither'd,
 Faded in so brief an hour?
 Has the grave within its bosom,
 Hid that lovely fragile flower?
 Has that cheek, so bright with roses,
 Strangely, sadly faded now?
 Can it be her form reposes
 In the grave so cold and low?

 Late I saw that cherub smiling,
 In her doating parents' arms;
 Saw them watch, with fondest rapture,
 All her new, unfolding charms:
 Hopes about their hearts were twining,
 Hopes a parent only knows—
 But, alas! those hopes have wither'd,
 Wither'd like a fragile rose.

Such is earth—so strangely changing !

Flowers may blossom bright to-day,
Hopes may bloom in all their fragrance,
And to-morrow droop away.

Mourning parent, there's a region
Where these changes never come,
Far beyond earth's blighting mildew,
Far beyond the dreary tomb !

Your sweet child has been escorted

To that higher, holier clime ;

Your bright dove has spread her pinions
Far beyond the sweep of time.

Hark ! borne on the summer zephyrs,
What sweet melody I hear !

'Tis the voice of the departed,

'Tis that angel babe so dear !

Dost thou hear her ? " Father, Mother ! "

(Speaks she in that gentle tone,)

" Mourn not o'er the mould'ring casket,
Weep not o'er your faded one !

Mary lives—she lives in glory,

Blooms in fadeless beauty now ;

Joins the choir of dazzling seraphs,
With God's signet on her brow.

" Mourn not, for earth's cares and sorrows
Ne'er shall stain this spirit more ;

Mourn not, for earth's dark'ning shadows
 Never reach this radiant shore !
 And when life with you is ended,
 Meet me by this crystal river ;
 Where our spirits, once more blended,
 May in gladness smile forever !”

1842.

A THOUGHT.

I gazed upon the sable clouds
 That stretch'd along the western sky,
 And far beneath a lonely star,
 Beaming with lustre met my eye.

And thus, methought, e'en thus with those,
 The brightest and the best below,—
 They shed a soft and trembling light
 Beneath the heavy clouds of woe.

1843.

ONE YEAR AGO.

One year ago my heart was free,
 As yonder woodbird's chainless wing ;
 That, perch'd upon some leafy tree,
 Is free to fly, or free to sing ;
 But, softly o'er my weary soul
 A blissful thought is gently stealing,

For Love has cast his chain of gold
Around each glad and tender feeling.

One year ago—it cannot be
One little year has changed me thus !
My lightsome heart, no longer free,
By softest ties is bound to dust :
One image plays before my eye,
One image fills my waking dreams ;
And nothing else beneath the sky,
With half the seeming beauty gleams.

One year ago—my heart was then
More fully fix'd on things above !
O Jesus ! my Almighty Friend,
Have I been wandering from thy love ?
Recall me by thy blessed word,
And draw me by thy Spirit back ;
And help me, O my faithful Lord,
Still to pursue the shining track.

1848.

AUTUMN.

Yes, pale, melancholy autumn,
Once again I hear thy moan ;
'Tis a sweetly mournful requiem
O'er the summer past and gone.

Thou dost bring sad recollections
Of our once bright hopes laid low,
Hopes once bright as summer flowers,
But like them all fading now.

Thou dost waken recollections
Of a dear departed one,
Who last autumn linger'd with us,
But whose journey now is done.

Ah ! when last the sweet flowers wither'd,
'Neath thy sceptre's magic power,
That sweet friend was pale and fading,
Like a drooping autumn flower.

And it seem'd each breath of autumn
Left that wasting cheek more pale,
And the lamp of life burn'd feebler
With each passing autumn gale.

Winter came—that brother slumber'd ;
Spring return'd—he was not here ;
Summer's days have all been number'd,
Autumn's moans are in my ear ;

But, though birds return'd in spring time,
And the flowers renew'd their bloom,
Teron, like the flowers reviving,
Hath not waken'd from the tomb.

Then blow on, ye blasts of autumn,
Change and wither all below !
For there is a fairer climate,
Where your breath can never blow.

1841.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Home of childhood ! in the sound
There are mem'ries rich and sweet :
Is it not enchanted ground,
Ev'ry turf beneath my feet ?

Here I play'd a happy child,
Binding up the vernal flowers—
Here a mother's sunny smile
Lighted up my youthful hours.

Here a father's blessing fell,
Shedding peace along my way !
Brother ! sister ! tears must swell,—
There were others—where are they ?

I have sought their peaceful tomb—
Breathed a farewell o'er the spot—
And, though far away I roam,
They shall never be forgot !

Let me weep, while yet my tears
Flow, to leave these scenes so fair ;

Duty's path more bright appears,
Hope and Love are smiling there.

Not in heaviness of heart
Have I breathed the parting word—
Not in sorrow I depart,
Though affection's fount is stirr'd.

When in untried paths of care,
My unguided footsteps rove ;
I may miss a mother there,
I may miss a brother's love ;

Yet another loves me well,
With affection deep and true ;
Why should tears at parting swell ?
Happy home, adieu ! adieu !

Dec. 12th, 1847.

IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD ?

2 Kings iv, 26.

It is well, though yon sun, in his splendour
declining,
Looks not on the beautiful boy,
As with flying footsteps, and ringlets shining,
At play in his infantile joy ;
Though his merry laugh, with its joyous ringing,
No more round our portals may swell,

A freshness of love o'er our pathway flinging,
Yet 'tis well with the child—it is well.

It is well, though his slumbers the birds may not
waken,

Nor flow'rets their fav'rite recall ;
Though on all his haunts, by the wood-path, for-
saken,

The shadows of loneliness fall ;
Though his cheek is as white as the rose-bud that
faded,

And ere its maturity fell ;
Though by the pale linen the sweet brow is
shaded,

Yet 'tis well with the child—it is well.

It is well, though our hearts are in tenderness
weeping,

And bleeding afresh at the thought,
That the one fondly cherish'd in darkness is
sleeping,

And affection may waken him not ;
Though the fondest ties are in agony riven,

And tears in their bitterness swell,
We hear a sweet voice as if whisp'ring from
heaven,

“ It is well with the child—it is well.”

THE TWO SISTERS.

[When a certain steamer was burned on one of the Upper Lakes, there were on board two young ladies, *sisters*, who had been attending school, and were returning to their home at S—. They had arrived within sight of the place, when, finding escape to be impossible, they embraced each other, and threw themselves into the deep.]

“I see those beauteous spires arising fair,
Our home is now in view !

How sweet it seems to sleep in stillness there,
’Neath those broad skies of blue !

“*Our home !* My sister, soon our steps will press
That lovely shore again ;
And we shall feel a mother’s fond caress,
And weep with rapture then !

“ Long, long have we been absent, and our tears
Meanwhile have flow’d together ;
But, see ! the outline of our home appears—
We’ll fly to that fond mother !

“ We’ll sit around the hearthstone as of old,
Its light shall cheer our heart ;
Sweet home—its mem’ries float around the soul,
Bidding its cares depart !

“ *There* are the trees which shelter that dear spot,
And *there* the wreathing vines ;

*There grow the flowers, the last to be forgot,
Where the dim sunbeam shines !*

“O ! bear us swifter onward, rolling tide,
On to our blissful home—
There, there are hearts, and arms, that open
wide—
Sweet friends, to you we come !

“Nay, nay ! our feet may never press that shore ;
Our hearts, that beat so high—
*To us 'tis given, as life's last dream is o'er,
In sight of home to die !”*

1848.

SUNSHINE.

Who does not love the sunshine,
Whether its genial glow
Falls on the dewy greensward,
Or on the pearly snow ?
For there is something cheering
In its unclouded rays,
When o'er the troubled spirit
Gathers a dimming haze.
O ! the spirit is connected,
By a mysterious chain
Of secret, golden sympathies,
To this dark world of pain.

Strange that the misty vapour,
Arising in the sky ;
Or clouds of gloomy shadow
In darkness wand'ring by,
Should overwhelm so quickly
The gladness of the heart,
Bidding its inmost sunshine,
Its cheerfulness depart.

O ! the spirit is connected,
By a mysterious chain
Of secret, golden sympathies,
To this dark world of pain.

Oft, oft a burst of sunshine,
From yonder king of day,
Dispels these mental shadows,
And drives our fears away.

A gush of light surprises
The shades that meet our view,
And blissful thought arises,
Like vapour from the dew.

O ! there's a bond mysterious,
That o'er the soul holds sway ;
Linking its secret sympathies
With every sunny ray.

A FALLEN FRIEND.

Fallen—not as the star
That sweetly sinks away,
To' enlighten worlds afar
With an untarnish'd ray.

Nor as the lovely fall,
(Blossoms on life's parterre,)
Who rest beneath the pall,
Bedew'd with many a tear.

Nor as the soldier falls,
When the red field is won ;
Nor as from Zion's walls,
The latest duty done.

Fallen, how sad to think !
From all that's pure and high !
Fallen from ruin's brink,
To deepest infamy !

Fallen—how dark the thought
Link'd with thy tarnish'd name !
Thy mem'ry now is fraught
With burning tears of shame.

WHILE THE STARS ARE GLOWING.

Esther, while the stars are glowing
Far in yon blue depths on high,
While the moon is sweetly throwing
Lustre o'er the earth and sky,
Oft I think perchance thou'rt gazing
Upward to the vaulted dome—
Even now thine eye thou'rt raising
To yon star, above thy home.

By the sacred light of even,
By the moon's tranquillity,
By each holy star of heaven,
O, my *friend*, remember me !
What is this within the bosom
Longs to be remember'd thus,
When each hope shall cease to blossom,
And we slumber in the dust ?

But when thoughts of me have perish'd,
And I'm sleeping still and lone ;
When my mem'ry is not cherish'd,
By the dearest friends I've known ;
Sister, let thy thoughts be given
To that Saviour whom I love ;
Let thy hopes be fix'd in heaven,
Let thy heart be placed above !

THE DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND.

"I am very lonely now. My kind companion is taken away; and little Albert, who used to amuse us with his innocent prattle, is gone—gone to the grave."—*Letter to a Friend.*

I turn once more to my deserted home,
But no sweet friend is smiling to receive me;
I hear no voice of welcome as I come—
Alas! my well-belov'd, why didst thou
leave me?

What should I live for now, since one so dear
From my sad heart and lowly home is taken?
What should I live for, since there's none to cheer
The lonely path through which I roam forsaken?

She pass'd away, but in our lonely home
She left a bud of innocence still clinging;
Which, though its parent flower was wrapp'd in
gloom,
Still, still around me was its sweetness
flinging.

But even that was soon to leave my side,—
Its angel mother beckon'd it to heaven!
Alas, my Albert! would that I had died,
Ere this poor heart by such a blow was riven!

I'm lonely now—my happy home is still ;
No lightsome step, no childish tone is there !
Ah ! 'tis enough my cup of woe to fill,
And I must drink the gall of deep despair.

1849.

TO A SISTER IN THE FAR WEST.

When mem'ry in my saddest hours
Turns to the buried past,
Reviving joys, like morning flowers,
Too fresh and pure to last ;
And when the smiles of other years
Around me seem to shine,
A slight form with the rest appears,
One gentle brow is thine.

I think of thee, my sister fair,
As thou wert wont to move
Amid our little circle there,
With looks and words of love :
O ! with the mem'ry of the dead,
Of those I ne'er may see,
Of smiles and forms that long since fled,
There comes a thought of thee.

Since thou hast found another home
Far in those western wilds,

Where merry children thronging come
To catch a mother's smiles,
I too have left our father's hearth,
That place I lov'd so well,
And in another tract of earth,
'Mid other scenes, I dwell.

Two little birds, of gladsome wing,
Alike in plume and song ;
Two flowers, as bright as those which spring
Your prairie-paths along,
Demand my unremitting care
And claim my constant love—
My task, those dear ones to prepare
For the bright bowers above.

O sister ! though our paths below
Far, far apart may lie,
May we the gospel's influence show,
Till both are call'd to die !
Often we'll meet, if but in thought,
While here we sadly roam ;
And when our work is fully wrought,
Sister, we'll meet at home !

TO OCTOBER.

Thou comest mildly beautiful,
All passionless and cold,
Hanging a white veil o'er the flowers
In many a sparkling fold.

The greenness of the forest gay
At thy approach has fled,
And a faint line of dull decay
Now lingers in its stead.

The vine that o'er our casement droops
Is tangled, sear, and dry ;
And rustles with a mournful sound
As thy cold breath goes by.

And in the heart, O ! in the heart,
Affection's wither'd leaves
Are stirr'd by mem'ries deep and strong,
Like vines around our eaves.

The lov'd, the lost, the beautiful,
Their mem'ry steals along,
Making the heart and eyes o'erflow
As wails thy dirge-like song.

Yet pass along ! we ask thee not
To linger in thy track :
Pass on—a most resplendent spring
Shall call the lost flowers back.

“MY FLESH SHALL REST IN HOPE.”

When ye bear me away in my coffin dress
From all I have cherish'd or known ;
When o'er me the cold clods ye silently press,
And leave me to slumber alone ;
When ye think of my couch, so cheerless and
chill,
Where flowers in the starlight ope,
And the willow leaves in the night air thrill,
Remember, *I'm resting in hope !*

When my voice ye shall miss in my own sweet
home,
And look for my coming in vain ;
When a shadow comes over you, dark as the
tomb,
And ye think of the lost one again ;
O ! remember then, from my bed of dust,
With the vision of faith to look up ;
Remember, the Lord was my latest trust,
And *know I am resting in hope !*

1848.

THE LAND OF REST.

The curtain of slumber was darkly spread,
In oblivion's folds it fell round my head :
Soft veil of forgetfulness ! sweetly it steals
O'er the troubled heart, with trials oppress'd.

And ideal objects as sweetly reveals,
In those beautiful visions that gladden our rest.

Methought that the trials of life were past,
That the portals of heaven were gain'd at last !
I drank from that fountain of happiness,
Whose crystal waters are free from alloy ;
But who may number the thoughts of bliss,
Which fill'd my heart with impassion'd joy ?

I stood on the brink of that beautiful river,
Whose waters flow onward forever and ever :
While I breath'd the rich odors of that holy clime,
I look'd back on the path which had led me
home—
How light were its windings ! the shadows of time
Shed none of their darkness beyond the tomb.

I awoke, and my path by the river of time,
Led me on through the flowers of a changing
clime ;

I awoke, and the clouds that hung over my sky
Broke at once my delusion—the vision had fled !
I listened—the winds, that swept mournfully by,
Seem'd chanting a requiem over the dead !

But why, I exclaim'd, should we mourn for the
blest ?

Why weep for the lov'd, who have enter'd their
rest ?

In that vision I would not for worlds have retrac'd
The pathway that led me to heaven ;
I would not have trodden again life's dark waste,
For all which this earth could have given.

'Twere meet to mourn for the sojourner here,
But not for the blest of that holier sphere !
I have trod with them in my dreaming hours
That beautiful region of rest ;
I have wander'd with them through fadeless
flowers,
And heard the deep songs of the blest.

For awhile I'd forgotten this lower sphere—
Forgotten the clouds that envelop me here.
I woke from my reverie : my pathway still lay
Through a cheerless land of sorrow and gloom ;
I am treading still its bewilder'd way,
And that land of rest lies beyond the tomb.

1845.

H O P E.

O, what is hope ? It is a light ;
A star, to gild the arch of night,
That bends above us here ;
A cheering beam of heavenly day,
Which drives the low'ring clouds away
Of dark, foreboding fear.

O, what is hope ? It is a flower,
 Blooming more beauteous ev'ry hour,
 Along life's rugged, desert waste !
 It sheds its fragrance on the air,
 Forever springing fresh and fair,
 Unscorch'd by the sirocco's blast.

Hope ? 'tis a bright, angelic form,
 That smiles amid the darkest storm,
 Pointing to brighter days.
 Even in Sorrow's diadem,
 Hope is a gleaming, golden gem,
 That never quits our gaze !

1843.

A SACRED RELIC.

'Tis a lock of silken hair,
 Softened by a shade of gloom,
 Not of time, or earthly care,
 But a shadow from the tomb.

 It has lost its wonted gleaming ;
 For the locks with which it shone,
 And the brow, with love-smiles beaming,
 Moulder in the grave alone.

 Let me wet it with a tear,
 'Tis a token love has saved ;—
 Who may know how fondly dear
 Was the brow o'er which it waved !

O, that brow, how oft I soothed it
When Consumption's mists were there !
This dark lock—how fondly smoothed it,
Gleaming with that silken hair.

Those meek eyes—I see them now
Lighted with unnatural fire,
As if turned from all below
And fixed on something higher.

Sacred relic from the grave,
How it wakes the dead to life !
Only this my love could save,—
'Tis with fondest mem'ries rife.

1846.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

My sweet flowers ! behold them laden
With the heavy frosts of night ;
Some are bending, others broken,
And their green leaves crusted white.

Thus we oft have seen the aged
Bending 'neath the hand of care,
When the frosts of time have gathered
On the forehead once so fair.

Yesterday, an aged pilgrim
Passed me on his homeward way ;
On his furrowed brow were written
Tales of trouble and decay.

O'er his staff his form was bending,

And his eye was almost cold;

On the wind his white hairs streaming,

Bitter tales of sorrow told.

O, how like the flowers I cherish,

Flowers that blossom but to fade,

Are the hopes that bloom to perish,

And the forms with sorrow weighed!

1846.

THE PORTRAIT.

While gazing on those pictur'd eyes,

My heart despairs control;

For in their depths a something lies

Which moves the inmost soul.

Upon those lips I look with bliss,

While musing here alone;

Thinking of their fond parting kiss,

And of their farewell tone.

O, let me with this treasure kneel

Low at the Saviour's feet,

And pray that both may ever feel

The same communion sweet!

And pray with trembling heart, my love,

That He, who made thee mine,

May have His image in my breast

More deeply fixed than thine.

1847.

THE SEA SHELL.

Thou wand'rer from the mighty sea,
Is not the bosom of man like thee ?
It hath sounds, deep sounds, a yearning tone,
The echo of voices long since gone.

Thou hast a sound, O thou ocean shell !
Was it caught from the rush of the heavy swell,
And brought with thee from the sounding caves,
Whence thou wert cast by the truant waves ?

So with the heart :—it hath yearnings high,
A sense of its own immortality ;
Though here, in the world's rough wilderness,
It hath sounds from the waves of woe and bliss.

1843.

I WOULD NOT STAY.

I would not stay forever here,
I long to seek a fairer clime,
A higher, holier, happier sphere,
Beyond the blighting change of time.
This pinion'd spirit longs to roam
Beyond its poor terrestrial home,—
Earth has no charms, hope lends no ray
To light my steps—I would not stay !

I hear them praise this lowly sphere ;
They seek to lengthen out their days ;
Fasten their strong affections here,

And tread with joy the gilded maze :
Show me its charms, its bliss, its ease ;
Show me its boasted power to please ;
Show aught that will not soon decay,—
Thou canst not ! nay, I would not stay.

“ Friendship,” say’st thou ? Ah, yes, ’tis sweet,
But, tell me, will it never end ?

When adverse tempests wildly beat
Around thee, hast thou still a friend ?
If so—but hark ! I hear a knell,—
That friend has bid the earth farewell !
Thou’rt weeping o’er his breathless clay—
Friendship is brief—I would not stay.

“ Wealth !” What is wealth but glitt’ring dust,
Long hoarded with a miser’s care ?

Canst thou in riches put thy trust,
And fasten thine affections there ?

Thy treasure hoard where thieves break through,
And where the moth corrupteth too ?
Riches take wings, and fly away,
Like all below—I would not stay.

“ Fame !” What is fame ? Go, ask the one,
Whose name was wafted on each breeze,

Till borne afar, a captive lone,
To yonder isle 'midst stormy seas :
Ask him what fame avails him now ?
'Mid barren rocks he sleepeth low,
His fame, his grandeur, pass'd away,
Like morning dews—I would not stay.

“ But hope ! ” Yes, hope’s a welcome guest,
To fainting souls she gives relief ;
Affords the weary pilgrim rest,
And soothes the heart oppress’d with grief ;
But as life’s surging waves roll on,
Hope takes her flight, and leaves us lone :
In these dark hours, we catch no ray
From earthly hope—I would not stay.

Mention no more—’tis vain, ’tis vain !
Nothing on earth my soul can please ;
These empty names all give me pain,
I cannot love such toys as these ;
But far beyond the cheerless tomb,
I see a land of changeless bloom—
How glorious ! Let me take my way—
In this dark world I would not stay.

THE RINGLET.

I gaze upon this ringlet darkly shining,
Which gleam'd upon a forehead, guileless, fair,
While with prophetic glance I am divining
The fate of that sweet girl who wore this hair.

Not yet have time and care eclipsed the
brightness
Of the soft curls that o'er her temples stray,
Nor sorrow dimm'd the pure, unsullied whiteness
Of that fair forehead where this ringlet lay.

How oft a mother's hand has fondly press'd it
Close to her bosom with a calm delight !
Oft has a mother's heart as fondly bless'd it,
And fain would she have kept it always bright.

Perchance she smooth'd it, when in silence
kneeling,
Beside the altar, red with hallow'd blood,
While the bright angel was the cov'nant sealing,
Which consecrated there her child to God.

Already have that mother's cold, white fingers,
Forever ceased to twine this ringlet fair !
Already has that love, which latest lingers,
Breathed o'er her darling one a dying prayer !

And thou art motherless ! O, what affection
Wilt thou e'er find like hers who sleeps in dust ?
And in the hour of gladness, or affliction,
What heart, like hers, can claim thy fearless
trust ?

Ah, none ! Then well may that soft shade of
sadness,
Rest on thy features, long thy loss to tell !
Well might thy heart lose all its gush of
gladness,
When thy young mother whisper'd her
farewell !

And shall a treach'rous world, its charms distilling,
Allure thy guileless, unsuspecting heart ?
Or, will its coldness, thy young spirit chilling,
Lead thee to seek for Mary's " better part ? "

O ! shall the depths of thy young heart's
devotion,
Be early laid upon some worthless shrine ?
Or, the pure spirit's holiest emotion,
Be placed upon an altar all divine ?

Ah ! woman's fate is patient, suff'ring meekness ;
That with a firm resolve still struggles on ;
Mild and submissive in her trusting weakness—
Her lot is on thee, O, thou gentle one !

And yet I cannot hope that thou wilt tarry,
Till age has dropp'd his frosts upon thy brow ;
Thou canst not far life's heavy burden carry,
Consumption was thy kindred's deadly foe.

Were I to ask some lofty boon from Heaven,
And but one boon, thou dearest child, for thee ;
And could *but one*, sweet girl, to thee be given,
What should I ask, while on my bended knee ?

Not that life's path, through prosp'rous vales
descending,
Might lead thee onward, through far-length-
en'd years ;

Nor yet, that health, and hope, and pleasure
blending,
Might leave no room for sorrow, pain, and tears !

But that thy brow, whose curls may wear the
gleaming
Of the hoar frosts of winter's clouded sky,
Or, in an early grave lose all their beaming,
Might wear a diadem of bliss on high !

1844.

MY SISTER.

She was the youngest, and the first to die,
She with the ringlets bright, the star-lit eye :
Even now fond mem'ry calls her from the tomb :
She comes in all her beauty, all her bloom !

She comes with tones of love and step of mirth,
 Comes with a smile to cheer our lonely hearth ;
 Around my neck her soft white arms entwine,
 And now that dimpled cheek is press'd to mine.

Sweet sister, how we loved her ! Ah, too well !
 For, like a blighted flower, she early fell,—
 The dearest, loveliest, are the first to die,
 The brightest bloom the earliest in the sky !

Callista ! O, thou beauteous one—adieu !
 What glorious visions burst upon my view !
 I see thee robed in heaven's eternal bloom,
 Beyond the changing earth, the blighting tomb.

1842.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

“Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.” Psalm lxxiii, 24.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel,
 While through these rough wilds I stray ;
 Thou shalt lighten by thy Spirit,
 All the dark and weary way.

Then, O then, thou wilt receive me
 To a place at thy right hand ;
 I shall live with thee in glory,
 With the pure, angelic band.

1846.

SUBRINA

She pass'd away,
In the fresh morning of her years,
When, radiant most with pleasure's ray,
Life's path appears.

While friends most kind
Lavish'd their fond love o'er her way,
And all things beautiful combined
To ask her stay.

O'er her fresh grave
Now coldly falls the nightly frost,
While the loud, wintry tempests rave,
Wailing the lost.

And friends sincere,
Though distant far, bewail her blighted bloom ;
While tears from weeping kindred near
Bedew her tomb.

Where shall they turn ?
Where look for consolation now ?
Death's solemn signet, pale and stern,
Is on her brow.

O ! ye, who stood
About her bed with tearful eye,
Who saw her sink in Jordan's flood,
How did she die ?

“Calmly,” ye say :
Then hide this solace in your breast,
And think, that, in life's flowery May,
She sunk to rest.

This thought imparts
A balm, that bids your sorrows cease :
Then take it to your stricken hearts—
She died in peace.

1818.

AUTUMN'S LAMENT.

I come, but alas ! in my lonely track,
There are no fond smiles to welcome me back ;
But many a heart in its loneliness grieves,
At the sound of my tread thro' the wither'd leaves.

I come with my tempest clouds dark and drear,
And the cheek of loveliness blanches with fear ;
Then more gently I trace my lines of decay,
And bright eyes distrustfully all turn away.

I spread o'er the forests a gorgeous dye,
Like the saffron tints of the sunset sky ;
And the minstrel sings, with a plaintive lay,
Of the things “that brighten to pass away.”

I load ev'ry zephyr with odours sweet,
From the flowers I trample beneath my feet ;
And the mellow haze on my wing is bright,
But they call it a sad, unwelcome light.

Ah, why is it thus ? I know that I bear
 A blight to the summer's flowerets fair,
 And then, with my fingers of cold decay,
 I tear the leaves from the casement away.

But, wherefore detest me ? commission'd I come,
 By the One who inhabits yon lofty dome,
 And sendeth the spring to illumine the sky,—
 I shall now do His bidding as faithfully.

But alas—alas ! in my lonely track,
 There are no fond hearts to welcome me back ;
 But many a soul in its loneliness grieves,
 At the sound of my tread through the wither'd
 leaves.

1845.

THE OLD MAN'S ANSWER.

Do ye ask of the friends I have known—
 The young, and the fair, and light-hearted ?
 Ah ! the path I now traverse is lone,
 For alas ! they have long since departed !
 Some are scatter'd and scathed by the hand of
 time,
 And others have pass'd to eternity's clime.
 O ! ye, of the blue or the dark-beaming eye,
 And ye, of the red lips' beauteous hue ;
 The friends of my happier, earlier years,
 Were as bright and as lovely as you :

Hope spread o'er their features as glowing a charm,
And hearts, that I clung to, were beating as warm.

How clear in the eye of my memory shine,
The bright young faces that circled me then !
They seem, as the sun of my life declines,
More oft with my dreary visions to blend ;
For as age advances, days, long since gone,
Seem fresh as the deeds on yesterday done.

O ! methinks I can see them now ;
But where has the gladness gone,
Which beam'd from each radiant brow,
And over my young heart shone ?
It has fled from the earth like spring's sweet
breath,
Those smiles have been stolen by time and death.

Some early and happily pass'd away,
With a death-light on the wasted cheek ;
And the eye, lighted up by a slow decay,
Beam'd languidly forth, so clear, and meek ;
And so slowly the brow became white and sad,
It scarcely changed when death's impress was
made.

And others departed as quickly from earth,
As the meteor shoots beyond our sight ;
Their voices are silent around the hearth,
Each dwelling has lost its former light :

By their bounding footsteps the dews are not stirr'd,
Their names are forgotten, where once they were
heard.

Say not, it is sad or distressing to die !

Did ye feel all the sorrows of age,
Did ye know ev'ry burden'd and weary sigh,
Which comes near the close of our pilgrimage,
Ye would think it were better, far better to die,
Ere the tempests of age should pass over your sky.

I seem to myself like a pilgrim lone,
Threading his way through a desert land ;
Pausing and weeping o'er friends that have gone,
With the objects of life unattain'd :
Though my pathway leadeth where bright faces
shine,
They waken no answer in this heart of mine.

1846.

ON RECEIVING A GERANIUM.

'Tis a sweet gift of friendship, Mary,
I'll prize it for thy sake ;
And often as new leaves unfold,
Shall glowing thoughts awake !
Yea, thoughts of Friendship's sacred flower,
Which blooms so purely bright ;
Nor withers in some fleeting hour,
Nor fades with Autumn's blight.

And if it ever blossom, Mary,
I'll trace thine emblem fair,
In the bright bud, unfolding soft
Its petals to the air :
Oft it shall bid me think of thee,
And pray that thou may'st cheer,
With love's requital, day by day,
Fond hearts that love thee here.

Thou art thyself a germ, Mary,
Which fond Affection rears,
Joyful at each maturing charm,
That in the bud appears.
Such care demands the choicest sweets
Of tender, filial love,
Until, transplanted from the earth,
The flower shall bloom above.

1846.

LAST WORDS OF THERON.

“What is so cheering,—what can afford such consolation,—what can yield such pure enjoyment, as the religion of Jesus Christ?”

Thus he wrote, and left unfinish'd—
Laid his pencil down to die !
Thus he wrote, and then a message
Call'd him homeward to the sky.

'Twas a dear, lamented brother—
Cease, fond heart, thy throbbing now !
Years have pass'd, since deep affection
Shower'd its tears upon that brow.

Time, they say, is a sure healer ;
Wherefore then do I repine ?
Years have fled, since in my anguish,
Those cold lips were press'd to mine.

Still affection's sacred fountain
Overflows with many a tear ;
Still that name, by some forgotten,
Wakes a thrilling echo here.

Theron ! O, how sweet the music
Of that fondly-cherish'd name,
Though it may not shed its lustre
On the glowing lists of fame !

Yet, on hearts that knew and prized him,
That fond name is traced in love,
And recorded in the volume
Of eternal life above.

Theron's was an ardent spirit,
Theron's was a soul of flame ;
Ever in its flight aspiring
Towards the throne of the I AM.

So aspiring, that earth's fetters
Could not long its pinions chain ;
So unearthly, that the casket
Could not long its gem contain !

What delightful hopes I'd cherish'd—
Hopes, but destined to depart !
Shall I here disclose the secret,
That was hidden in my heart ?

'Twas to see this faithful witness
- Of the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Stand upon the walls of Zion
As a watchman for his God ;

Hear him blow the gospel trumpet,
Spread the news of heavenly grace ;
Publish to a world in darkness,
Tidings of the Prince of peace.

And this hope was not ungrounded,
'Twas a sister's fondest prayer—
How it burn'd within my bosom,
Rousing holy feelings there !

Happy they, who fill that station,
Nearest the eternal throne,
Holding a divine commission
From the High and Lofty One !

But my hopes were quench'd in darkness,
Early quench'd within the tomb ;
Death's cold hand eclipsed their brightness,
Veil'd them in the deepest gloom.

Theron stands upon *Mount Zion*,
Clad in garments wash'd with blood,
Drinking from that living fountain,
Springing from the throne of God !

1843.

A CAUSE FOR SADNESS.

Thou askest wherefore sadness flings
Its darkness o'er my sky ?
And when I touch the tuneful strings,
Thou askest why their murmurings
Are blended with a sigh ?

This question I have long since heard
From many lips before,
With many a harsh, reproachful word,
And many a tone by kindness stirr'd,
Which I shall hear no more.

How shall I answer ? Sure this heart
Hath often, often bled !
Hath often felt the bitter smart,
The fearful pang when friends depart,
To mingle with the dead.

But O ! I am not always wed
To bitter thoughts of gloom :
Sweet blossoms o'er my way are spread,
And fondest friends conspire to shed
A brightness round my home.

Unhappiness was never mine :
Nay, all along my path,
The dew-drops on the blossoms shine,
While busy hands a wreath entwine
With hopes the future hath.

The earth has charms that bind my soul
To thoughts of pure delight ;
The planets, that so sweetly roll
Amid the stars on yonder scroll,
And Cynthia's silver light ;

And mid-day skies of tranquil blue,
When summer's wing is free ;
The waters that reflect their hue,
The blossoms wet with morning dew,—
All, all have charms for me.

Yet, when through brightest paths I tread,
With heart attuned to joy ;
My thoughts soon wander to the dead,
And shadows that seem rife with dread,
Flit past—I know not why !

I said my path was pleasant here,
 And friends were kind and true ;
 But ah ! the world looks hollow, drear—
 From its cold breath I shrink with fear
 Which thousands never knew.

There's a presentiment of gloom,
 Perchance an early death ;
 Which bids me linger near the tomb,
 And muse upon that hour of doom,
 When I must yield my breath.

1847.

HOUR OF SUNRISE.

From the tranquil brow of day,
 Ev'ry star has dropp'd away,
 And the mists of blue
 Rise along the winding streams,
 As the sun's first mellow beams
 Pour in brightness through.

Fresh and still the dew-drop lies,
 Waiting to ascend the skies,
 When the flower awakes ;
 Silence chains the zephyr's wing,
 Nature's low-hush'd murmuring
 Of the calm partakes.

Hour of sunrise, peaceful hour !
 Thou possessest wondrous power
 To enchant the heart—

Joy, that rises now from rest,
 Pours its full tides through the breast,
 Bids the pulses start.

1847.

VOICE OF THE OLD CLOCK.

I gazed on this relic of olden time,
 And, startled at hearing its mournful chime,
 "What hast thou seen?" I exclaim'd with a
 sigh,

And a voice from the old clock made reply:

"Well may'st thou ask what I have seen,
 And tremble at my startling chime;
 For I have measured slowly here,
 A full half century of time.

"I've measured moments big with joy
 To many a youthful, happy heart;
 And I have struck the awful hour,
 Which bade their earthly hopes depart.

"Bright-flashing eyes have beam'd on me,
 Glad hearts have listen'd to my tone,
 While I was counting rapidly
 The happy hours which fled too soon.

"And weary eyes have upward turn'd,
 To trace the hours which moved too slow,
 While in the bosom darkly burn'd
 Consuming cares, and grief, and woe.

“ I’ve gazed upon the smiling babe,
Nestled upon its mother’s breast ;
Mingled my chiming with the song,
Which lull’d it to its evening rest.

“ I’ve seen that mother’s eye grow dim
While watching o’er its cradle bed ;
Her faithful vigils still she kept,
When ev’ry ray of hope had fled.

“ I saw that white-robed infant laid
Off from its weeping mother’s breast,
And placed beneath the coffin lid—
Its last, its safest place of rest.

“ Twice I have seen the youthful bride,
With deep-flush’d cheek, and burning eye,
Smiling and weeping at his side,
To whom she turn’d confidingly.

“ I saw the last fond kiss bestow’d,
Heard the parental counsel given,
While ev’ry throbbing bosom show’d
How tender were the ties then riven.

“ I’ve seen the youthful cheek and eye
Grow brilliant with a fearful light,
And on the forehead, polish’d, high,
Consumption’s signet glist’ning bright.

“I’ve heard the rending word, Farewell,
Breathed faintly from the dying bed ;
And next, the dismal, old, church bell,
Pealing its requiem for the dead.

“O mourner ! haste thee to be wise,
While yet thy moments come and go ;
Changing is all beneath the skies,
Transient is every scene below !

“Prepare for an immortal clime,
For that sweet land where hopes have
flown ;
For thou must leave the shore of time,
And I shall chime thine exit soon !”

Old Clock, thy voice has something strange ;
It speaks of life, and death, and change :—
O ! while we hear the warning given,
May we in time prepare for heaven !

1843.

A VISION.

I cross’d the Atlantic’s billowy flood,
And in a grove of palm-trees stood,
Upon a burning strand,
Where the rich odours wafted by,
And the deep azure of the sky,
Bespoke a foreign land,

In the cool fragrance of that shade,
A lone and mossy grave was made,
 And at its head there stood
An angel, from the realms of light,
Whose folded pinions, ever bright,
 With heavenly radiance glow'd.

“Whom guard’s^t thou there?” I trembling
 said,

While on that low turf-cover’d bed,

 Inquiringly I gazed :

Thus the bright angel made reply,

While upward, toward the beaming sky,

 One glitt’ring wing was raised.

“Would that the earth,” he answer’d weep-
 ing,

“Knew where its mightiest ones were sleep-
 ing!

Alas, it is not so !

Men kneel before a monarch’s bier,

A conqueror’s tomb they proudly rear,

 Their place of burial know.

“But these, their brightest and their best,
They care not where their ashes rest ;

 Neglected and unknown,

The Muse of History heeds them not,

And Poesy seeks not the spot,

 Where they are sleeping lone.

“ But well their deeds are known above,
Their mighty works of faith and love
Are register’d on high ;
And angels, who the record read,
Could wish in the same path to tread,
In the same way to die.

“ Bright seraphs from the’ eternal throne,
With sacred pleasure hasten down,
Commission’d by their Lord,
To take their stations where such lie,
As nobly for their Master die,
And form a flaming guard.

“ Thou askest who is sleeping here ?
A being of this troubled sphere !
To me, to me ’tis given
To guard the poor, unconscious dust,
Till, with the object of my trust,
I am recall’d to heaven.

“ A passion deep within him glow’d,
To linger near Castalia’s flood,
Or tread the halls of lore ;
A panting, deep desire for fame,
The wish to’ immortalize his name—
The last which youth gives o’er.

“ Content with want and woe to meet,
He gave up all at Jesus’ feet,
And falter’d, ‘ *Here am I !* ’

Send where thou wilt, but only send :—
 ‘Lo, I am with you to the end,’
 The Saviour made reply.

“ His eye was fix’d upon this shore,
 His heart with pity’s flood ran o’er,
 Swift to this clime he sped,
 To bear the news of gospel grace ;
 And here he found a resting-place,
 Among the glorious dead.

“ Know’st thou how many sons of night,
 He led into the gospel light ?—
 Nay, nay—thou canst not know !
 But when before the flaming bar,
 Then thou shalt count each radiant star
 That gleams upon his brow.”

1847.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

Julia, I have heard thy story,
 Listen’d to thy tale of woe ;
 There is darkness hanging o’er thee,
 Which the world can never know.

Thy companions gaze with sadness
 On thy wasting cheek so fair,
 Wond’ring why the light of gladness
 Does not shed its lustre there.

Yea, they see the light departed
From thy dark, but lustrous eye,
Wond'ring why the merry hearted
Stifles thus the rising sigh.

There is one among the number,
One who knows the reason well :
Can that guilty conscience slumber ?
Can those lips of falsehood smile ?

He has wrested the affection
Of thy young and trusting heart ;
His must be the sad reflection
That he barb'd and hurl'd the dart.

Thou hast loved, thou gentle creature—
Loved too fondly, and too well !
By thy wasted form and feature,
By thy tears which often swell,

By thy woeful tale of sorrow,
Well I know it has been so !
From what fountain canst thou borrow
Solace for thy bitter woe ?

Friendship ? what can friendship yield thee ?
If thou tell me all thy grief,
I, alas ! can never heal thee,
Cannot yield the least relief.

There is One can ease thy sighing,
One can hush thy soul to rest :
He can love with love undying—
Julia, fly to Jesus' breast !

1847.

TO MY HUSBAND.

Husband, shrink not in the contest
With the powers of hell and night ;
Let thy heart be still undaunted,
Mid the fiercest of the fight.

Oft I see a gloomy shadow
Stealing o'er thy brow awhile ;
Though thou strivest to be cheerful,
There is sadness in thy smile.

Ah ! I know thy heart is weary
Of the roughness of thy way ;
But amid the darkness dreary,
I have seen a gleam of day.

Yes, I see a crown suspended,
In its brightness o'er thy brow ;
And its radiance is blended,
With those mournful shadows now.

The Redeemer means to try thee,
Means to prove thy faithfulness ;
Yet, the while, he lingers nigh thee,
And he lingers nigh to bless.

O ! then, shrink not in the contest
With the powers of hell and night ;
Let thy heart be still undaunted,
In the fiercest of the fight !

Jan. 1848.

THE WISH OF A FRIEND.

“ Yonder, in the crimson west,
Since the sun has sunk to rest,
Through the deep’ning mists afar,
Shines a purely tranquil star ;
Like that sweet star fain would I shine
In this dark world of gloom,
And shed a radiance all divine,
To cheer some humble home.

“ O ! not in grandeur’s noontide rays,
Where prosp’rous suns would round me
blaze ;
Not there, not there would I be seen ;
But with a holy light serene,
Breaking through clouds of moral night,
The lonely heart to cheer ;
Throwing a mild and hallow’d light,
Around some lowly sphere.”

Thus spake my friend, as the last ray
Shone out from the departing day,

And found us in our stroll afar,
 Intently gazing on that star :
 I look'd upon her girlish brow,
 And something strange was there ;
 It sweetly caught the sunset's glow,
 And seem'd surpassing fair.

And now, in poverty's drear vale,
 Where meagre want is wand'ring pale,
 Where suns of grandeur never gleam,
 That star so brilliant sheds its beam ;
 Its rays fall on a wretched home,
 And gladness gathers there ;
 It ever shines amid the gloom,—
 My friend is that sweet star.

1847.

A N EXOTIC.

Stranger flower, whence dost thou come,
 With thy languid, beamless eye ?
 And thy slender, fragile form,
 Trembling at the zephyr's sigh ?
 I never heard thy name,
 Nor saw thy form before—
 They ask me whence it came,
 This pale exotic flower.

Thou 'rt from the distant west,
 Where wild sweet-scented flowers

With richer hues are dress'd,
Than in our garden bowers.
Ah ! is it our cold clime,
Which makes thy cheek so pale,
Thine eye so passionless,
And thy slight form so frail ?

Dost thou bewail thy home,
Sigh for thy native air ;
Where kindred flow'rets bloom
More beautifully fair ?
Lone flower, thy lot is sad ;
For early frosts will come,
And thy soft tints must fade,
A thousand leagues from home.

I knew a stranger flower,
Whose native clime was heaven,
Calm as the twilight hour,
Bright as the star of even.
It bloom'd awhile below,
On the rough waste of time ;
Bloom'd beneath clouds of woe—
An uncongenial clime.

How sadly sweet it smiled
On earth's cold-hearted throngs !
Shrank from its flatt'ring wiles,
And trembled at its wrongs !

But soon the frosts of death
 Fell with their blighting power—
 Beneath their icy breath
 Wither'd the *stranger flower!* !

1844.

CONNUBIAL LOVE.

What, lonely, and unhappy too ?
 My friend, my Lucy, say'st thou so ?
 'Tis passing strange to me !
 Lonely with him who won thy love,
 Unhappy by his side to rove,—
 Methinks it cannot be !

You speak of childhood's happy home,
 Lament the fate which bade thee roam
 In untried paths afar ;
 Breathing, in a most plaintive strain,
 The wish that thou wert back again,
 Where all thy schoolmates are.

Ah ! late a smile was on thy brow,
 When thou didst breathe the marriage vow
 With hopes so bright and fair ;
 One year has pass'd, one fleeting year,—
 Still the same flowers are blooming here,
 Which wreath'd thy glossy hair.

I twined that bridal wreath, my friend,
 And with each flower did wishes blend,
 That Lucy's lot below

Might be as bright with earthly bliss,
With pure unsullied happiness,
As Heaven could well bestow.

But hark ! Afar o'er Hudson's stream
I hear a sigh—'tis like a dream,
A well-remember'd tone !

My ear shrinks from the sad'ning strain—
My friend, my friend ! dost *thou* complain
Of being sad and lone ?

Strange that the heart I thought so warm
With hope and love's mysterious charm,
Should breathe that plaintive strain !
Where, where is he, for whom thy heart
From ev'ry former friend could part,
And break each golden chain ?

I thought Love had a tie so dear,
That while *one* faithful heart was near
To share the spirit's bliss,
This world's most dreary wild would prove
As Eden bright with rays of love,
And purest happiness.

O ! yes, I thought connubial love,
Though a fit flower for climes above,
Could bloom 'neath our cold sky ;

But, Lucy, thine experience seems
 To show the folly of my dreams,
 And give my thoughts the lie.

1845.

THE EARLY DFAD.

Hast thou tears for those who die
 In the morning of their years,
 Ere their bright and silvery sky
 Has been shadow'd o'er with fears ?

Mourn not for the early bless'd :
 They have 'scaped the storms of life—
 O, how tranquil is their rest,
 Undisturb'd by earthly strife !

Say'st thou, it were sad to leave
 All so beautiful and bright—
 Hopes which Fancy loves to weave,
 Fresh with dews of new delight ?

Sad—yet sadder far to live
 Till each hope has fled forever ;
 And the thrill which pleasures give,
 Ceases through the heart to quiver !

Sadder far to linger on
 Till the world is cold and changed ;
 Till the fondest friends are gone,
 And the warmest hearts estranged !

Weep for those who tarry longest
In our uncongenial clime ;
Those whose hopes are link'd the strongest
To the fleeting things of time.

But for such as pass away
In the spring-time of their years,
Those who pass from earth's decay,
It were well to dry thy tears !

If their life, however brief,
Has but taught them how to die,
Why should mists of tears and grief
Cloud their passage to the sky ?

O ! ye bright and early bless'd,
We would breathe a soft adieu !
Yet, while envying such a rest,
Why should tears be shed for you ?

1845.

WHAT I LOVE.

O ! I love the shady grove,
Where the sun-beam never plays ;
And the sunny lawn I love,
Gleaming in the noon-tide rays.

And the cloudless skies I love,
Love their beaming depths of blue ;
And the clouds that wildly rove,
Lighted with a crimson hue.

And I love the sun-beam bright,
 Shining through a summer sky ;
 Love sweet Cynthia's mellow light,
 Falling pure and tranquilly.

Love the twilight's sacred hour,
 When soft shadows round me steal ;
 It hath tranquillizing power,
 Power to make the cold heart feel.

And I love the early dawn,
 When the bird awakes his hymn ;
 When below the rising sun
 Float the vapours soft and dim.

O ! there's beauty everywhere,
 In each path we tread below :
 Music in the sky, the air,—
 Hark—how sweet its numbers flow !

1846.

S O R R O W .

There are tears of sorrow shed,
 O'er the pillow of the dead,
 Wheresoe'er death strikes the blow ;
 But most bitter those which start
 From the parent's burden'd heart,
 O'er their offspring cold and low !

Mother, hast thou gazed through tears,
 O'er the hope of coming years,
 Blighted in its early pride ?

Did the last look haunt thee then,—
 Those soft eyes upturn'd—as when
 In thine arms it smiled and died ?

Thou didst see the lovely flower
 Perish in its morning hour,
 While within thy stricken heart,
 Thou wert garn'ring up with care,
 Cherish'd thoughts of one so fair,
 Thoughts which never can depart.

O ! that bright and happy face,
 Beaming with such heavenly grace,
 Seems to greet thee from the skies ;
 To thy soul a light is streaming—
 'Tis the calm and silent beaming
 Of those tender, infant eyes.

1850.

WHERE IS MY MOTHER ?

Where is my lonely mother,
 This bright autumnal morn ?
 Ah, sits she by my brother,
 Pale and forlorn ?

Methinks I see her listen
 For tones of other years,
 The while her mild eyes glisten
 Through starting tears.

Dear mother, how I love thee !

How fondly, and how well !

May angel wings above thee

All clouds dispel !

May Jesus' smiles enlighten

Thy long and weary way,

While in the distance brighten

The gates of day !

And may thy happy spirit,

Of holiness possess'd,

With mine at length inherit

The land of rest.

1850.

AUGUSTA.

Two short summers shed their beauty

O'er our darling one,

When she droop'd, as flowers that wither

'Neath a vernal sun.

We had watch'd the bright unfoldings

Of th' immortal mind,

Little thinking what afflictions

Were for us design'd.

Hope had sent her dove of promise

Far through future years—

It return'd with drooping pinions,

Through a mist of tears.

Sweet Augusta, thou didst leave us,
 Like all loveliest things ;
 While we gazed, thy form was passing
 On angelic wings !

But thy mem'ry lingers round us,—
 It can never die !

Like a magic chain, it binds us
 To a holier sky !

1848.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

While in those sable weeds array'd,
 With such a sweetly mournful shade
 On thy young brow,
 Pour forth thy tears upon my breast ;
 Tell me, if not *too much distress'd*,
 Thy tale of woe ;
 That flood of grief, so long repress'd,
 Now let it flow.

O, I can join in childhood's glee !
 I love its merry laughter free ;
 But ah ! I dread
 To see a shadow like a pall,
 Over its cheek of roses fall,
 Whence joy has fled !
 Tell me thy sorrow, tell me all—
 Dost mourn the dead ?

“ Stranger, I weep a mother taken
From my embrace, whose smiles could waken
A joyful gleam
Along my path ; but she has gone,
And from her smile that joy has flown
Like a sweet dream,
With all the pleasures I have known—
How brief they seem !

“ O ! once I loved the smiling flowers,
And gather’d, through the summer hours,
Their cups of gold ;
But ’twas to win her smile of love,
I search’d the meadow, and the grove,
Where they unfold—
How can I ’midst those blossoms rove ?
That smile is cold !

“ And, O ! I loved the bird-notes sweet,
That used my flying steps to greet,
In the green shade ;
But since I heard her sweet Farewell,
Sadly and low the wood-notes swell,
Where she was laid,
And gloomy shadows long since fell
Where once I play’d.

“ And I am sad,—at night I weep :
No mother kisses me to sleep,
Or lifts a prayer

Above my pillow of repose;
 Or sings to me, at daylight's close,
 Some solemn air,
 Whose thrilling numbers late arose
 In sweetness there.

“Methinks I see at morning light,
 And through the watches of the night,
 That look so mild—
 That mother's tender look of love,
 It follows me where'er I rove,
 That still, sad smile—
 O ! stoops she not from heaven above,
 To bless her child ?”

1847.

THE OLD MAN'S TEARS.

The last faint smile of twilight
 Was ling'ring in the west,
 And nature's harp of myriad strings
 Hung languidly at rest.

I rose from the turf that covers
 A brother's mold'ring form,
 Where I had just been kneeling
 To plant a wild rose germ.

When lo ! a step intrusive
 Among the tombs I heard,

And the still air of evening
By a mourner's sigh was stirr'd.

An old man stood before me,
Bow'd 'neath the weight of year :
His locks were thin and silvery,
His eyes were dim with tears.

Pointing to a green hillock,
Unmark'd by flower or stone ;
He spoke of its lone tenant,
His child, his only one.

“ Ah ! he has left no sister
To plant his grave with flowers,
And water them with tenderness,
At evening's dewy hours.”

The old man sobb'd in anguish,
And, when he ceased to speak,
Tears, bursting from concealment,
Stream'd down his furrow'd cheek.

I wept—I wept beside him,
Above his only child ;
My own heart's grief forgetting,
Though passionately wild.

Young hearts have often shower'd
My path with scalding tears,
Yet they glisten'd with the freshness
- Of the morning of their years !

But the aged—O, the aged !
 How sad they weep alone,
 When earthly ties are riven,
 And earthly hopes are flown !

Whene'er *my way* looks dismal,
 And hard *my lot* appears,
 I'll think of that sad evening,
 And of that *old man's tears*.

1841.

LEL ME GO.

Let me go ! my heart is weary
 Of this world of sin and care ;
 Cheerless looks my way, and dreary,
 Dangers thick are gath'ring there ;
 Clouds of gloom are rising yonder,
 There the winds in madness blow—
 Wherefore should I longer wander ?
 Let me go !

Let me go ! this fond affection
 May not chain my soul to dust,
 Though I find by close inspection
 Here I've placed too firm a trust :
 Let me now these fond ties sever,
 While the tears in sadness flow—
 O, it will not be forever !
 Let me go !

Let me go ! there lie before me
Worlds, celestial worlds of light !
Even now are bursting o'er me
Floods of glory, O, how bright !
There, those fields of bliss supernal
With unfading beauty glow—
There's the tree of life eternal :
Let me go !

1848.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

A child of the missionary's sickened and died. At its burial, a little brother, who had just begun to lisp in the language of the natives, blended with broken English, exclaimed with tears, "O, father, don't let them plant it ! Don't let them plant it!"—*Evangelist.*

On a far distant isle, amid flashing southern seas,
Where soft and spicy odours float on the gentle
breeze,
A mournful group had gather'd, a new-made grave
was there,
They buried in its bosom an infant young and fair.
The parents wept in anguish, that lowly bed above,
For, O ! the loved had fallen, their youngest pledge
of love ;
And a little lisping prattler clung to his father's
hand,
In childish wonder gazing upon the falling sand.

And when they hid forever, that cherish'd form
so dear,
His soft, blue eye he lifted, that glisten'd through
a tear :
“ Why do they plant it, father,—that lovely babe
of ours ? ”
Why do they plant my brother, as sister plants
the flowers ? ”
Ah ! like the grain that moulders, awhile hid from
the sight,
To rise in life and freshness, more beautiful and
bright ;
So that sweet bud of beauty, that germ of price-
less worth,
Shall spring in all its fragrance from that lone bed
of earth.

1844.

A STRANGE WISH.

O, I wish I had wings !—said a lovely girl,
As she shook from her forehead a shadowing curl,
And eagerly raised her beaming eye,
That caught its sweet blue from the arching sky ;
Her cheek was flush'd and her brow was pale,
And her form like the passion-flower was frail :
That morn she had follow'd the butterfly's flight,
'Till the flush on her cheek had grown strangely
bright,

And exhausted, she sank beside me there,
As her startling wish was breathed in my ear.

Sweet child ! she has now obtain'd her *wings*,
And soar'd away from terrestrial things ;
Like the insect she loved, whose brilliant wing
She watch'd and envied through that bright
spring ;
Like that she ceased to grovel on earth,
And obtain'd a new and a higher birth,—
She left the clay form on *immortal* wings,
And sought the land where the seraph sings.

1843.

SEPARATION.

Two beings at the hush of day,
Together knelt them down to pray,
Where autumn leaves were strewn ;
Their voices blended in the air,
While the sweet, fervent soul of prayer
Ascended to the Throne.

And both were lovely, both were young,
And round them each the world had flung
Its soft, enchanting power ;
But they had turn'd them from its wiles,
And sought the great Redeemer's smiles,
In youth's delightful hour.

And long they knelt—those sisters fair—
In the dim light, together there,
With meek eyes raised to Heaven,
Till o'er their youthful foreheads shone
A beam from the departing sun—
The crimson light of even.

A year pass'd by, and one was seen
With a sad step, and solemn mien,
Upon that spot again :
Where was the other, who had pray'd
With her beneath this hallow'd shade—
That sweetest, lovely friend ?

Where was she ? Ah ! her steps had trod,
Ere then, the paradise of God ;
And while her friend below,
At the sweet, sacred hour of even,
Was kneeling to implore from Heaven
Strength for her night of woe—

She sat in bliss, exalted high,
Amid the angels of the sky,
Where trials are unknown ;
She struck a harp of living fire,
Attuned for the celestial choir,
Before the eternal Throne !

Thus were they parted—they who pray'd
Together in that sylvan shade,

Of the same thought and soul—
 Thus were they parted, *one* to roam
 Still onward through these clouds of gloom,
 And *one* had reach'd the goal.

Together had their lives flow'd on,
 Not different since they first begun,
 Alike in thought and aim—
 Alike the hopes which fill'd each breast,
 Alike their sorrows and unrest,
 And each pursuit the same.

But now how different ! One remain'd
 Down to a world of sorrow chain'd,
 A weary child of care—
 The other, on angelic wing,
 Had sought the clime where seraphs sing,
 And join'd their numbers there.

1848.

WOOD NOTES WILD.

“What makes you sad ?” he said, and prest
 My tearful cheek close to his breast—
 I wept, but could not tell :
 The luxury of tears was sweet,
 While I could feel that warm heart beat,
 And that fond bosom swell.

Why am I sad ? Dost thou ask why
 There seems a shadow in my eye,
 A sadness in my tone ?

'Tis not that I have ceased to love,
Or deem thou couldst unfaithful prove,
 My best, my dearest one.

Not that I am unhappy here,
Yet let me drop this silent tear—

 Thou wilt not be distress'd,
To know the mem'ry of my home,
Of friends I left, with thee to roam,
 Steals sometimes o'er my breast.

The memory of my mother's tone,
Of pleasant hours forever flown,
 Comes with a sudden thrill ;
Wakening the chords about my heart
Till the wild floods of feeling start,
 And tears of sadness swell.

I know thou wilt not love me less,
Nor chide me with harsh words for this—
 It only tells how dear
Are those within my heart enshrined,
While thou art tenderly entwined
 With every feeling there.

1848.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

How mournfully sweet it glides o'er the soul
Like passion's wave which we cannot control !
It comes like a cloud o'er the sky of mirth,
Like a veil of sadness to shadow the earth.

It comes with the breathings of early morn,
 It comes when the whispers of evening are born,
 At the hush of midnight we feel its power,
 Nor can we escape at the noon-day hour.

Softly subduing it touches the heart,
 Bidding the impulse of passion depart;
 O, it comes very oft like waves o'er the soul,
 Like billows of sadness we cannot control !

1847.

TO A FRIEND.

WHO GAVE THE AUTHOR A BOOK OF POEMS.

Friend of my childhood,
 Warm hearts are estranged,
 But thy brotherly kindness
 Remains unchanged !

Shall I tell thee how gratefully
 Fell the quick tear,
 On the token of friendship,
 That lies by me here ?

A volume of poems,
 The gift of a friend—
 Sure pleasure and gratitude
 Sweetly shall blend.

How soothing a solace
 Doth kindness impart,
 When dark looks of envy
 Have long chilled the heart !

But earth's fierce jealousies
Let us forget,
And turn to the memories
Linger ing yet,—

The mem'ries of childhood,
Of days which have flown,
Of friends we have cherish'd,
Now far from us gone.

Thou rememberest, my friend,
That brother of mine,
Whose heart in affection
Clung closely to thine !

Hadst thou no other claim,
Yet for his dear sake,
Thy name should deep feelings
And fond thoughts awake.

Since the days of our childhood
Fond hearts are estranged,
But thy brotherly kindness
Remains unchanged !

1844.

MY TREE HAS FALLEN.

My tree has fallen !—late it rose
In strength and grandeur toward the sky,
Spreading aloft its beauteous boughs,
The storms and tempests to defy ;

How bright its foliage, rich and green !
How sweet its cool refreshing shade !
'Tis fallen now, that beauteous screen,
Which cheer'd so oft my fainting head.

My tree has fallen !—see, it lies
Broken and shiver'd where it fell !
This day I saw the storm arise,
And heard the fitful tempest swell ;
A fearful crash came on the air,
A darker cloud swept hurrying by ;
I look'd—my tree had fallen there
In all its loveliness to die.

My tree has fallen !—let me weep
O'er what I loved so long and well ;
Sweet mem'ries, and emotions deep,
With sadd'ning thoughts my bosom swell ;
The past, the past—its hallow'd hours,
My fallen one, are link'd with thee ;
Mem'ries, that scorn the tempest's power,
Are clinging to my fallen tree.

My tree has fallen !—thus I've seen,
When the dread blast of death swept by,
The young, the lovely, and the bright,
In all their beauty droop and die !
I've wept above the fallen ones,
And wept till all my tears were dry, —

Affections crush'd within the tomb,
And hopes beneath the loved ones lie.

My tree has fallen!—spring will come;
These drooping flowers will bloom again,
The fading foliage brighten too,
And nature's choir awaken then;
But this poor tree will rise no more
To catch the gentle zephyr's sigh,
To greet the sunshine or the shower,
For “where it falleth, it shall lie.”

My tree has fallen!—let it rest,
It is not thus with those who die;
The pure, the holy, and the blest,
Shall live beyond our wintry sky.
A glorious spring-time hastens on—
Our fallen friends at length shall rise,
And hail with joy the peerless dawn
Of life eternal in the skies.

My tree has fallen!—cruel winds
Blow fiercely on, nor cease to wail;
Crush all that's beautiful and bright,
And requiems sing where ye prevail!
Ye fearful blasts of death! sweep on
In all your terror, all your gloom—
Ye cannot blight th' immortal mind,
Nor crush its hopes beyond the tomb!

SUNRISE.

See, each flower is glist'ning through
 Heavy, sparkling gems of dew,
 In the orient rays ;
 All the boughs with pearl-drops gleam,
 And the distant forests seem,
 Like armed bands, to blaze.
 Lo, the bird is on the wing,
 And her matin numbers ring
 To greet the day begun ;
 Freshly nature seems to wake,
 All things of the joy partake
 Which hails the rising sun.

1847.

THE HAPPIEST SPOT.

Ah, I have wander'd far and wide,
 In eastern climes afar,
 And through the breadth of our proud land
 On toward the setting star ;
 And southward I have bent my course
 To lands of burning gold,
 And stood where many a grand old stream
 Its mighty current roll'd.
 In storms and calms I oft have gazed
 Upon the ocean flood ;
 In storied fanes of classic land
 With pleasing wonder stood :—

Have satisfied my deep desire
To tread historic ground,
And now can tell thee which appears
The brightest spot I've found.

Say'st thou, that fondly pleasing place,
Where the beloved abide,
Would seem more fair to thy fond heart
Than all the world beside ?
Well, well I know how bright the sod
A loved one's foot hath press'd,
And know how sacred seems the place
Where the departed rest.

But let me tell thee, gentle friend,
That humble spot is best,
Where we may walk with step serene
And with a heart at rest.
The path where duty beckons us,
Or wisdom casts our lot,
That is, of all the wide-spread earth,
The happiest, sunniest spot.

COME BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Come, beautiful spring ! come, waken the flowers,
And scatter thy fragrance around our way ;
Dispel the dark cloud that around me lowers,
And shuts from my vision the full beams of day.

Come, beautiful spring ! O, dawn in thy brightness !

Unrivet the chain that has bound the sweet rill ;
And bid it rush onward, and sing in its lightness,
And the woods and the vales with its harmony
fill.

Come, beautiful spring ! and thy songsters awaken,
Whose free gushing strain so entrances the ear ;
Reanimate nature so lone and forsaken—
O ! come in thy brightness the spirit to cheer.

Come, beautiful spring ! with thy garland of roses,
To hang in their freshness around the cold urn,
Where the form of the loved one in darkness re-
poses—

O, beautiful spring ! in thy sweetness return !

1848.

MY SLEEPING BABE.

My sleeping babe, an angel's wing
Above thy form is spread,
A sweetness round thy face to fling,
A blessing on thy head.

A tear is on thy lily cheek,
From the fringed eyelid press'd—
A sorrow, which thou couldst not speak,
Has yielded now to rest.

O, if these tiny feet of thine
Shall tread life's pathway far,
More bitter woes thou'l surely find
Thy bosom's peace to mar.

Thy sorrow, O my precious one !
How trifling it must be,
When e'en thy mother's smile alone
Can make the shadows flee !

I gaze upon these early tears,
And think how dark and deep
Will be the surge of after years,
That o'er thy soul must sweep.

And trembling at each frowning ill,
That lies along thy way,
Here by thy cradle, lone and still,
I kneel me down to pray.

O thou, who gav'st the treasure fair,
I yield her back to thee,
And ask that thou, through doubt and ~~error~~
Her blessed Guide mayst be !

Conduct her to that sacred clime
Of innocence and peace,
Where all the gloomy storms of time
Forever more shall cease.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

“Those evening bells—those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells!” T. MOORE.

O'er the blue waves of Shannon's peaceful stream,

A stranger came at close of summer day ;
And saw the turrets of the city gleam
Like burnish'd gold in the clear sunset's ray.

Mild were the glorious skies that arch'd above,
And soft the whisp'ring of the gentle air,
And bright the verdure of the shore and grove,
For Summer's perfumed hand was resting there.

O'er the lone wand'rer came a ray of bliss,
For he was from Italia's sunlit plains,
And thoughts of home stole o'er his loneliness,
Thoughts of its storied vaults, and ivied fanes.

He sat with thoughtful brow and head reclined,
In listless silence musing o'er the past ;
But hark!—those evening bells in solemn chime,
Peal to his ear, and startle him at last !

He trembled as if something moved his soul,
Then, leaning backward, motionless he lay ;
Before the light-sped vessel reach'd its goal,
The lonely wand'rer's spirit pass'd away.

What was there in the sound of those sweet bells,
Which loosed the spirit from its house of clay ?
Why should death's angel come in those deep
swells,
To meet his soul, and summon it away ?

This poor, unhappy, weeping child of Art
Was so mistreated in the world below,
That pitying Death would use no harsher dart,
Than the soft music he had taught to flow.

May, 1848.

A DIVINE PROMISE.

“And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.” Exod. xxxiii, 14.

A pilgrim by life's wayside,
I paused awhile at morn,
And, viewing the dim future,
I sat, and wept forlorn ;
When lo ! a voice of music
Broke on my troubled ear ;
It floated down in sweetness
From yon celestial sphere !
It was this precious promise,
Of which I'd been in quest,—
“My presence shall go with thee,
And I will give thee rest.”

I hasten'd then, delighted,
Upon my pilgrim way—
Where all before was darkness,
Now broke the light of day !
Although my path is thorny,
And skies are often drear,
Yet basks my tranquil spirit
In sunlight always clear ;
While the same promise stealeth
Like whispers from the bless'd,—
“ My presence shall go with thee,
And I will give thee rest.”

I gaze o'er death's cold river,
Which lies before me now,
And shadows, dark with sadness,
Hang o'er my heart and brow.
I see the clime eternal,
Which those rough billows lave ;
And know my soul must struggle
In the mysterious wave—
Then, then this sacred promise
Brings gladness to my breast,—
“ My presence shall go with thee,
And I will give thee rest.”

TO WINTER.

Farewell, Winter ! if we ever
Meet again as we have met,
I will strive, at thy departure,
To have nothing to regret.

Farewell, Winter ! thou hast left us,
But we will not mourn thy flight ;
Long and dark have been thy tempests,
Cold and frequent, day and night.

Ah ! thine hours were long and heavy,—
How they bore the spirit down !
Winter,—fearful, dismal Winter,—
We rejoice to find thee gone !

Spring is coming, and we fancy
She will strew our way with flowers ;
Long have we been sweetly dreaming
Of her bright and sunny bowers !

If I tarry through the summer,
I will be prepared to meet
All thy dread, returning darkness,
Angry winds and stormy sleet.

Farewell, Winter ! if we ever
Meet again as we have met,
I will strive, at thy departure,
To have nothing to regret.

OTHER DAYS.

Oft their mem'ry comes around me
Like a strain of music low,
And the sudden gush of feeling
Bids my tears in torrents flow.

In a moment fancy bears me
Back to scenes forever fled ;
And I listen to sweet voices
Which are hush'd among the dead.

And I tread again the pathway
Which in early life I trod,
With the friends who now are sleeping
'Neath the flower-besprinkled sod.

Once the world look'd bright and lovely,
And my heart was glad and free
As the sky-lark's airy pinions,
Or the ever-roving bee.

But though free, and glad, and happy,
I had no such earthly bliss,
As since then I've found upspringing,—
Fountains in life's wilderness.

Yet anon, the days that vanish,
Like the streams that wander by,
Will come back in memory
And o'ercloud my sky.

THIS WORLD OF OURS.

O ! there is something strangely, sweetly bright,
In every dew-drop, and each ray of light,
Which sends a thrill
Deep through the quick'ning pulses of the soul ;
And waves of wild delight, above control,
O'erwhelm the will.

This deep and holy charm is in the sky,
And in the zephyr passing calmly by,
Or wild winds free ;
I see it resting on the turf and flowers—
Tell me, sad stranger ! is this world of ours
As bright to thee ?

“ Ah ! there are beauties which my heart can
trace—
Charms, which the hand of grief can ne'er efface
From earth or sky ;
But yet they waken in this breast of mine
Less of the gushing joy which gladdens thine—
Perchance, a sigh !

“ Sometimes a veil of darkness seems to rest,
Perhaps a shadow from my own dark breast,
On all things here ;

Then all I gaze upon, however bright,
In nature's fields of harmony and light,
 Calls forth a tear.

“It was not thus ere death had cross'd my
 path ;
Ere life's tremendous storms, in all their wrath,
 Burst o'er my head,—
It was not thus, for I remember well,
When from the sunny stream and flowery dell,
 No ray had fled.

“The fragrant flowers must now be just as
 bright,
And just as rich the sunset's mellow light ;
 But o'er them all
There seem to gather vapours of thick gloom—
Yea, on the bosom of earth's sweetest bloom,
 There seems a pall !

“ See now, the summer's beauties all have flown,
And autumn's pensive smiles have left us lone !
 But Faith's clear eye
Looks upward to a land where fadeless flowers,
And hopes, more sweet than cheer this world
 of ours,
Shall never die.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

I wander'd forth at eventide,
 And in the arch of night
Two little starlets I descried,
Which, trembling sweetly side by side,
 Blended their mellow light.

And then I thought of friendship here
 In this sad world of gloom :
Thus 'tis with friends of heart sincere,—
Each helps the other's path to cheer,
 Making life's desert bloom.

I saw two flowers of modest sheen,
 Which grew and bloom'd together,
And, smiling still the same, were seen
All sweetly wreathed in tender green,
 Through storm and sunny weather.

And thus methought, e'en thus with friends
 Of spirit kind and true,—
They to each other sweetness lend,
Their virtues and their talents blend,
 Like blossoms of one hue.

Friendship—it is a priceless gem,
 Of pure, intrinsic worth ;
A poet's richest diadem,
A star whose lustre ne'er grows dim,
 A fadeless flower of earth.

Yet, Susan, dear, however sweet
True friendship's links are twined,
To render them still more complete,
O, let us at the Saviour's feet
The sacred offering bind.

1847.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Snows were falling thick and dismal ;
Winds were howling sadly by ;
Clouds of deepest gloom were sailing
Fearfully along the sky.

In a far off, lonely dwelling,
List'ning to the tempest wild,
Sat a mother sadly silent,
Gazing on her only child.

Glad she was to see him silent,
For his busy, prattling tongue
Had her fond, maternal bosom
With the deepest anguish wrung.

He had talk'd of days of sunshine,
When his father's step would come,
At the stilly hour of evening,
Flinging gladness round their home ;
When his voice was always cheerful,
When he smiled and kiss'd his son—

“But,” he said, “those days of gladness
Now are gone, forever gone.”

As he spoke, he turn’d his blue eye
Upward to his mother’s face—
Then she saw a noble feeling
Struggling there, above disgrace.

“Are you weeping, dearest mother ?
This I cannot, cannot bear !
Though with shame and scorn I struggle,
Yet I cannot brook thy tear !

“Yesterday I met my playmates—
O, how tauntingly they smiled !
Pointed at my tatter’d garments,
Calling me *a drunkard’s child* !

“I can brave my mates’ reviling ;
Poverty and scorn I’ll bear ;
All my father’s cruel curses—
But I cannot brook thy tear !”

1845.

FOREBODINGS.

Autumn’s wing is o’er me,
Hazy, calm, and mild ;
Winter is before me,
With its tempests wild.

Farther on is glowing
Spring's enchanting light,
And her breath is wooing
Hill and valley bright.

Spring ! I may not meet thee
When the storms are gone—
I shall never greet thee
On the verdant lawn !

I must pass forever
From this land of bloom,
And thy breath of fervour
Steal around my tomb.

Autumn's wing is o'er me,
Hazy, calm, and mild ;
Winter is before me
With its tempests wild.

Thus death's frigid winter
Lies before me now ;
Soon his wing of terror
Will o'erspread my brow.

But a spring-time glorious
Waits me in yon clime ;
I shall be victorious
Over Death and Time.

A LADY TO HER HUSBAND.

Husband, when you said, "Good-night,"
Tears had gather'd in my eye ;
Sorrow choked my utterance quite,
When I strove to make reply.

'Twas not for myself I fear'd,
Though my sky might never be
By a prosp'rous sun-beam cheer'd,
But I felt, *I felt for thee.*

And that night, when all alone,
Watching while our children slept ;
Where the placid moonlight shone,
Long for thee I pray'd and wept.

Thou hast told me oft, my dear,
That thy grief was all for me ;
But undaunted I could bear
The severest poverty.

While thy forehead wears a calm,
And thine eye a happy light—
Though amid the darkest storm,
If thou 'rt cheerful, all is bright.

O, then, let the storm blow o'er !
Drive its shadows from thy heart !
And remember evermore,
I am happy while *thou art.*

DREAMS.

Do they not shadow forth
The soul's immortal birth ?

Do they not whisper of a wondrous doom ?
These busy dreams of ours
Show that the mind has powers
Which must survive the terrors of the tomb.

We sleep, but busy thought
Seeks out the hallow'd spot
Which those we dearly love are treading now ;
Our hearts again rejoice,
We listen to the voice,
And gaze upon the dear, unalter'd brow.

We hold communion sweet
With hearts that fondly beat,
Throbbing for us in this cold world of woe :
O happy, happy dreams !
Sending forth blissful gleams,
Ye make our waking path with beauty glow.

Ah, yes ! ye shadow forth
The soul's immortal birth,
Surely ye whisper of a life to come ;
Where restless souls like ours
May try their wondrous powers,
Powers that defy the terrors of the tomb.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

Where is that unseen world afar,
From whence no tidings ever come ?
We meet the light of many a star,
Which long has travel'd through the
gloom,
But not one ray from that far clime
Has ever reach'd our wishful eye,
To tell us of that sphere sublime,
Which mortals call eternity.

Where is that unseen world ?—O where
That land with boundless visions fraught ?
It must, it must be stretching far
Beyond the sphere of human thought ;
For I remember, many a guest
Has left us for that unknown shore—
Full many a wanderer, in quest
Of higher joy, returns no more !

Friends, ardent friends, we long have sought,
Wander amidst the darkness there—
We call—but O, they answer not !
Where is the spirit-land—O where ?
One after one has pass'd away,
Launching his bark on death's cold river ;
But, thanks to God ! the soul, they say,
The immortal soul survives forever.

MY FATHER HAS COME.

[During a fearful tempest, in the absence of her father, my little daughter came to me flushed with animation, and clapping her hands, exclaimed : “ *My pa come! My papa come! O mamma! my pa has come.*”]

’Tis so, my love, though in thine eye
 The tears of disappointment glisten ;
 Though for that step and voice so dear
 Thou didst so long and vainly listen.
 Though dear papa, with happy smile,
 May not, as is his wont, caress thee ;
 Yet thy great Father in the storm
 Is near to-night, and near to bless thee.
 Hark ! even now along the cloud
 I hear his chariot wheels advancing ;
 His voice is in the tempest loud,
 His lightning through the darkness glancing.
 And happy wilt thou be, my dear,
 If in the stormy way before thee,
 While folding clouds, so cold and drear,
 Are hanging sternly, darkly o’er thee—
 O ! happy wilt thou be, sweet child,
 If in affliction’s night of sadness,
 Thou say’st, “ My heavenly Father’s near,”
 With such a startled smile of gladness.

THE AWAKENING.

Nature awakens : with the soft spring air,
New life is starting forth everywhere !
Yon winding streamlet, mute so long,
Breaks forth again in a free wild song ;
Down on its margin the moss crest is bright,
As it peers again from its wintry night. .

The bird is out on its joyous wing,
Catching the pure inspiration of spring ;
And the murmur'ring bee has commenced its flight,
Its patient " search amid all things bright ;"
On every breeze new harmony floats,
The air is alive with gladsome notes.

Shall nature inanimate waken again,
New life and beauty spread over the plain ?
Shall all around us be vocal with song,
All eager the choral praise to prolong,
And the human heart, 'mid the wak'ning of spring,
Be the only dormant and tuneless thing ?

Shall the soul that boasts of such lofty powers,
Such a limitless range through this world of ours ;
That can fly through the infinite halls of space,
And number and measure the worlds where it
strays—

Shall a soul like this, 'mid the spring time's glee,
Be weigh'd to the dust in despondency ?

Has wintry death o'er thy path been sweeping ?
Are those thou hast loved in its darkness sleeping ?
Dost thou weep that the beautiful flowers spring
forth,

And awak'ning melodies gladden the earth,
While voices long hush'd in the silence of death,
Shall wake not again with the sweet spring's
breath ?

Look up at that bow in the *heart's* clear sky,
That pledge of the soul's immortality !

It glows 'neath the clouds that envelop thee here,
The *gospel*—it speaks of a deathless sphere !

Then arise ! arise with the gladsome spring,
And partake of the joyous awakening.

1845.

TO THEOPHILUS.

I've a home of still seclusion,
Where I sit me down to write,
Far from hurry and confusion,
In the dim and curtain'd light.

And this home is peaceful, happy,

Not a jar of discord here—
Yet to-day I'm sadly musing
With a slowly falling tear :

Thinking of the home of childhood,

Where my earlier springs have smiled ;

Thinking of that pleasant wildwood,
Where I play'd a joyful child :

Thinking of my home, my mother,
Of the faces round that hearth—
O ! my brother, dearest brother,
'Tis the brightest spot on earth !

But though brightest, there's one other,
Where I love the best t' abide—
'Tis with him, my dearest brother,
Who has took me to his side.

April. 1848.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

“There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.”—MONTGOMERY.

Dost thou believe it, lonely one,
Hanging o'er that marble stone ?
Dost thou think that death can sever,
Ties so strongly form'd forever ?
Dost thou believe *that union sweet*
 Ended in his grave ?
And that ye shall never meet
 Over Jordan's wave ?

I saw a lovely infant press'd
In anguish to thy throbbing breast,

And heard thee say, " My child, my child,
On thee a father hath not smiled !
A father's kiss thou shalt not know,
 My dearest, sweetest one—
Ah ! who shall guide thy steps below,
 My son, my son ! "

Thy sorrowing grief how wild and deep,
As bitterly I saw thee weep ;
And yet, methinks, from all thy grief
Thou wouldest have scorn'd to seek relief,
If thou hadst felt in that dark hour
 The fearful thought arise,
That cruel death possess'd the power
 To break those ties.

The grave hath never yet confined
The thinking, loving, deathless mind !
The casket soon in dust may lie,
But can our sweet affections die ?
Let no such thought its darkness throw
 Around thy heart oppress'd—
It should not cause one pang of woe
 In thy sad breast.

O ! while thou mourn'st the loved and blest,
Longing to find his place of rest ;
Remember thine affections pure
Shall ever, evermore endure !

Death cannot break the blissful tie,
That's form'd in heaven ;
A union, seal'd by the Most High,
Cannot be riven.

1846.

JESUS SMILES.

Jesus smiles, and earth is bright
With the purest, holiest light :
What though clouds our sky overspread !
What though storms around us lower !
Beauty will be o'er us shed,
Sweetness every passing hour.

Talk of nature's fairest charm,
When the summer's breath is calm—
Ah ! without the Saviour's smile,
Earth would be most sad and drear !
It would seem a barren wild,
With no sunny ray to cheer.

Jesus smiles, and o'er the soul
Streams of heavenly sweetness roll ;
Earthly care must fly away,
When such peace the soul pervades ;
Earthly sorrow cannot stay,
But disperseth like the shades.

Jesus smiles, and death appears
But the end of all our fears :

Not a shade of darkness seems
 Gath'ring o'er the grave before us ;
 For the star of Bethlehem beams,
 With a sacred radiance o'er us.

Jesus smiles, and o'er our way
 Streams of sunbright glory play ;
 And the fields of promise shine
 Far beyond death's rolling flood,
 Where the soul its joy may find
 In the presence of its God.

O ! there 's nothing sweet as this,
 Nothing yields such sacred bliss,
 As the light of Jesus' smile,
 In this world of care and gloom :
 Father, cheer thine erring child
 With its radiance to the tomb !

Oct. 1848.

THE DYING SAINT.

Morning's rosy light is streaming
 Round my restless pillow now,
 See the soft effulgence gleaming
 Brightly o'er my pallid brow.

Odorous breezes, richly laden,
 Whisper sweetly near my bed,
 And all nature seems to gladden
 'Neath the sweet Spring's music-tread.

All is bright, but I no longer
On these charms may feast mine eye ;
There's a holier bond, and stronger,
Draws my spirit to the sky.

Surely earth has cast its brightness
Richly o'er my wearied heart,
And my soul has felt the lightness
Which its buoyant hopes impart.

But far deeper, holier feelings
Draw me gently up to heaven,
For the Spirit's rich revealings
Have unto my soul been given.

List ! I hear the secret calling
Of a blest and viewless band,
Who, when death's dark mists are falling,
Shall escort me to that land.

That bright realm, unseen by mortals,
Yet by faith so often trod,
Opens now its dazzling portals,
And I haste to meet my God.

Sept. 1848.

PRAY FOR ME.

“Pray for me”—a tender tone
Whisper'd in my ear ;
When I knew that step was gone,
Quickly gush'd the tear.

And I raised my heart to God,
 Overwhelm'd with feeling,
 While affection's tearful flood
 Down my cheek was stealing.

Dearest one ! to pray for thee
 How could I omit,
 When in such delightful bonds
 Thy soul with mine is knit !

And, whene'er thy heart ascends
 To the Father's throne,
 Wilt thou think of me, and blend
 My interests with thine own ?

We are fully one in heart,
 One we still shall be ;
 And till life itself depart
 I will pray for thee.

Oct. 1848.

THE EARNEST OF OUR INHERITANCE.

Thou may'st find it when a shadow
 Rests upon the earth and sky,
 At the stilly hour of twilight,
 When the winds go murmur'ring by.

Seek some place of sweet seclusion,
 When the voice of care is still,
 And the stormy waves of passion
 Cease to overwhelm the will.

Let thy spirit from its fulness
 There unburthen all its load ;
 Freely pouring forth in secret,
 All its deep desires to God.

Then the earnest of the Spirit
 May unto thy soul be given—
 The seal of thine inheritance,
 The “signet seal of Heaven.”

Thou may’st find it when a shadow
 Rests upon the earth and sky,
 At the stilly hour of twilight,
 When the zephyrs murmur by.

1845.

A CHANGE.

Again I sought the friendly hearth,
 That once resounded with the mirth
 Of childhood’s thoughtless heart ;
 That sacred fireside where I met
 The friends, whose mem’ry lingers yet,
 And will not soon depart.

A happy group once gather’d there :
 I’ve mingled with them when at prayer,
 Before their altar bow’d ;
 I’ve joined them many a happy hour—
 Ah, mem’ry speaks with thrilling power !
 How fast her visions crowd !

How oft the school-room's bustling airs,
And weary thoughts, and anxious cares,

Have been forgotten here ;
This social hearth-stone had a charm,
A pleasing smile, a soothing balm,
The drooping heart to cheer.

The eldest girl—I see her now
With smiling lip, and cheerful brow,
As she was wont to shine ;
The happiest of a youthful throng,
She had so rich a gift for song,
It seem'd almost divine.

But now that hearth was sad and lone—
I miss'd Louisa's cheerful tone,
For death had claim'd his prey ;
But sweeter seem'd the song she sung,
Since death had still'd her tuneful tongue,
And borne her form away.

Was there no other change than this—
One spirit gone to realms of bliss ?

Then why that deep despair
Impress'd upon the father's brow ?
Why should the mother languish low,
Sick with corroding care ?

Another form I miss'd that day—
A son, a brother far away,
Within a prison's wall !

O, had he like his sister died,
Were he but sleeping by her side,
They could have borne it all !

But, dead to virtue, lost in guilt
Surely the parents' heart-strings felt
A pang unknown before ;
Fiercer than that which rends the heart,
When those we dearly love depart,
As life's last hopes are o'er.

Strange gloom had o'er that circle spread :
No cheerful tone, no gladsome tread—
Even childhood check'd its glee,
As if a step too light would start
The dagger to the parents' heart,
And wake their misery.

O, fearful change ! I may not now
Paint the dire thoughts which pain'd my
brow,
And burn'd within my breast :
I left the threshold—but the scene,
The picture I beheld within,
Was on my heart imprest.

1845.

TO MRS. MARY GIFFIN.

What theme shall wake the warblings of my lyre ?
What muse shall tune it with poetic fire,
While I shall sing for thee ?

Were I to catch some glowing thoughts of earth,
And pour the rising numbers wildly forth
In richest harmony—

They would not charm, methinks, thy list'ning ear,
But thou wouldst choose of Jesus' love to hear,
Of Jesus' wondrous name :—

O then, blest Spirit ! tune my heart with fire,
And with thy breathings animate my lyre,
And touch my pen with flame.

Thou know'st, my friend, religion's sacred power,
Hast proved its sweetness in the sorrowing hour,
And in the prosp'rous day ;

Thou knowest *well* the spirit-cheering light,
Which heav'nly hope sheds through time's trou-
bled night,
Along the “*narrow way.*”

And thou hast felt, while at the altar kneeling,
A heavenly radiance o'er the spirit stealing,
Dispelling earthly care ;

The unbound soul has seem'd released from earth,
While pouring its high supplications forth
In the lone place of prayer.

O ! there is something in religion's light,
Which links the soul with all things pure and
bright,
And bids it look away,

Beyond the storms and clouds of earthly care,
To a sweet clime most beautiful and fair,
Where shines a cloudless day.

Then let us fix the eye of faith above,
And while we triumph in a Saviour's love,
Prepare for that bright shore ;
Where friends, long parted on the coast of ti
Shall meet and mingle in a strain sublime,
And sigh "*Farewell*" no more.

1848.

COME, LET US GO TO HEAVEN.

Come, let us go to heaven :—this home of ours
Is lash'd by rough waves dashing 'gainst the
shore ;
Here frosts of autumn chill the summer flowers,
And here the stormy tempests fiercely roar !
Come, let us haste—'tis time we were away,
These threat'ning clouds forbid a longer stay.

Come, let us go to heaven :—our pathway lies
Close by the Cross, a lowly, narrow way,
Yet lighted up with glory from the skies,
'Tis radiant with a full, eternal day !
O ! let us seek at once this narrow path,
Safe from the winds of woe, the storms of wrath.

Come, let us go to heaven :—it is a land
More beautiful than ever met the sight—

Soft breezes blow along that blissful strand,
And its pure river lies in sacred light ;
And far along those ever-radiant skies,
Sweet strains of heavenly harmony arise.

Come, let us go to heaven :—the restless mind
Longs to be ranging on that blissful shore ;
O, let it drop its mortal garb behind,
Seize its bright pinions, and begin to soar !
Come, ye blest guard—come, ye angelic band,
And waft our spirits to that heavenly land.

Feb., 1848.

A CRADLE SONG.

Hush'd is the sound of laughter now,
And the childlike wailings cease,
While over the lip, and on the brow
Has fallen a smile of peace :
Forgotten now is the frolic play,
Her little griefs are forgot ;
The sounds that have charm'd her ears to-day,
In slumber she heedeth not.

Thus wilt thou sink to rest, my child,
When the day of life is o'er ;
When thy childish mirth, and sorrows wild,
Shall distract the heart no more.

Thou wilt lay 'side the gilded toys
That suited thy heart awhile,
Forgotten will be the pomp and noise,
Which could once thine hours beguile.

With heavy eyes thou'l sink to rest,
My own, my beautiful one,
With white hands folded over thy breast,
When the soul from earth has flown !
But O ! whenever that hour draws nigh,
And death steals over thy brow,
May thy lips express as soft a sigh,
And a smile as sweet as now !

1849.

MY THREE HOMES.

I have a home, a happy home,
Than all the world beside more dear ;
And though my thoughts may sometimes roam,
My happy heart is always here.
A tender friend beside my hearth,
Kneels down at morn and eve to pray ;
And two sweet voices full of mirth
Are echoing round it all the day.
This friend, whose smile is like the sun
To cheer with its enliv'ning power ;
This trusting, this confiding one,
To whom my heart turns ev'ry hour ;

And these twin buds of beauty bright,
Beside my daily pathway shine ;
It thrills my heart with pure delight,
Whene'er I fondly call them mine !

I have a home—another home,
Where a fond father sits to-day ;
Over his spirit shadows come,
He thinks of dear ones far away !
There beams a mother's pensive smile,
Ev'n till the stars of midnight burn ;
She muses of me all the while,
And breathes a prayer for my return.
And there a brother, sister, dwell,
With whom my earliest moments flew—
O, how my heart's affections swell,
At thought of those so kind and true !
How oft my thoughts take eagle's wings,
And seek once more that sacred spot !
Then some sweet voice the whisper brings,
That there my name is unforgot.

I have another, brighter home,
Where sorrows never dare intrude :
Far, far beyond the azure dome,
It holds the beautiful and good.
A fair young sister waits me there,
In robes of holiness and light ;

And there three brothers, fondly dear,
In songs of harmony unite.
And other friends in that fair land,
With whom my happiest hours were pass'd,
Are mingling with the angel band,
Ready to welcome me at last.
And best of all, my Saviour's smile
Sheds sacred brightness where they roam :
O Father, guide my steps awhile,
Then take me to that heavenly home !

1849.

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.

Philippians, iv, 4.

Rejoice in the Lord at the clear hour of morning,
The morning of life, when the heart is at rest ;
When the pearl-drops of beauty each spray are
adorning,
And flowers in their brightest apparel are
dress'd.
Rejoice in the Lord at the noontide of gladness,
When life with meridian brightness doth glow ;
When thy sky is unshadow'd by sorrow or sadness,
And earth has no joy which thy heart does
not know.

Rejoice in the Lord at the still hour of even,
When over the landscape the twilight
comes on :

When the spirit looks up for the starlight of
heaven,

And the sun of existence shines out, and is
gone.

1849.

THE DYING MOTHER.

I had not thought to die so soon,

My sun has not yet reach'd the noon

Of life's short, transient day ;

Friends, ardent friends, are kind and true,

And hopes, as fresh as morning dew,

Were glist'ning in my way.

Death has been farthest from my heart,

I deem'd not I must soon depart

Into his mystic clime ;

I had not thought the fun'ral knell

So soon upon the breeze would swell,

To speak my flight from time.

But I must go,—yet bring me now

The babe, upon whose fair young brow

I 've gazed so oft in pride ;

Ah ! who shall list, when I am gone,

In pity to its wailing moan ?

And who shall be its guide ?

Who watch the path its feet may tread,

With blessing for its youthful head ?

And who its griefs will share ?

Who love it with a mother's love ?
 None, but that mighty Friend above,
 Who hears a mother's prayer.

He only knows how swift, and deep,
 The billows that my soul o'ersweep
 Of strong undying love—
 O Father ! listen to my cry,
 And be thy Spirit ever nigh,
 To guide her steps above !

1849.

SPRING HATH A TEACHING VOICE.

I heard it in my walk to-day,
 Through the verdant fields of May,
 Where the breezes, late so cold,
 Softly round my forehead stole ;
 There a mystic voice so clear,
 Gently broke upon my ear :—

“ Thus, when all with gloom is rife,
 Beauty wakens into life !
 Though across thy morning sky,
 Clouds may flit incessantly,
 Never yield thy heart to fear,
 Brighter days will yet appear.”

I heard it through the garden trees,
 Where the small, but busy bees,
 Ply their restless wing from morn
 Till the dewy eve's return—

There I heard its whispers sweet,
Which the zephyrs oft repeat :—

“ Let the spring-time of thy years
Be as well employ’d as theirs ;
Lay the choicest sweets in store,
Youth’s bright hours will soon be o’er ;
Cull from all things pure and bright
Stores, that may thine age delight.”

I heard it in the leafy wood,
Amid the dreamy solitude,
Where the ancient shadows slept,
And the moss of ages crept—
As the new green leaves were stirr’d,
There its thrilling tones I heard :—

“ Time, in hurried march may sweep,
And oblivion’s shadows creep
O’er the past—yet from the tomb,
Breaking through its deep’ning gloom,
Shall a glorious morn come on,—
The day of endless life shall dawn !”

1846.

WEEP NOT.

When Mary, o’er her brother’s tomb,
Was bending low in speechless gloom,
The Saviour saw the mourner’s grief,
And came to yield her sweet relief :

His ever gracious, pitying eye
Was fill'd with purest sympathy.

“Weep not!” her loving Master said ;
“Thy friend shall leave his dusty bed.
Thy brother, now corrupting here,
Shall to thy weeping eyes appear !”
He spake—what music in his voice !
It made her broken heart rejoice !

O ! when like hers, the bitter tear
Was flowing for my brother dear ;
When naught on earth could yield relief,
Or blunt the piercing darts of grief,
I heard the same sweet, heavenly sound,
And comfort to my spirit found.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

To some, it has flitted sweetly by
Like a bright, translucent stream,
Bearing the image of the sky
In an ever-wavy gleam :
To some, it has brought the bane of woe,
The dregs of sorrow’s cup ;
The recording angel lingers now
To seal its records up.

Shall we recall the buried past ?
Its shadowy hope and fear ?

The pictured joys too bright to last,
Which fled with the dying year ?
Ah ! Time has borne them on his wing
To an eye that has not slept,
And in eternity's archive
The record shall be kept.

How well has our part been acted here ?
Our part in the drama of life ?
How in the calm of the vanish'd year ?
How 'mid its heartless strife ?
And how have we gain'd the smile, or frown
Of Him who rules on high ?
How ! The answer is written down
On a scroll that cannot lie !

We will not look upon the past
Too long in vain regret ;
There are duties in the narrow path
That wait our footsteps yet.
But ah ! who can disclose the gloom
In the new year folded up ?
Or say it does not hide a tomb,
Strew'd o'er with the flowers of hope ?

Yet, yet with confidence we turn
To its untrodden way,
While the stars of hope above us burn,
Lit up with a quenchless ray.

O ! the bright dreams that fancy hath
O'er the new year cast their spell !
We turn, we turn to its untried path—
Departed year, farewell !

1846.

IN A LONE COTTAGE.

In a lone cottage far away,
With shadows on my brow,
I watch the driving storm to-day
Where tall, dark cedars bow.

Why should I from each idol part ?
Each friend of infancy ?

Why am I here ? My trembling heart,
Durst thou not answer why ?

It was my Saviour's hallow'd love,
Which lured my footsteps on ;
I saw him reaching from above
A radiant, starry crown.

Nor was it this alone, which drew
My heart from its retreat,
And bade me sigh a long adieu
To scenes of home so sweet.

There was a tie more earthly far,
Which drew my soul away ;
Love, like a soft, bewildering star,
Has led me thus to stray.

But O ! a sweeter, holier love,
With this affection blended,
Shall draw me to a home above,
When this short life is ended.

Jan. 1848.

TO MY TWIN DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR BIRTH.

Your mother's heart beats high with bliss,
My little ones, to-day !
For, with unwonted happiness,
She views your childish play ;
Thinking how time, whose wing so oft
Spreads mildew through the air,
Has only cast a radiance soft
Upon each cheek so fair !

Mem'ry beholds those helpless forms
Upon my bosom laid,
When the first tears of love fell warm
And silent on each head :
Mem'ry recalls the hopes and fears
Which day by day were felt,
Lest death should blight, or coming years
Stain the pure heart with guilt.

Rather than see your lives flow on
Till sin their beauty mar,
I would resign you, one by one,
All lovely as ye are :—

Would yield you up to Him who gave,
Fresh as the dew-drops bright ;
Lay my fond treasure in the grave,
And veil my soul in night.

But hope has sketch'd a path for you
Beneath a smiling sky,
Where flowers shall bloom of loveliest hue—
The flowers of purity.
Yes, hope has promises of bliss,
Pictures divinely fair,
Which, like all earthly happiness,
May soon dissolve in air !

Fear whispers that a few short years
May find you side by side,
Lone orphans, pouring forth your tears
Upon life's desert wide—
But O ! whate'er your lot may be,
May some bright spirit come
To guide your steps in purity
To a celestial home !

Dec. 8th, 1848.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

It stands, adorn'd with clust'ring leaves,
Just by the door-step here,
Where June has hung her flowering wre
For many a circling year.

Now as its opening buds appear,
How memory fondly stirs ;
How quickly, warmly starts the tear—
My sister call'd it hers !

Where is that hand which loved to twine
Its first faint buds of red ?
The blossoms still in beauty shine—
That hand is with the dead.

O ! by these buds, just opening now,
I know that month has come,
When she, with aching, fev'rish brow,
Was passing to the tomb.

She ask'd to have her pillow moved,
One lovely morn like this,
To see the rose she nursed and loved
In days of health and bliss.

But when it reach'd its fullest bloom,
She was for burial dress'd ;
Its leaves were pluck'd in fresh perfume,
And strew'd upon her breast.

And there they wither'd with the one
Whom we had loved so well ;—
O, thus 'twas ever 'neath the sun
With all things beautiful !

A LETTER.

A letter—O, a letter !
All beautiful and bright,
With my own name traced upon it,
Now greets my anxious sight.
It is a priceless treasure—
Who does not know its worth ?
To me it seemeth richer
Than all the gems of earth.

A letter—O, a letter !
I press it to my heart—
For aught the world could give me
I would not with it part !
Within its sacred foldings
A precious treasure lies,
Which makes the fount of feeling
E'en now o'erflow my eyes.

A letter—O, a letter !
'Tis from an absent friend—
The sacred words within it
By his own hand were penn'd.
I think, while gazing on it,
That I am rich indeed—
But let me drop my pencil,
And break the seal, and read.

WINTER.

They sing of spring and summer months,
Of autumn too they sing ;
But who has yet admired thy charms,
Thou stormy, snow-crown'd king ?

In ev'ry vale, on ev'ry height,
Thou hast thy beauties too,
Not less attractive than the flowers
When bright with gems of dew.

There's beauty in the silver threads
Thou hangest on the trees ;
And music in their branches, made
By ev'ry rustling breeze.

There's beauty in thy frost-work rare,
O'erspreading ev'ry pane ;
There's beauty in those icy links
Which now the rills enchain.

The stars of winter brightly burn,
Like jewels in the sky ;
And the long streamers of the north
Have now their deepest dye.

And there is beauty in the glow
Of winter's blazing hearth,
When round it, through long evenings, sit
The best beloved of earth.

O winter ! thou hast hours of bliss,
 And hours for sober thought ;
 Lessons of wisdom, love, and truth,
 Which summer knoweth not.

Feb. 1849.

PSALM XCI, 2.

“For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep
 thee in all thy ways.”

Young disciple, dost thou fear
 Dangers lurking in thy path ?
 Are the skies that spread above thee,
 Sullen with impending wrath ?

Is thy way like desert sands,
 Scorch’d beneath thy feet and dry ?
 Are the flowers of hope, so blooming,
 Wither’d ’neath a cheerless sky ?

Hear this promise, rich and sweet,
 Sounding from the sacred word—
 How thy dark, desponding spirit
 By its music should be stirr’d :

“ God shall send his angels forth,
 All commission’d, from the sky ;
 In their might they shall defend thee,
 In their arms shall bear thee high !”

O ! poor soul,—look up and see,
 Through the mist that veils thy sight,

Throng of spirits, clothed in beauty,
Coming from the world of light !

Jesus, thou hast sent them hither
To protect thy feeble one ;
They shall bear me up to heaven
When my day of life is done.

Nov. 1848.

WE RAMBLED THROUGH THE WOOD.

We rambled through the gorgeous wood,
And spent some pleasant hours,
Where Flora's hand, in joyous mood,
Had strewn our way with flowers.

A laughing boy was at our side,
A little, playful child ;
The gushing gladness of his heart
Was rapturously wild.

When yellow leaves were falling round,
He paused with Prattling song,
Then started with a lightsome bound
And fairly danced along.

“ How beautiful ! ” at length he said ;
“ O, that I were a man !
I'd search the wildwood's deepest shade,
Its wildest beauties scan.

“ It must be joy all day to rove
Mid beauties bright as these—

Explore the recess of the grove,
And climb the towering trees.

“To start the wild bird from its nest,
Pursue the timid deer,
And then on leaves of gold to rest,
When darkness should appear.”

His dark eye kindled as he spoke,
His cheek was flush'd and bright;
He bounded forward o'er the leaves
With footstep wild and light.

O, childhood ! how thine innocence,
Thy buoyant spirits free,
Tinge all things with the mellow ray
Of sweet simplicity !

Our autumn ramble caught a charm
From this light-hearted child,
And the soft light of that sweet eve
Was brighten'd where he smiled.

1843.

ELIZABETH.

She faded as the violets fade,
Which blossom in the leafy shade,
And early droop away;
Even while their mossy bed is bright,
And naught beside is touch'd with blight,
Or whispers of decay.

Ah, those she dearly loved on earth,
At eve shall gather round the hearth
 Of her deserted home ;
But she, the eldest born, and brightest,
Whose step among them moved the lightest,
 Must slumber in the tomb.

June, 1848.

MEM'RY.

Mem'ry takes me by the hand,
 Leads me back through other years ;
In the shadowy past I stand,
 Gazing on through hopes and fears.

I review the lights and shades,
 Joys and sorrows I have known ;
Call to life again the dead,
 List in rapture to each tone.

Yes, I mingle with the blest,
 Who have sought that silent shore,
Where the weary are at rest,
 And the wicked vex no more.

Early friends around me throng,
 Happy voices greet my ear—
Mem'ry, unto thee belong
 Both to sadden and to cheer !

AS I WATCH THE LIGHT.

As I watch the mellow light
Of the slow-declining sun,
Mem'ries of the past, to-night,
Steal upon me one by one.

Here I've watch'd the clouds of gold,
Floating through the azure heaven ;
Seen their gaudy wings unfold,
In the dusky light of even.

Here I've gazed upon the stars,
Glitt'ring in the dome of night ;
And the moon, which always wears
Such a robe of silvery white.

Here my eye has caught the charm
Of the music-breathing spring,
When my heart and hopes were warm,
And I loved the tuneful string.

Here with restless heart I sought
And obtain'd the pearl divine ;
Here my soul its glory caught,
From religion's hallow'd shrine.

Here have trials closed me round,
Darker than the shades of even ;
Here my weary heart has found
Solace sweet, and aid from heaven.

Here once more I watch the light
Of the slow-declining sun—
O, what memories to-night,
Steal upon me one by one !

Depeyster, Feb., 1848.

THE YOUNG ITINERANT.

Close by the banks of a beautiful river,
Where poplar leaves in the breezes quiver,
Stood a pale-brow'd stranger—his calm blue eye
Just raised to the verge of the eastern sky.
The leaves with a gentle pulsation beat,
The waves hush'd their murmur beneath his feet,
And the ivy that round the rugged rocks hung,
Trembled over the waters as thus he sung :—

“ The home of my childhood—it lies afar,
Toward the rising sheen of that eastern star :
The friends of my youth—they are wending there,
And this moonlight lies on their pathway fair.
Though bright is the landscape that meets my eye,
I gaze with a fondly-rising sigh ;
For I think of hearts that moved with my own,
At the sight of waves where the moonbeams shone.

“ I think of those bosoms, that thrill'd like mine.
With a transport deep, with a power divine,
As nature's harp-strings were wildly rung,
And their sweetest strains on the night-air flung.

O, that beautiful home, far, far away,
Which is sleeping now in the moon's pale ray,
Is the spot where my fancy first took wing—
How its memories glide, as I strive to sing !

“ The friends I have loved, how tender and kind !
How the bonds, which around my heart were
twined,

Seem drawing me back to that hallow'd shade,
To the spot where a joyous child I play'd !
I think of the tear in my mother's eye,
Of a sister's counsel, a brother's sigh ;
I think of the hour when my heart was torn
From that bright circle, to wander forlorn,—

“ That sorrowful hour when a father's voice,
Which had made my spirit so oft rejoice,
Gave his last calm counsel of tender love,
And commended his son to the Friend above ;
When my sister strove to suppress a sigh,
And tears were gathering quick in her eye ;
And my brother's tone—I can hear it now,
As he turn'd away with a mournful brow.

“ Yet I would not return to that peaceful vale,
Though sweetness may breathe on each passing
gale ;

I would not again be a lingerer there,
Though the skies were more bright, and the
scenes more fair ;

I would not return; though a mother's tears
Have flow'd in my absence for three long years;
For the glory and gold of this earthly sphere,
I would not abandon my sufferings here.

“I remember that voice—that startling call
Of my Master, who bade me relinquish all;
But in every zephyr that murmurs by,
In the leaves' low rustle, the tempest's cry,
In the sound of waves as they rush along
With the plaintive swell of a thrilling song,
These words with the tones of that mandate blend,
‘I’m with you now, and will be to the end.’”

Then from the banks of that beautiful river,
Where poplar leaves in the breezes quiver,
While the moon look'd down with a tranquil ray,
That pale-brow'd stranger pursued his way:
The waves murmur'd louder beneath his feet,
The leaves with a quicker pulsation beat,
And he turn'd away from that lovely scene,
With a calmer heart, and a brow serene.

1847.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

Youth is the time for hope—
She lights her stars above our way,
And where our gladsome footsteps stray,
How sweet her blossoms ope!

Youth is the time for joy—
Its brightness lures our flying feet,
Its cup of bliss is purely sweet,
Scarce mingled with alloy.

O, in these sunny hours,
'T were well to fix the heart above,
And pour forth all its deathless love,
Where are no dying flowers.

What sight than this more fair ?
A youthful heart that turns away
From earthly hopes, ere they decay
And leave the soul to care.

1848.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

They are round us—they are round us,
When a cloud is o'er our way ;
When a chain to earth has bound us,
And we struggle to be free.

They are with us, when in anguish
Wearily the spirit droops—
When oppress'd with grief we languish,
Sick of all earth's cheating hopes ;
With us in the hour of gladness,
When the world is strangely bright ;
With us in the time of sadness,
When earth ceases to delight ;

With us, when we pass the portals
Of the spirit-land above—
Even then, these bright immortals
Shall attend with words of love.

Blessed spirits ! hover near us—
Ever near us on life's way ;
On your mystic pinions bear us,
To the world of endless day.

Faithful guardians ! teach, O teach us
To improve the blessings given ;
Teach us how to bear life's trials,
How to reach your own bright heaven.

1845.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY ?

Who are the happy ? Those who dwell
In lordly domes,
Where pride and affluence meet so well,
And want ne'er comes ?
Nay, many hearts with sorrow swell
In royal homes.

Who are the happy ? Those who lead
The star of fame ?
Those who have found the envied meed
Of a great name ?
Honour is but a broken reed,
Sometimes a shame !

Who are the happy ? Those who tread
 Historic ground,
And in their glowing ardour wed
 Science profound ?
Ah, frequently the learned head
 With thorns is crown'd !

Who are the happy ? Those who kneel
 At Friendship's shrine ?
Whose ardent, faithful spirits feel
 Her power divine ?
E'en Friendship hath not power to heal
 A restless mind.

Who are the happy ? They are those
 Who look away
To the blest Source of sure repose
 And meekly stay
Their faith upon the blood, which flows
 On Calvary !

1848.

AN AGED MISSIONARY.

His locks were white as snow ; upon his brow
There was the calmness of a summer eve,
While in his clear eye shone the mildest light
Of the first starlit ; and his every tone
Was melting as the zephyr's genial breath.

I should have reverenced at once that form
Had I not heard his name ; but when I knew
He was the one who gave up home, and friends,
And country, at the blessed Saviour's call,
I more than reverenced ! A sacredness
Seem'd to pervade the atmosphere he breathed.
I thought how oft my country doth award
The meed of glory to her favour'd sons,
And call them noble who have only been
Amid the carnage of the battle field,
Struggling for fame.

Of how much greater worth,
Think ye, are those great motives, pure and high,
Which dwelt within this aged champion's breast ?
Was it the love of gold ? or, was it aught
That dwells within the narrow, selfish mind,
Which made him waste the vigour of his strength
In an unhealthy climate ? Wherefore ask ?
The wicked may find something here too deep
For them to fathom.

O ! ye great and good,
Men may not rightly prize your actions here ;
But wait in patient trust ! Time speedeth on,
Bringing that moment nearer, when the scroll
Before assembled worlds shall be outspread,
And ye receive from heaven's acknowledged King
Your just deserts.

Till then, thou white-hair'd man,
Thou aged champion of the cross, pass on,
And pass in peace. May guardian angels fold
Their wings of love about thee, buoy thee up,
And bear thee safe to heaven ! Adieu—adieu !
I think to meet thee, where thy placid brow,
In its immortal youth, shall meekly wear
Stars of true splendour, numerous and fadeless.

July, 1848.

PLEADINGS WITH DEATH.

A voice was heard,
A voice at morning's rosy hour,
Ere the first zephyr moved the flower :
From the sad chamber of the dying,
I heard it wailing, sobbing, crying ;
For there a sweet girl, pale and wan,
Was fading even at childhood's dawn,
And thus she spoke :—

“ Spare me, O Death !
I cannot go while all is bright,
And glowing with such gladsome light ;
I cannot leave my cheerful home,
And all the garden's pleasant bloom—
There shine the buds with dew-drops wet,
I cannot, cannot leave them yet—
Awhile delay !”

Another voice
Proceeded from the room of death,
Where now a strong youth gasp'd for breath ;
Ah ! with a pleading eye he turn'd
From the fond hearts that o'er him yearn'd,
And though his voice was faint and weak,
With trembling lips I heard him speak,

Or rather groan :—

“ Forbear, O Death !
Thou monster of the grave, delay !
Call not my spirit yet away :
For there are hopes still unattain'd,
Heights of ambition not yet gain'd ;
And there is *one*, with tearful eye,
Who *cannot* yet behold me die—
Spare me awhile !”

And next I heard
A tender, supplicating tone
From a sad chamber still and lone,
Where knelt a manly form in prayer,
Amidst his children young and fair :
As the pale suff'rer raised her head,
With looks of agony she said,
With many sobs :—

“ Spare me, O Death !
I cannot leave my own sweet home,

For the dark mansions of the tomb ;
I cannot leave my husband's side,
Leave my young babes without a guide ;
I would not pass away so soon,
Ere I have reach'd life's sunny noon—
Call me not now !”

Again, at eve
An aged man, with locks of gray
Which glisten'd in the sunset ray,
Reclining, view'd with thoughtful eye
The loveliness which clothed the sky,
The verdure hanging on the trees,
And caught the odour-laden breeze,
As thus he spoke :—

“ Be kind, O Death !
Spare me awhile, though youth has fled ;
Though hopes are gone, and friends are dead !
My heart, though lonely as the tomb,
Still clings to this sweet world of bloom—
O, cruel Death ! thy work delay,
Nor call the lone one yet away—
Stay, stay thy hand !”

MRS. S. JUDSON,

SECOND WIFE OF THE BURMAN MISSIONARY, WHO DIED WHILE ON HER PASSAGE HOMEWARD, AND WAS BURIED AT ST. HELENA.

On that lonely isle they laid her to rest,
When life's latest struggle was o'er ;
When her spirit had reach'd its home with the
blest,
Instead of her own native shore.

They laid her to rest in that barren ground,
On those sullen rocks of gloom,
Where a fallen monarch from Europe found
A lonely exile's tomb.

Think you her deeds will be sounded as far
As that conqueror's blood-stain'd name—
As the thrilling tales of his contests are,
By the trumpet of earthly fame ?

And think you a fleet from her native land,
Commission'd to bring back her dust,
Will honour her grave with such pompous
parade,
While receiving the sacred trust ?

Ah, no ! she will sleep unheeded, forgot,
Where the wind of the ocean blows,
'Mid the dismal rocks of that gloomy spot,
Where Napoleon could not repose.

We heard her voice from the distant main,
As soon as her warfare was done—
“ *Gird on thine armour, my husband, again,*
And fight till the battle is won !”

Did Bonaparte conquer ? She conquer'd more,
Till she fell 'neath the fearful blast—
A victor she was over sin, death and hell ;
Yea, more than a conqueror at last !

Sleep on, sainted woman ! sweet be thy repose,
'Mid the dark, rocky islet's gloom—
Long, long as the wind on the ocean blows,
Sad Burmah shall weep o'er thy tomb.

1842.

ON RECEIVING A CARD,

LEFT BY A DYING FRIEND FOR THE AUTHOR.

I came, but she had pass'd away—
Her place among the graves was seen ;
The turf that o'er her pillow lay,
Was not yet green.

Mem'ry went backward to the past,
Recalling days of hope and glee,—
I wonder'd, if, even to the last,
She thought of me.

This tells the tale :—With trembling hand
I hold it to my tearful eye,

And read of that immortal land,
 Where none may die ;
 And of a glorious meeting there,
 Where sweetest songs of rapture flow,
 And kindly hearts cemented are,
 If pure below.

The name was traced by that fair hand
 Now folded in a lasting sleep—
 Memento of my early friend,
 O'er thee I weep :

Weep at the thought of parting hours,
 Of dying friends and farewell sighs ;
 Weep at the thought of fading flowers,
 And blighting skies.

1848.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ITINERANCY.

(TO MR. A. F. B.)

You often told me there were shades of night
 Along the pathway you were treading lone ;
 But O ! it has a sacred, heavenly light,
 More brilliant than I hitherto had known,
 And yet my course was bright before it shone ;
 This light reveals the wonders of the skies,
 And, streaming down from the eternal throne,
 Awakes such rapture in my ravish'd eyes,
 That glory seems to gild the path of sacrifice.

Where are the shadows ? There might seem to be
Darkness to them whose hopes are clinging
here—

But O ! the path before us seems to me
Light with the glories of a holier sphere !
All, all in prospect to my mind is clear,—
The smiles of Jesus fall upon my soul ;
The breathings of his Spirit sweet I hear,
Directing onward to the heavenly goal ;
And even now I see the gates of heaven
unfold !

Where are the shadows ? Tell me, dearest one !
I know thy heart has trembled oft for me,—
It would have throbb'd with pleasure, hadst
thou known
How bright I thought this narrow way to be,
And how I wish'd to tread it too with thee !
It shines so radiant with my Saviour's love—
So straight a course to immortality,
While angel banners seem to float above,—
O ! I esteem it sweet in such a path to rove !

But thou hast told me there is many a thorn,
To pierce the spirit in the path we tread ;
And be it so :—the glorious light of morn
Has o'er our souls its dewy lustre shed,
And nature's dismal shadows—all have fled !

We shall be happy, although clouds of gloom
Should gather densely, and their shadows
spread
Wherever it may be our lot to roam,
Yet brighter far for this would be our heavenly
home.

TO MRS. LUCIA STRATTON.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER DEPARTURE FOR CALIFORNIA.

[Rev. R. Stratton and lady, having received a missionary appointment to Sacramento City, parted from their numerous friends at the Madrid Station, on the Ogdensburg and Champlain Railroad, Oct. 8th, 1851. As they started for the field of their future labours and sufferings in the service of Christ—as those affecting *adieu*s were exchanged between parents and children—who shall tell how rich were the blessings invoked upon them by those who, like the writer, witnessed the tender scene? The following lines, and many as yet unuttered prayers, are the tribute which affection offers to the memory of so excellent a friend.]

My heart goes with thee, far across the deep,
Unto that distant land—
I see the waves of Sacramento sweep
Along the golden sand.

My heart goes after thee, in earnest prayer,
Where Jesus calls thee now;
I seem to feel as thou wilt feel, while there
The winds of sorrow blow.

My heart goes with thee, for I know thy feet
A path of thorns must tread ;
Sickness and care thou wilt be call'd to meet—
Perchance the sainted dead.

My heart goes with thee, for my weeping eyes
Covet that great reward
Which waits the Christian pilgrim in the skies
Who suffers for her Lord.

O ! what a promise, thou, my sister, hast !
Unto thy faith is given
A hundredfold on earth, and then, at last,
Eternal life in heaven.

Thy *home* is left : thy sisters are behind—
Their hearts are fill'd with woe !
Thou'rt parted from those brothers fondly kind,
To meet no more below.

Thou hast left friends : thy widow'd father's
tears
Stream'd down his furrow'd cheek ;
His whole frame shook with overwhelming
fears,—
He had no power to speak !

He saw thy mother's image in his child :
Thy mother left him first !
She for the grave—thou for the distant wild,—
And now the strong heart burst !

This image pass'd from that fond father's eye,
And swelling tears were vain ;
His grief—his love—which rose convulsive, high,
Could not thy footsteps chain !

'T is well, my sister, that thy mother's heart
Had then grown still and cold ;
Else her sad tears had made it worse to part,—
Perhaps thy course controll'd !

But now she sees not as we mortals see—
All mists are pass'd away ;
Doubtless her soul doth now rejoice with thee,
Along thy toilsome way !

My heart goes with thee, though the world
despise
The offering thou hast made,—
The Lord shall give thee, for thy sacrifice,
A crown that cannot fade !

Adieu, my sister ! Though beneath the sky
Our intercourse is past,
My soul shall greet thee in that home on high,
Where saints all meet at last.

A richer Sacramento, far above,
Washes its jewell'd shores ;
And all who reach the shining plains of love,
Shall find its golden stores.

THOUGHTS OF THERON.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE AUTHOR'S DIARY.

[JAN. 1st, 1840.—A long time has gone by since I have noted a single passing event. How could I? Some one has said that a victim on the rack cannot keep records. Thus it has been with me. Theron has gone—he left us yesterday. He lingered until the old year had almost closed, and then commenced his new year in that clime where days are never numbered. O, my dear brother! I have just looked upon that sweet face—just pressed that hand in mine, and knelt beside him. He spake not—he did not return the pressure of my hand,—but still he smiles! How *cold*, how *pale* are those dear lips! O Theron, hast thou gone? Hast thou gone forever? How sweet the memory of thy example! O Saviour, let the mantle of my brother fall upon me!]]

He rests at manhood's early dawn,
Care has not mark'd his snowy brow ;
But from his cheek the rose has gone,
'T is overspread with paleness now.

Those snowy eyelids, darkly fringed,
Lie softly as in slumber deep—
Those smiling lips are faintly tinged
With life, as if in gentle sleep.

How calm—how holy seems his rest,
Unbroken by one ling'ring breath !
What heavenly smilings seem impress'd
On the calm features cold in death !

He sleeps in death—that silent tongue
Has ceased to charm our circle here ;
His harp, upon the willows hung,
No more shall strike the list'ner's ear.

But far above this world of woe,
I trace his spirit's homeward flight ;
Where joys, that mortals may not know,
Are bursting on his ravish'd sight.

There, on the plains of Paradise,
He strikes a lyre of wond'rous tone ;
Before him scenes of beauty rise,
And near him is the eternal throne.

But round his dust we gather now,
The silent tear flows down each cheek ;
The broken sigh—the voice so low—
Ah ! language fails our grief to speak.

Sad mourners ! dry the falling tear—
No longer weep for one so blest !
Too heavenly for this troubled sphere,
He left us for his endless rest.

Lay the prized relics in the tomb,
And plant the flowers above his bed !
There let the rose and violet bloom—
Sleep, loved one, with the early dead !

THE WINTRY WINDS.

Hark ! the wintry winds are wailing
Loud and dismally along ;
And their piercing tones of sadness
Find an echo in my song.

Wintry winds—how cold and cheerless !
How they strike upon the heart !
With a thrill so deep and startling,
That the quick'ning pulses start.

When will spring-time's gentle breathings
Softly murmur in their stead,
Telling us in tones of sweetness
That the wintry storms have fled ?

Late I dream'd that spring was with us—
Dim and hazy was the sky,
And I heard the gentle zephyrs
All along my pathway sigh.

Flowers hung down their glowing petals,
And the dew-drops gently fell,
Like the tears that gush so freely
When we say that word, Farewell.

Birds were singing, but their music
Sounded deeply, strangely sad ;
Like the tune they sing so sweetly,
When we gather round the dead.

And the trees—how strange they glimmer'd
 In the dim and dusky light !
 Ah ! the streamlet murmur'd sadness,
 Gushing o'er its pebbles bright.

All seemed mournful—such a spring-time
 Let me never, never see !
 Wintry winds, your dismal wailings
 Would be sweeter far to me !

Was I dreaming ? No ! 't was real—
 Such a spring was surely here,
 Scattering all its richest blossoms
 O'er a brother's early bier !

Wintry winds ! your dismal wailings
 Have a language in their tone,
 Warning me of mournful changes,
 Ere your raging blasts are gone.

Still the angry winds are wailing
 Loud and dismally along ;
 And their piercing tones of sadness
 Find an echo in my song.

1845.

THE GEM OF MEEKNESS.

I 've seen that maiden, bright and fair,
 When pearls were gleaming in her hair ;
 Her waist was circled by a zone
 Which lustrously with jewels shone.

But never have I seen before,
Of all the gems she ever wore,
One half so brightly, purely fair,
As that sweet gem of meekness there.

Outrivaling the diamond's glow,
It glistens on her brow of snow !
That gem of meekness—in its light
This lovely girl seems strangely bright.

1842.

CONTENTMENT.

In thought I have traversed this beautiful world,
Encompass'd its lands and its seas,
Wherever my country's broad flag is unfurl'd,
And sending its stars on the breeze ;

Have stood in that region of sunshine and gold,
Where war has been raging awhile :
But dearer—O ! dearer, by far, to my soul
Is the sweetness of home's pleasing smile.

I've gazed on the millions who toil to obtain
A treasure of glittering ore—
An anchor too frail on the storm-toss'd main,
When tempests around them shall roar.

I behold what a number are striving for fame,
For the honours which earth can supply :
At best, they can find but a perishing name—
Let *mine* be engraven on high !

And give me the *wealth* of affection and love,
To cheer my rough pathway below,—
What to me would the gold of the universe prove,
If no spirit with mine should glow ?

April, 1848.

THIS IS NOT MY REST.

“Arise ye, and depart ; for this is not your rest.”
Micah ii, 10.

Now I turn with heart-strings bleeding
To my blessed Saviour’s breast,
While my earthly hopes receding
Warn me this is not my rest.

Has my spirit been too ardent
In its searchings after bliss,
That, for this, a note discordant
Should arise to mar my peace ?

Strange my soul should be forgetting
That its rest is not below,
When it has so long been wetting,
With its tears, my track of woe !

Oft have I, in wildest dreaming,
Almost deem’d each sorrow fled,
While I felt the blissful gleaming
Of some new light o’er me shed.

Earthly pleasures—O ! their fleetness
Startles suddenly my heart ;

But I hear in tones of sweetness,
" This is not your rest—depart!"

I would come, ye blest immortals !
To your purer joys on high !
Open wide those starry portals ;
Bid me welcome to the sky !

Aug., 1848.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

Child, 'mid the beautiful flowers at play,
Thou art as fair and as lovely as they :
Twine their bright stems with each sunny curl,
Laugh on in gladness, thou beautiful girl !

Fresh and unsoil'd as the violet leaf,
Bright and unshadow'd by earthly grief,
Is the startled glance of thine azure eyes,
Soft as the depths of the summer skies.

The lovely blossoms, that lure thy feet,
Are fitting companions for one so sweet,—
O ! haste thee not from this blooming lawn,
Till thy mother calls, or the day is gone.

Thou wilt see the day, in this vale of tears,
When thou wilt look back, through the mist of
years,

With a wistful glance to these happy hours,
When a child at play with the beautiful flowers.

1842.

IT IS WELL THAT IT DIED.

[Remark of Miss Ermina, in reference to an infant whose parents were very poor and wicked.]

“ It is well that it died ”—for poverty’s seal
Would have stamp’d its young features too
soon;

The beautiful flower, crush’d, blighted, and
spoil’d,

Would have perish’d ere life’s coming noon.

“ It is well that it died ”—for earth has a blight,

Which falls on the young and the pure ;

Though the world may smile in its loveliest light,
Its smiles to destruction allure.

“ It is well that it died ”—for its home is on high,

Where the sorrows of earth never come ;

It has reach’d that pure and beautiful sky,

Through whose chambers no clouds ever roam.

“ It is well that it died ”—but the mother’s heart

Will not think such a providence just ;

It requires all the strength which faith can impart,

To commit our beloved to the dust.

1848.

VOICES OF AUTUMN.

The autumn winds sweep by :

Hear’st thou from yonder wood their solemn tone ?

Hark ! hark ! the language of that dismal moan—

“ Mortal, prepare to die !

“ Cold, adverse winds will blow,
And soon the fearful blasts of death will sear
And blight the flowers which bloom on life’s
parterre—
Prepare for storms of woe.”

There comes another voice
From nature’s faded lips. Ah ! dost thou hear ?
How solemn are their tones, how soft and clear !
“ Earth has no lasting joys.”

The vine, the wither’d vine,
That late in freshness round thy casement clung,
Doth with an eloquent, a lute-like tongue,
Unwritten thoughts define.

It tells of clustering ties,
Of death, and change : it cries, “ Beware, beware !
Nor ’twine the heart’s affections closely, where
The vine in autumn dies.”

I hear another tone,
A voice from the crush’d flower beneath my
tread :
It bids us weep—weep for the faded dead
Who wither’d one by one.

It whispers :—“ Art thou glad,
With hopes more bright than thy rose-tinted
cheek ?

Remember this dark world is cold and bleak,
And both alike must fade."

From yonder changeful tree
The voice of falling leaves salutes my ear—
Listen ! it comes again—Dost thou not hear ?
" Prepare to fall like me !"

And the sweet bird, that sings
His parting hymn upon his fav'rite tree ;
O ! learn the lesson that he teaches thee—
" Prepare to spread thy wings !"

Happy indeed are they
Who hear these voices from the earth and sky,
And, hearing, seek a better home on high,
Which knows no dire decay !

1845.

RACHEL.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF HER TOMB.

There they laid her down to rest,
Their best beloved one ;
Strew'd the damp earth o'er her breast,
When the soul had gone :
Lowly there she sleeps alone,
'Neath the white, sepulchral stone.

Spot, made sacred by the tears
Of the patriarch distress'd !

Pilgrims of succeeding years,
Who are journeying near her rest,
Oft shall pause with thoughts of gloom,
In the shade of Rachel's tomb.

1848.

MY NEW HOME.

And here I must watch, in their beautiful light,
The stars of the evening all radiant and bright ;
And here I must trace the soft moonlight of even,
And list to the swell of the wild winds of heaven ;
Here watch the fierce storm on its dark wintry
wing,

And wait for the smile and the music of spring.

I must hold communion with scenes that are new :
The fields and the forests, which now meet my view,
Are all strange as the friends who surround me
here ; —

I brush from my eyelid one sorrowful tear ;
For, what if that friend, who is dearest of all,
Should behold the sad tear from my eyelid fall !

Would he chide me for weeping ? He knows my
heart, —

He knows for his sake I am willing to part
With scenes most familiar, with friends most
beloved,

With haunts where my footsteps have formerly
roved :

He would pardon my tears, when I think of the past,

As my heart groweth sad in the wail of the blast.

But I 'll strive to be cheerful in this new home,
Though my heart is now touch'd with a shade of gloom !

I 'll dream on in gladness at morning and even,
And watch the light clouds floating soft in the heaven ;

I will list to the storm on its wintry wing,
And cheerfully wait for the breathings of spring.

Jan. 28th, 1848.

TO REV. W. TRIPP.

How can the heart refuse the simple gift
Of wild buds gather'd in the woodland dell,
When these can serve the drooping heart to lift
Of some dear friend whom we have cherish'd well ?

And how could I refuse the humble lay,
Which nature gave me at the dawn of life,
To cheer those steps that tread a rugged way,
A way with dangers and with trials rife ?

I see thee with a pastor's faithful care,
Leading thy thirsty flock to fountains bright ;
Guarding their steps from every dang'rous snare,
And guiding them to pastures of delight.

I deem that angels o'er a path like thine
Are ever hovering with expanding wing,
To the disconsolate and toil-worn mind
Delighting a sweet solace-draught to bring.

Do not the smiles of heaven fall brightest there,
Where to the world stern shadows seem to
blend ?

I know—I know ! Despite those clouds of care,
Some rays of sweetness from the throne de-
scend.

Then, Heaven-commission'd, let thy soul prevail
In the sharp contest with the world and sin !
Vainly the powers of darkness will assail
A heart that has the Saviour throned within.

What though thy path in darkness seem to lie,
Far from the shining of a prosp'rous sun !
What if loud tempests gather in thy sky,
And earthly hopes elude thee one by one !

Remember that a holy task is thine,
A lot that angels well might wish to share ;
To lift that veil which shrouds the guilty mind,
And pour the radiance of the gospel there.

'T is thine with earnest vigour to proclaim
The news of grace, the glorious jubilee ;
To unbolt the prison doors in Jesus' name,
And set the weary, sighing captive free.

And when thy mission-work is ended here,
Quick will the portals of the sky unfold ;
Angels will beckon from their sinless sphere,
And Jesus smile on thine ascending soul.

And honours wait thee in that heavenly clime,
Honours a world like ours can ne'er bestow ;
All heaven shall hail thee with a peal sublime,
And place a crown on thy triumphant brow !

Aug., 1848.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

There's beauty in the sky at close of day,
When burnish'd clouds hang o'er the setting sun ;
And at the early dawn, when the first ray
Proclaims his glorious course but just begun.

And when the noon-tide fervour reigns supreme,
And faintness bows the frail, white blossom
down ;

When languid flows the warm, meandering stream,
And silence spreads her dreamy pinions round !

O ! there is beauty on the moss-grown knoll,
And in the covert of the shadowy trees ;
A charm that whispers to the inmost soul
Is borne upon the fragrant summer breeze.

There 's beauty in the winged storm, when night
Rolls the huge clouds on their majestic course ;

There 's glory in the ribbon'd lightning's light,
And grandeur in the thunder pealing hoarse.

O ! get thy heart attuned to calm delight,
And bid the hand of care awhile delay ;
Then thou shalt see a beauty always bright,
Shedding its sweetness o'er thy weary way.

April, 1848.

THE LOST ONE.

Where is my sister ? Years have pass'd
Since her light step was heard ;
Since her merry tones rung joyously,
Like the notes of the singing bird.

Years have pass'd, since round the hearth,
And amid the springing flowers,
We mingled together in childish mirth
Through the long and happy hours.

Though years have pass'd, I should know her
now—

That brilliant and speaking eye,
The peculiar white of that polish'd brow,
That cheek of the rose-leaf's dye !

I should know her, though when I saw her last,
Her cheek was far less bright ;
And a shade was over her features cast
From her robe of spotless white.

1845.

BAPTISM OF TWO INFANTS.

[Death had visited the family of a young clergyman. The cold corpse of the wife and mother, was placed in its white shroud, just ready to be carried from the parsonage, to return no more. During the ceremony, the bowl, which held the water, stood on the coffin that enclosed the dead.]

Ere that sweet friend has left thy home
For her still dwelling 'neath the sod,
Come, thou deserted mourner, come,
And consecrate her babes to God.

Methinks upon each forehead bright
Lingers a mother's dying kiss,—
O, sad indeed, the sacred rite
In such a mournful hour as this !

That mother—ah, her coffin-lid
Serves as a sacred altar now !
Beneath that pall is darkly hid
Her still, sad smile, and deathly brow.

Awhile her spirit lingers near,
On radiant pinions spread for heaven,
Pausing to wipe away thy tear,
And soothe the heart by sorrow riven.

O, thou bereaved and stricken one,
Bring those forsaken babes to-day ;
Ere from thy door that hearse is gone,
Thine offspring on the altar lay.

A mother's prayers may shield no more,
Her love no longer soothe their breast ;
But when they pass from time's dark shore,
O may they find her place of rest !

1848.

THE REALM OF FANCY.

Am I poor ?

Nay, I own the realm of thought,
With ideal sunshine fraught :
Imagination's utmost flight
Could not pass its fields of light.

This fair realm
Lies not in the distant west
Where the sun sinks bright to rest—
Nay ! a milder beaming sky
Makes its starry canopy.

There the flowers,
Flowers of poesy and hope,
Lift their deathless petals up ;
There the wing of fancy bright
Gilds the streams with sacred light.

I 'd not give
These possessions that I hold,
For the richest mines of gold,
Though they cost me many a tear,
Many a dark, foreboding fear.

O ! I love,
 When a cold and callous world
 Hath its darts of envy hurled—
 Then I love, in fancy's clime,
 To forget the griefs of time.

Let me roam
 Ever through that realm of light ;
 And, in fancy's sunny flight,
 Leaving all the heartless crowd,
 I 'll forget the vain and proud,
 Deeming all the wealth of earth
 And its joys of little worth.

1842.

A BRIDE'S GREETING,
 ON BEING INTRODUCED TO HER HUSBAND'S KINDRED.

I come a stranger here,
 And yet as one who knows you well,
 Whose heart with yours can warmly swell,
 Though cold it may appear.

Dear are those friends to me,
 Whose sympathetic spirits lend
 A ray to cheer my dearest friend,
 In sorrow or in glee.

I love the stranger heart,
 That showers its kindnesses on him ;
 And never till life's star burn dim,
 Such mem'ries shall depart.

But dearer far should be
 The friends who shaped his earlier years,
 Who shared his transport and his tears—
 Yea, dearer far to me !

Parents, whose souls entwine
 Around the heart I know my own,
 Who gave it each responsive tone,
 I call—I call you mine !

Sisters, who used to rove
 With him in childhood, hand in hand—
 I come to join your smiling band,
 I come to claim your love.

I come a stranger here,
 And yet as one who knows you well,
 Whose heart with sympathy can swell,
 Whose eye can drop the tear.

1847.

THE YOUTHFUL MOTHER.

She clasp'd upon her snowy breast
 A little, playful thing ;
 Like a sweet dove just sunk to rest,
 With folded, drooping wing.

Her dark eye rested on its hair,
 With slumber's dew-drops wet ;
 And all a mother's love was there,
 Among those curls of jet.

She smiles upon the sleeper now
With such a placid air,
That you might deem she never knew
One thought of earthly care.

Perchance just now her kindling eye
Fondly delights to trace
The *look* which won her youthful heart,
In that sweet infant's face.

And hope, with busy, busy hand,
Is twining wreaths of joy ;
While proud ambition loves to plan
High schemes for that sweet boy.

But does no thought of sorrow blend
With hope of joys to come ?
No danger, in the future, lend
A painful, shadowy gloom ?

Does she not see the many snares
That strew life's dangerous way ?
The countless, dark, corroding cares,
Which cloud the brightest day ?

Does no dark presage of the tomb
Steal to that mother's breast,
While watching, in its sweetest bloom,
Her infant's rosy rest ?

She knows not what a precious flower
'T will be her task to rear,

And nourish for its native bower
Within a holier sphere !

O mother ! what a priceless gem
Unto thy care is given !

*'T is thine—'t is thine its light to dim,
Or, polish it for heaven !*

1846.

LAMENT OF A CHILD,

ON BEING REFUSED PERMISSION TO SEE A COLLECTION OF
DRAWINGS CARRIED BY A BLIND MAN.

Go, poor man—go ! I may not gaze
Upon these wonders for the eye,—
Vainly for me do limners trace
Earth's beauty and sublimity.

Go ; go ! to those more favour'd go,
Carry the prize I may not see !
The envied sight on them bestow,
Since the rich treat is not for me.

*'T would be a double source of bliss,
A pleasure that I fain would share ;
Augment the blind man's happiness,
And feast my sight with riches rare.*

Yet go ! This pleasure is denied,
And I must calmly acquiesce ;
But still—I turn away to hide
Feelings which tears but half express.

Ah, poor old blind man ! thou art gone—
Adieu—adieu—with tears, adieu !
My fond desires must be withdrawn ;
They may not follow after you !
I'll go, and ask of Him who gave
This soul a love for the sublime,
To grant me strength the winds to brave,
The adverse winds and waves of time.

1841.

TO AMANDA.

There's much of beauty thrown
Along the way we take ;
These mighty forests, huge and lone,
A sense of grandeur wake.

The simple, mossy flowers,
Beside the purling rill—
The songsters in the leafy bowers,
Which can the bosom thrill.

The gold and purple mass
Of floating clouds at even,
Which in their silent beauty pass,
Like spirits wing'd for heaven.

All these, my gentle friend,
Have charms for hearts like thine ;
But there is something which can lend
A radiance more divine.

But mind!—it is not found
Where nature's glories shine;
It beams on higher, holier ground,—
It is the *smile divine*!

1848.

DEATHLESS AFFECTION.

[“Is she gone?” he asked in a tender and affecting tone,
“Is she gone without me?”—MEMOIR OF REV. D. STONER.]

Who is she that comes on pinions of light?
O, tell me, thou dying one!
Who is she that vanishes now from thy sight,
As thou askest, alas! “Is she gone?”

O! could we remove the curtains that screen
Eternity’s light from each brow,
We should see what mortality hath not seen,
But seems half disclosed to thee now.

We might see a band of the bright and blest
Encircling thy lowly bed;
Waiting to bear thee away to thy rest,
When the arrow of death has sped.

We might see a being, with seraph smile,
Press close to thy pillow there;
Whose presence in life was wont to beguile
Thy heart of its wearisome care.

Whose affection, unchill’d by the touch of death,
Trembles true to thy pulse as ever;

Whose love was not like the rose's breath,
Which wastes in the noontide fervour.

She comes—she comes with a beautiful band,
To escort thee away to the blest !

Fly—fly, thou lone pilgrim, from this weary
land—

Go home to thy heavenly rest !

1847.

SUMMER HAS FLOWN.

Summer ! sweet summer !—art thou gone ?
How have thy transient moments flown !

How have they flown to me !

These summer days have been so bright,
So rich with rays of borrow'd light,
They could not fail to flee !

When I beheld thy mornings shine,
Or saw thy radiant suns decline,

This youthful heart was bright
With purest beams of joy and peace,
Shed from the Sun of righteousness,
In gladd'ning streams of light.

Summer ! I saw thy brightest bloom,
And revel'd in its sweet perfume—
But Sharon's Rose was mine ;
And as the fragrant flower I press'd
With fervour to my glowing breast,
I felt its power divine.

Summer ! I trod thy grassy lawn
At evening, and at early dawn ;

But, O ! by faith I trod
A brighter, holier clime than this,
A land of pure, unsullied bliss,
The paradise of God.

Ah, summer ! with thy latest sigh,
A loved one pass'd into the sky,

From all her sorrows fled ;
Yes, with the last, sweet fading rose,
She sunk to undisturb'd repose,
The slumber of the dead.

By that fair friend, these summer hours
Have not been spent among the flowers,

Nor has the balmy air
Scarce kiss'd that fading, hectic cheek—
She languish'd long, submissive, meek,
Debarr'd from scenes so fair.

Where an eternal summer gleams,
Her spirit all immortal beams,—

Thither I hasten on,
T' enjoy with her a cloudless day
Of summer brightness, whose sweet ray
Shall never be withdrawn.

CHILDHOOD'S AFFECTION.

Childhood's affection, like the sun,
Shines dim through morning's haze,
Although the fervid rays at noon
Concentrate in a blaze ;
But there is something fresh and bright,
That mingles with its earliest light.

O, think it not a trifling thing,
The love of that young breast !
It is a pure and living spring
Of heavenly tenderness ;
Affection sweet, without disguise—
O, deem it not a worthless prize.

That gushing love is lavish'd free
On all things bright and fair ;
The bird, the butterfly, the bee,
All, all its influence share :
The humble violet claims that love,
As well as the bright stars above.

Child of the silken ringlets bright,
I love thy playful glee ;
The ringing laugh, the footstep light,
Have charms indeed for me :
And O, how sweet the fond caress
Of innocence and loveliness !

Who would not over the young heart
 Hold a resistless sway ?
 An influence that could impart
 A beam to cheer the way,
 That must be traced, in after years,
 Through clouds of woe and waves of tears ?

Fain would I win thy guileless love,
 Thou of the violet eye !
 Then on the tablet of thy heart
 Write something pure and high ;
 Something that, through eternity,
 Should make thee love and think of me.

1843.

THE DONATION VISIT.

They met, the joyous and the fair,
 And the clear lamp-light shone
 On many a bright eye beaming there,
 And many a brow unmark'd by care,
 To grief and tears unknown.

The laugh rung merrily—but weigh'd
 Heavily on my heart :
 I thought how brightly hope portray'd
 Visions of life, without one shade,
 Which must, alas ! depart.

Fancy was tracing far away,
Through the dim mist of years,
The paths where those glad steps would stray,
The sorrows of some future day,
In this lone vale of tears.

Some of that group she saw would fall
Into an early tomb ;
Others would tread this gloomy ball,
And drink from sorrow's cup of gall,
Till weary of their doom.

Ah ! who may tell ? What thought may trace
Their course beyond this life ?
Who knoweth the deep dreams of peace,
The whirlwinds that may never cease,
The spirit's calm or strife ?

But hark ! amid that bustling throng,
Voices grow soft and low ;
They cease—and now the voice of song
In sacred numbers swells along,
In deep, harmonious flow.

And now upon the list'ning ear
The music dies away ;
And, from the deep hush'd stillness there,
Rises the solemn voice of prayer,
In holy fervency.

They have dispersed—that joyous throng,—
Hush'd is the laughing tone ;
And all that to that hour belong—
The voice of prayer, the voice of song—
Forevermore are gone !

1845.

THE WEEPING CHILD.

“ Why weepest thou, my child ? ” the mother said,
Pressing the shining curls on his fair head
Closer to her fond breast :
Long had she sweetly sung, caress'd, and smiled,
But strove in vain to soothe her weeping child,
And hush him to his rest.

At length he raised his bright lips to her ear,
And whisper'd, “ Mother, O my mother dear,
I fain would quickly go
To that bright land, that region of the blest,
Where you have told me that my brothers rest,
Beyond these shades of woe.”

To her warm heart she press'd him closer still,
Sobbing in tones which might the hard rock
thrill :—

“ My child, my darling one,
And wouldst thou trembling bind thy petals up,
Before from happy childhood's buds of hope
A single leaf has gone ?

“O, weepest thou, ere scarce a tie is riven,
Weepest so early for the rest of heaven ?

What can console thy heart,
When, farther on in the dark way of life,
Thou seest amid the tempest-warring strife,
Each earthly hope depart ?

“My child, my child—’midst trials new and
strange,
O, mayst thou ever keep a heart unchanged,
In innocence and love ;
A heart that still shall look beyond the earth,
Deeming its pleasures as of little worth,
Compared with those above !”

1842.

THE PARTING HOUR.

We parted, and affection’s tear
Burn’d on my cheek awhile ;
But cloudy skies may quickly wear
A happy, sunny smile,
And tears which mark the parting hour,
How like the sudden passing shower !

I wander’d forth, and cheerfulness
Beam’d all around my way :
My spirit caught the tranquil bliss,
Which gleam’d in every ray
Of pearly light that rested sweet
On dew and flower beneath my feet.

How gladly all things seem'd to smile !

With what a holy light !

The azure heavens were glowing mild,

And the pure sun how bright !

How could I be unhappy where

All nature smiled so sweetly fair ?

The quiv'ring vine, the rustling leaf,

The breeze which murmur'd by,

All seem'd to chide me for my grief,

And bid my sadness fly ;

And every wind and every flower

Spoke of a happy meeting-hour.

1847.

THE WILD ROSE.

I came from the forest—they call me wild,
For I grew where the sunbeam seldom smiled ;
I bloom'd in the shade of the brier and brake,
On the lonely bank of a beautiful lake.

No gentle hand train'd me—exempt from all care
I shed my rich fragrance in solitude there :
I met not the glance of admiring eyes,
Nor blush'd in the glare of the open skies.

How lone my seclusion ! there sacred and still,
The soft dews of heaven my petals would thrill,
And the breeze was more pure, and no sound was
heard

Save the noise of waters, and the song of the bird.

But at length, as a stranger with searching eye,
By my fragrance attracted was drawing nigh,
He thought of his sister who loved the wild
flowers,

And he brought me to bloom in her garden
bowers.

Yes, he tore me away from the soil where I grew,
Introduced me to friends, and to scenes which
were new ;

But I sigh for the forest, the brier and brake,
And the cooling breeze from that lonely lake.

'Midst others more fragrant, for many a year,
I have grown, and budded, and blossom'd here,
Till the eye that first saw me is shrouded in
gloom,

Till the hand that transplanted me rests in the
tomb.

Ye lovers of solitude, think of my lot !
Who are pining like me for some lonely spot ;
Ye know full well that the land of our birth
Is the loveliest place on the wide-spread earth.

Take the cold world's friendship—the meed of
fame—

The admiring gaze—the applauded name,—
But give me back the secluded wilds,
Where fashion's votary never smiles !

Give back the sounds I have loved so long,
The dashing waves and the woodbird's song,
The twilight shades where the fire-flies wake,
And all the scenes of my lonely lake !

1845.

MUSINGS.

When another moon shall wane,
If standing where I'm gazing now,
What thought of agonizing pain
Shall be depicted on my brow ?
Or, shall these intervening days
Bring such a weight of earthy bliss,
As to demand my willing praise,
And swell my heart with happiness ?

O ! what a depth of sacred joy
May soon unto my heart be given—
Perchance, the sweets that never cloy,
The pleasures of my destined heaven !
Yea, ere another moon shall wane,
I may be sleeping cold and low,
And evening shed her dewy rain,
Like mourners' tears, above my brow.

Thou waning moon, thou waning moon !
Tell me, ere thou shalt fill thy horn,
What thoughts of sweetness yet unknown
May be unto my spirit borne ?

What new events, that in their change
Are surely for my good design'd,
Shall waken feelings new and strange
To' enrapture, or to pain my mind ?

I may not know—in vain I ask,
But time the record shall disclose ;
Meanwhile be mine the sacred task
To follow where my duty goes.

O ! may I watch my erring heart,
And so improve each passing hour,
That peace, though all beside depart,
May linger with her soothing power !

1847.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

We met, when the summer's richest light
Had tinged each flower with hues more bright,
And flush'd the blue skies—yet her cheek was
pale

As the sweet spring lily that droops in the vale.

She stood in a group of the young and the fair,
She smiled among those who were strangers to
care ;

Yet her smile, with a touching sadness blent,
A pensive charm to each feature lent.

O, the melting expression of that sweet eye !
With the darken'd lashes bent droopingly !

The tones of her voice were as thrillingly deep,
As the plaintive night-wind's mournful sweep.

Strange fancies were rising within my breast,
While I saw that brow with beauty impress'd ;
Methought a shade, from the pinions fair
Of her angel mother, was resting there.

Poor, lonely Amelia ! my heart has bled,
While tracing the path which thy feet must tread ;
Yet 't is sweet to think, that on land or tide,
The God of the orphan shall be thy guide.

1845.

THE INFIDEL.

O'er Erie's waters calmly bright
A vessel urged its trackless way,
And swiftly, in its westward flight,
It bore the joyous and the gay.

Some had begun for wealth to roam,
Leaving their warmest friends behind ;
And others, homeless, sought a home,
Which grief and want might fail to find.

And some perchance were there who sought,
Not for the riches of the west,
But for some sweet, some hallow'd spot,
By a beloved one's footsteps press'd.

And one, a dark-soul'd atheist,
Scatter'd, with fearful industry,

Books which reviled the name of Christ
And sneer'd at heavenly piety.

The thunders sound a distant knell,
The lightnings wreath the rising cloud ;
Lo ! how the fearful billows swell !
And hark ! the tempest wild and loud !

See ! there is one who trembles now ;
Mark well his look of deep despair !
Frenzy is written on his brow,
And lo ! he kneels,—he kneels in prayer !

Poor trembler ! wherefore kneel'st thou there ?
Why lift thy frantic eyes to heaven ?
Why raise that wildly-fervent prayer ?
Why askest thou to be forgiven ?

'T is strange, for late we heard thee say,
There is no power in Jesus' blood ;
I have no sins to wash away ;
There is no heaven—no hell—no God !

“ O God !” he cried ; but hark ! a crash—
A deadly pause—and yet one more ;
A deeper surge—a lurid flash—
And all with that poor wretch is o'er !

That awful scene is o'er—but still
The wailing winds and boiling flood
Whisper—nay, thunder : “ *Man, be still,*
And feel, and know there is a God !”

EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, as I sink to rest,
 On my pillow now,
Let me lean upon thy breast,
 Hold my aching brow !
Thus, when I must sink in death,
 Be, my Saviour, near—
Let me pour my latest breath
 Into thy list'ning ear.

A RICH LEGACY.

[Few children are left with such a heritage as yours—a thousand prayers of a devout mother had in remembrance before God.—MEMOIRS OF MRS. DWIGHT.]

Wouldst thou covet stores of gold,
Richest mines of wealth untold ?
With thy child can riches stay ?
Nay, they swiftly pass away ;
Bubbles they have proved to be,
Empty bubbles on life's sea.

Wouldst thou have his dear, dear name
Blazon'd on the scroll of fame ?
Like the breeze that hurries past,
Earthly fame can never last ;
'T is a sound along the shore,
An echo that returns no more.

Seek no longer glitt'ring dust,
Sordid lure to earthly trust—
For thine offspring seek not fame,
'Tis a poor unmeaning name—
Let this legacy be theirs,
A mother's truly-fervent prayers.

Since our loving, glorious Lord
Never can forget his word,
These petitions shall arise
To the Ruler of the skies,
And come laden from above
With the choicest gifts of love.

1845.

A SONG.

I had not thought in such a world
To find a heart like thine,
That could have felt the weaknesses,
And borne the faults of mine.

I had not thought, e'en when I found
My spirit lean'd on thee,
That I might dare expect on earth
Such constant sympathy.

I knew—I knew the nobleness
Which in thy spirit dwells ;

And thought I knew the tenderness
With which thy bosom swells ;

But had not thought in such a world
To find a heart like thine,
That could have borne the weaknesses
And all the faults of mine.

Jan., 1848.

MY SABBATH-SCHOOL CLASS.

Among the many ties that bind my soul
To the bright home behind me, there is one,
One tender link that memory often draws,
Till the full tear comes swelling to my eye !
My Sabbath scholars—O ! I love them well—
That little group of happy, rosy girls,
Who for instruction hung upon my lips,
With whom I conversed oft on sacred things,—
I see them now as when I met them there,
In listening attitude, with thoughtful brow,
And those clear eyes intently fix'd on mine.
I loved them ; but methinks the parting pang,
The anxious tear, would more than be repaid
Could this reflection evermore be mine,—
I helped to sow the seed in those young hearts
That shall spring up to everlasting life.

Feb., 1848.

LIFE IS TRANSIENT.

This life is fleeting as a dream,
Which waits not for the dawn :
How transient all its pleasures seem !
How soon its cares are gone !
Yea, 'tis a dream of joy and grief,
A dream of hopes and fears—
Inconstant life ! how short, how brief
Thy passing hour appears !

A SHADOW.

The shadow of the leafy spray
Quivers o'er the curtain now,
Till the last sweet sun-set ray
Dies upon my brow :
So earthly hope, which round our hearts
Doth refreshing sweetness fling,
Shall vanish when the soul departs—
A shadowy thing.

AN EPITAPH.

Sweet sisters, how early ye fell !
How suddenly sunk to the tomb !
The one had scarce murmur'd, farewell,
Ere the other had follow'd her home.

THE OPEN AIR.

When, by weariness oppress'd,
I hie me to the open air ;
When I feel a deep unrest,
Oft I seek a solace there.

When some intermeddling care
Hath all day embarrass'd me,
Then I seek the open air,
For a breath more pure and free.

Something shines in nature's eye,
Which allays the spirit's strife ;
Something in the depths on high,
Breathing purer, holier life.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

In her white hand she bore
A wreath of flowers perennial, such as spring
Beside the well of life on that blest shore
Where seraph voices ring.

She had the same sweet face
That shed its light upon my childhood's hours,
But it had caught a sweeter, holier grace
From yon celestial bowers.

Since we together dwelt,
She had been ranging an immortal clime,
Free from each touch of care, or stain of guilt,
Or shade of grief or time.

Her soul had laved its wing
In the blest fountain of eternal love ;
And she had tuned her harp where angels sing,
In the bright courts above.

And I—my path had been
On through a mystic realm of doubt and shade,
A world of woe, a clime defiled by sin,
Where hopes the brightest fade.

A moment at my side,
She spoke of pleasures that may never die ;
Told me I soon should cross death's stormy tide,
And meet her in the sky.

1849.

THE END.

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